

BEST GAY EROTICA 2013

Series Editor

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Selected and Introduced by

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INTRODUCTION: THE LOCKER ROOM OF MY LONESOME IMAGINATION

When I was invited to edit this volume of the *Best Gay Erotica* series, my initial reaction was, "How quaint! Who in this age of Internet pornucopia actually walks into a bookstore and buys an old-fashioned, printed book of erotic stories?"

I mentioned my perplexity to a young friend of mine.

"Best Gay Erotica!" he exclaimed. "Back in 2002, when I was twelve years old, I went to a Borders bookstore with my mom. While she was browsing, I wandered the aisles, and completely by accident I found this section marked 'Gay and Lesbian.' I wasn't looking for it; at the time I didn't know such a category of books even existed. But there it was, and in a mainstream bookstore, no less, which sent the signal that 'gay and lesbian' was somehow okay. The first book I pulled off the shelf was Best Gay Erotica. For the next several months, every time my mom and I went to Borders, I'd scurry off to the gay and lesbian section and surreptitiously wolf down a couple more stories. It sent such a strong message to me that I wasn't a complete freak, that I wasn't alone in the world."

"But what about the Internet?" I asked. "I thought gay kids in the twenty-first century could find everything they need online."

"I was too young. My parents didn't allow me to go on the Internet on my own. So those accidental books were the only way I had of learning about myself."

I guess you never know who your audience is going to be. And what a wonderful thing that is.

I lacked entirely the equivalent of *Best Gay Erotica* in my teen years. We're talking Memphis, Tennessee, the early 1970s, an intensely religious and repressive environment. As a horny, utterly isolated queer boy I had to conjure my own private entertainments. So I put pen to paper, inventing never-ending erotic installments on the same lined notebook paper I'd do my homework on. I'd add to them on a nearly daily basis, picking up where my climax had interrupted the previous entry, writing with one hand and keeping my other busy as well—the closest I'll ever come to being ambidextrous. There were several separate narratives—or rather settings, since the action was more or less the same from one plot line to the next. One involved guys initiating each other on a camping trip, another was set in a high school locker room—fascinating how I found my way to those classic tropes of gay porn entirely on my own.

Mostly I peopled my stories with the classmates I secretly lusted after.

Improbably enough, a few of those ancient pages survive. A very brief sample of my handiwork will suffice.

Carefully Greg touched his quivering tongue to the tip of Blake's penis. Ohh, Blake moaned. Oh that feels good. Greg opened wider and began to envelop more of Blake's shaft: all the time he was sucking, lubricating with spittle. Blake closed his eyes, moaning like a dove. Ah...ah... It's like nothing I've ever felt before, Blake burst out. Greg continued to work his friend's cock, pulling out, moving in, licking, sucking, tonguing. He was making a lot of noise. He caressed with his hands Blake's flanks, his loins, the back of his thighs.

I'm especially embarrassed by that "moaning like a dove" bit, which I think I lifted from a Nabokov novel I'd gotten my smutty little hands on. I was fourteen or fifteen or sixteen. What can I say?

When I went away to college my horizons expanded considerably, and I no longer had much need of that furtive little pleasure dome I'd spent so many wasted hours erecting for myself. Besides, by then I was trying to write serious literary fiction. But writing serious literary fiction was hard. There were so many fraught choices to be made. There were so many missteps to avoid. And of course Greg blowing his friend Blake in the locker room was most definitely *not* the stuff of serious literary fiction, which was...well, I wasn't sure what it was, but I suspected it should avoid such obvious pleasures as plot and action and raw libidinal urges.

By 1985 I'd written three serious, and seriously moribund, literary novels which no publishers, to their credit, wanted to publish. I was getting a little desperate. So, as it happened, was one of my colleagues at the college where I was now teaching. One day she and I decided to collaborate on a shameless blockbuster novel in the Jackie Collins or, more precisely, June Flaum Singer vein (if you've never treated yourself to June Flaum Singer, do so at once; your self-respect will never be the same). I remember our opus was to be called *Blossom*, set among the orange groves of Florida, and featuring several seriously depraved generations of southern folk on both sides of both the wealth and color lines.

Forget literary allusions, elegant language, philosophical musings, postmodernism. *Blossom* would have plot galore, punctuated of course by lots of raunchy sex scenes. We giddily applied ourselves to the task at hand, breaking all the habits we'd so assiduously acquired in graduate school. And what fun it was. How easily the prose flowed. How fecund our imaginations turned out to be. I'm still astonished by my collaborator's exuberance, especially that scene where the august *paterfamilias* (I think he was called "The Colonel") plies his granddaughter with a wooden dildo he's lovingly polished to a high sheen all by his lonesome!

We wrote our chapters hastily, merrily, goaded each other on, and though the project fell apart for various reasons, it had one hugely important and completely unexpected outcome. In writing those sex scenes I rediscovered something I'd never even realized I'd lost: namely, that old, libido-fueled, unselfconscious, joyous fluency I used to return to every afternoon after school, when I'd eagerly pen the next hectic permutation of raging, uncensored, innocent, holy desire. Who knew that the secret to writing serious literary novels that anyone might ever want to read was so simple? All I had to do was find my way back to that adolescent—eternal, primal—energy where eros and the word blazingly comingle. By all means add adult melodies into the mix, and some complex chords, but mess with that throbbing bass line at your peril.

Out of the serendipitous wreckage of *Blossom* I began writing the book that would eventually become my first published novel. (My talented, naughty-minded colleague has gone on to publish several acclaimed novels as well.)

What I've discovered is that erotica is essentially utopian, a vision of sexual possibility that is often at odds with quotidian reality (witness those super-straight, good-looking classmates of mine, Greg and Blake, blowing each other in the locker room of my lonesome imagination). Reading and choosing the stories for this volume has taken me back to those early days when erotic narratives not only aroused me but also in a strange way comforted me by offering possibilities unavailable in my immediate physical (or even emotional) surroundings. By making a world in which I wasn't a freak or completely alone. I'm struck, in many of these stories I've chosen, by that familiar yearning for connection, belonging, a sense of home that in some ways is the real story beneath all the luscious polymorphous lubricity.

Many of the stories I've chosen float in that utopia of nearly frictionless desire; they involve those scenarios that have become more or less mythic in gay porn. There are, alas, no locker room scenes here, but adventures at a boy's camp loom large in Jack Fritscher's rollicking "Father and Son Tag Team," a story which contains perhaps the most delightful sentence in this entire collection: "When a good-looking summer-camp director who stands six-four and weighs in at a solid 225 spreads his jock-thighs across my chest while the morning sun spotlights the blond hair on his pecs and forearms, I know, like the joke about where the two-thousand-pound canary can sit, that any man that much larger than life can, if he wants, sit on my face and pedal my ears till the cows come home."

Other gay-mythic scenarios abound. The venerable trope of the not-so-innocent farm boy appears in Karl Taggart's "The Farmer's Son" and J. M. Snyder's "Opening Day at the County Fair." The forbidden allure of young flesh animates F. A. Pollard's "Game Boyz" and J. M. Snyder's "Cruising on Cary Street." Frat boy shenanigans enliven Geoffrey Knight's rousing "Fight Cub." The meme of the Italian Stallion gets its (or his) due in Davem Verne's gorgeous "The Pasta Closet." The inner cowboy in all of us may be seen to gallant

effect in Michael Bracken's taut and lusty "Bareback Rider."

Since no superheroes were ever gayer than the Caped Crusader and his Boy Wonder, their reunion after several years of estrangement in Barry Alexander's fantasia "Night Visit" is delicious.

In "Bigchest: Confessions of a Tit Man," Larry Duplechan surveys with wistful humor his boyhood crushes on movie hunks like Steve Reeves, Johnny Weissmuller and Gordon Scott, whom he wonderfully describes as "something of a male Jane Russell, chestwise."

Two rather breathtaking forays into extreme sex, Xan West's "Missing Daddy" and Dominic Santi's "Red Right," will surprise you with their underlying notes of trust and tenderness—and even hints of salvation—sounding through the carnal cacophony.

If erotica is essentially utopian in its impulses, it must also be observed that whatever strikes a utopian note is necessarily, in the broken world, melancholy. Several of the stories I have chosen thus fall out of utopia altogether, and resolutely into history, where desire doesn't rearrange reality but instead collides with it. Examples of this erotic melancholy include Erastes' "Drug Colors," Jeff Mann's masterful and moving "Daddy Draden," Douglas A. Martin's "Other Residences, Other Neighborhoods," a memoir of "boys who see how they might never have a home, if it isn't in the bed or arms of another boy," and, perhaps most poignantly of all, "Wild Night," Simon Sheppard's autumnal reminiscence that closes the collection.

Poignant. Mythic. Utopian. Melancholy. Look at these ridiculously serious and literary words I'm tossing around! Sometimes I still think way too much, because what I almost forgot to mention is this—these stories are hot! So please, just read and enjoy. Feel their throbbing bass lines. Let them lead you to the pleasure dome. There's plenty of time for thought afterwards— after you've cleaned up your mess.

So thanks, Greg and Blake, you seriously lust-inspiring guys, for first getting me started. And thanks to Richard Labonté, editor of this invaluable series, for getting other lovely boys started as well.

Paul Russell

THE PASTA CLOSET

Davem Verne

When I was growing up, all I wanted from Gino was a moment: to sit across from him with a cloth between my legs, jerk off in unison to his stroke, wipe off the winged seed that had flown from my cock. I imagined Gino's legs folded in his bed, shorts crumpled at his feet, greased cock pumping hot Italian cum onto his sheets. After a few minutes, when my courage stirred, I would take the long trip to his crotch, stuttering all the way, and with my hand confirm the rush of masculine desires anchoring the maleness beneath his waist. He'd clamp his thighs together, just as afraid as I was to stroke another straight guy.

In my fantasy, my bare knuckles pummeled Gino's balls softly, informing him that I was one of the safer straights in the neighborhood, the kind you could walk away from in half an hour, back to your superficial macho life without ever hearing a word about forbidden lovemaking. That was the duration of a good hand job between straight friends: a half hour, followed by cooperative silence. I wanted to tell Gino this, to hunker down beside him, grasp and jerk his rock-hard cock, and take his breeder load into my palm. Why Gino? Because I was certain he was thinking the same.

Gino was a firecracker Italian jock, well mannered but with a short fuse. He was the stud of Hanover Street in the North End of Boston where we grew up. Handsome and hotheaded, he was always at war with his father about the family pasta business. When father and son got into a verbal match, massive veins would pop out on Gino's neck and his biceps would flex, alarming his father.

It was his parents' fault, really; monster thighs and massive arms had been filled to magnificence by an aggressive diet of pasta and meatballs, and a body solid from hours in the gym and on the mats. A family friend, I desired Gino because he had an iron man's restraint, a stoic manner befitting a modern warrior, which at any moment could drill inside you and find your fear. Like other Italian American youths, he had a genius for bravado and scared the lesser stallions in the neighborhood into submission, myself included. But that didn't prevent me from approaching him in my dreams.

Everything about Gino became mythic as I fell in love with him: his male thoughts, his straight ways, his hairy chest, his prodigious ass. The business of being Gino was obscured as the romance of my feelings for him hardened into the clay of longing. I crafted an immortal cast of him: ill-tempered, strongly built, well hung. No manner of humiliation from his heterosexual hands could provoke me into removing him from the lofty tower where I'd placed him, on a par in my fantasies with the likes of Lou Ferrigno and the inimitable Arnold, enduring.

Gino remained my obsession past adolescence and into early adulthood, when my own homoerotic feelings finally took root. I felt the rush of craving at the doorway to our neighborhood gym, where Italian men abounded, lining the benches and walls like living statuary in a Roman garden. Rocco, Cristofano, Fabbrino, Vilfrido, pumping iron, curling cool steel, and flexing. They were militant in their manliness, lifting to exhaustion, panting. I imagined them straining through clenched teeth as they banged girlfriends behind the bathroom door, staring past an easy fuck into the mirror to admire their own hammered beauty. Gino and his friends were contemporary gladiators. As I passed them, I smelled their well-oiled shells and the sweat soaking their shorts. They made no effort to hide their packages, male cannoli aroused and lined up before me, sensing a cocksucker in their midst.

I crossed the wrestling mat toward my childhood friend. A Sicilian iron man was spotting Gino, hovering over him enviously. Gino's legs were open as he bench-pressed. His manhood dipped out of his nylon shorts, slightly tanned and bulging. A hairy ball urged his cock forward, gasping for room. I was there to ask Gino between sets when was he ever coming over to enjoy my mother's cooking, like in the old days when we shared an Italian bench in an all-Irish school. But the adolescent ploy of good food no longer worked. Gino was too busy. He was training all day with his wrestling coach, pitting his strength against a Sicilian bodybuilder in black spandex. He had no time to be my god.

I watched him complete a difficult set, my eyes drawn to his dick atop hairy nuts. He reeked of young manhood, dangerous and pulsing. I grieved, sensing someone else, definitely a girl, had already claimed his meat. When I left, he was squatting in front of the mirror, a thirty-pound weight on his right shoulder. His shorts stretched across his buttocks. It scooped up his meatballs and sausage-cock, keeping them safe between his legs. His crotch mocked me with its straight hunger. I determined never to pursue Gino again.

In those early years, Gino, thought to be the prosperous heir to a pasta kingdom, was also the North End's wrestling champion. He had reaped a shelf of trophies, accumulated mat burns on his forehead, his nose, his ears, his back. There were other wounds: a broken shoulder, a fractured vertebra, sometimes a swagger he said followed all-night fuckfests with three bosomy blondes.

One day not too long ago, Gino's father had approached me near tears. He begged me to bring Gino home. In his thirtieth year, Gino's reckless pride defied his father, and he had abandoned the family business to a thuggish cousin. Generations moaned as Gino went to work for Lucio's Pizzeria. I had heard rumors that Gino was married but getting a divorce. Ugo, Gino's father, was afraid that Lucio was making a New World Italian out of his son in a sordid pizzeria. I laughed and agreed to reacquaint myself with my childhood friend. Gino was the only straight man before whom I'd humble myself to gain a peek at his sweaty groin and primo prick. Perhaps this good deed would bring Gino and me together again.

The crowd inside Lucio's Pizzeria hovered before the sight of a muscular Italian with a beefy neck. Gino was preparing pizza. First, he molded huge pieces of dough into flattened shapes with his meaty fingers. Then he lavished an abundance of lion-sized toppings: spinach, dried tomatoes, mozzarella, portabella mushrooms. The customers, safe on the other side of the counter, gawked at Gino's solid shoulders and strong arms. And their mouths watered as he crouched—his hind end a brute force!—and cast the adorned pizza into the oven's fiery mouth.

His boss stood nearby. Lucio was a hulking Italian ten years older than Gino. He used to be a wrestling coach but was now a lady-killer. His teeth gleamed between brawny cheeks. Black hair sprouted above the neck of his apron, hair that matted his chest, probably his back, balls, and ass, too. And though his stout belly was far from athletic, it was sexy and sturdy. That potent blend of muscle and durability was favored in many weekend wrestling matches at the gym and savored in numerous nights with his mistresses. In truth, though, Lucio's fleshy anatomy was a façade. He had enough of the Old World inside him to be forever amiable.

The crowd barked orders and Lucio barked back, "You'll eat what I give you! I'm only playing with you; now order and get out of here!"

Lucio's success, of course, rested in the form of Gino. At two bucks a slice any pizzeria would profit. But who would draw the spectators in, if not the daunting image of gigantic Gino, sweating and puffing and unnerving the crowd with his compelling arms and legs?

In the heat of his workspace, Gino's thick dick bulged. I recognized its size, familiar from days past at the gym. I tried to look away, to discourage the old temptation, but Gino enthralled me

once again with his cum-churned charm. The sight of his straight manhood, of the brutish club he yielded between his thighs, made me want him even more. I fell in love with Gino all over again.

Gino advanced to the counter and stared into my face. He stroked his cheek and grabbed his ear as if wrestling with a muddied memory. His dark eyes scrutinized my fair hair and lean chest. He peeled back the surface of years and found me staring from some unknown place in his earliest consciousness: I was the childhood playmate he couldn't recall—or couldn't forget. He dug into years of macho bravado to find me, the infatuated neighborhood friend, buried like an old plaything in his crib.

"Daniello?"

The midday crowd dissipated. Lucio plumped his haunches down on a stool to watch TV. Gino and I shared a table by the window. He possessed the assurance of a man who lived every hour fully satisfied and complete. There were no mazes dividing his soul from his body, as there were inside me. After all these years, Gino remained invincible, victorious, in control of his arena. He clasped his hands together, thunderous and wondrous, and welcomed me.

"Daniello! Did you cheat and ask Ugo where I was?"

"I already knew," I said, adding nothing of his father's request.

"How?" he asked suspiciously.

"Gino, the North End is small. I saw you in the window."

"Okay," he said. "But if Ugo's behind this, tell him to eat his own pasta. I've moved on to pizza!"

Gino grinned, parting red lips. The breeding bull shined conspicuously behind those lips. He watched me watching him, the consummate male upon whom all my fantasies depended, and this tipped him off about my real desires.

"Gino, why did you leave the pasta factory?" I asked.

"Lucio hired me. I owe everything to Lucio, my whole existence," Gino began. "I'm a man because of him. Ugo didn't teach me anything, except when to fight, which for him was always after a meal. But Lucio taught me how to fight, and why and where! Lucio used to be my coach at the gym, remember? He's been married for twenty years, with three kids, and he's the happiest guy you could ever meet. I used to go to the gym like an orphan with nowhere else to go, lifting weights all day, all in the name of Lucio. Everything I did was meant to impress him. I never missed training because Lucio was more important than life. And he was more than my wrestling coach. He took me into his home, introduced me to his wife and kids, and let me use his den to study and sometimes to crash at night."

Lucio was still watching the portable TV. He sat on his thick behind, which was as powerful as Gino's. He, too, was completely satisfied in life. He was Gino's role model: hearty and happy, a real Italian charmer.

Gino winked naughtily and dropped his voice to a whisper.

"And when everyone was in bed, Lucio'd come in and we'd fuck around. I can tell you that because you're queer, aren't you, Daniello? Guys who are hungry for certain flavors attract one another, you know?" Gino said, looking straight at me. "Maybe it's because we're pure Italian. But Daniello, that man there has a big fucking pole. I can't even put my hands around it. It's a bat, fucking nerve-wracking. I fucked it all those years. I went to the gym during the day, then sucked it dry at night, leaving nothing for his wife. I was his l'amante maschio."

His male lover. My eyes watered as Gino opened his huge palms matter-of-factly.

"Sometimes the other guys in the gym joined us, but they usually chickened out when it got to the fucking part. Then it was just us. He stuffed his dick in my butt every night and didn't come out until I started screaming. When I made too much noise, he'd screw me sidesaddle, which didn't hurt so much. That's how he fucked his wife. Ever screw sidesaddle, Daniello?"

I was about to reply when Lucio bounced off his stool to serve a customer. Lucio had grown hefty, years of pizza and pepperoni encircling his waist, but this only complemented his male authority. I envisioned young Gino riding Lucio, Gino's legs spread around Lucio's hairy waist, their muscular hips swelling and thrusting against one another. Two heavyweight brutes mating on the den floor: the image drove me crazy. If I had stayed at the gym, I might have been invited to play.

"Listen to this, Daniello. As soon as I got to his place," Gino continued, "he'd tear off my Speedo, throw a towel on the floor, and head to the bathroom while I got myself hard. Then he'd come back, bare-ass, with a rubber on his hard-on. He'd crush me with his body as he shoved it up my ass. He's like a bear and growls while he fucks. He used to give me rug burns on my back; everyone thought it was from wrestling. Ha! They were fuck burns. The only way I got him to ease up was by taunting him with my dick in his face. Remember how everyone talked about my fractured vertebra? Lucio had me between the desk and the wall, pounding me for an hour until my back gave. And another time he had me on his shoulders, sitting backward, while he ate my ass and sucked my nuts till I fell during orgasm and broke my shoulder!"

Gino's voice turned to a contemptible pitch as he continued, enjoying the sight of my face gaping with hunger.

"It got so that my ass knew just how tight to choke his cock and make him come in a pinch. I never forgot that trick, and to this day he still can't understand why he comes so fast with me, when usually he lasts an hour with his wife. Believe me when I say he's the only guy I respect and the only man I'll ever fuck, cause he has my kind of fuel in his engine, the same kind of cream, you understand? I'm speaking about guys here, straight guys, fuck buddies, who can't get enough of one-on-one at the gym and need it

in their own homes, in the closet, in the basement, wherever, while their families sleep unaware. Make me gasp for air, *mio amico*, that's all I ask!"

My head was burning. My heart was bleeding. Gino was reinflicting an old wound and he knew it.

I lunged at Gino. He blocked me, seized my wrist, and yanked me roughly out of my chair.

"Hey! You okay?" Lucio called.

I stepped back, injured and insulted.

"And your dad?" I asked. "What should I tell Ugo?"

"I thought so," Gino nodded, waving a clever finger at me. "Tell him what I told you. Ha! That'll keep Ugo quiet! Tell him that I'm done with pasta like I'm done with pussy. Tough shit to everyone."

Gay men can be cruel, but straight men can be clever. Gino had lied. Moreover, he had told a gay man the very lie gay men want to hear. I walked home, formulating the thought that straight guys have all the social advantage. They are permitted great faults as long as they play the part manhood has prescribed them. Across that table, Gino had revealed that he was aware of the power of playing straight. As a heterosexual male, he could do whatever he pleased, even lie to family and friends. With the shield of breeding in place, Gino could cast his cock about, suck or fuck whom he chose, work where he pleased, press iron, tell stories, shoulder misfortune, and always stay on top, provided he returned to the determining factor of his male purpose: pussy.

Unfortunately, gay men like me have no such shield. We lust candidly and are fucked constantly. I love cock; you have a cock; give it to me. In this way we are real like everyone else. Perhaps we're too real, too simple and therefore socially flat broke. I was beginning to understand that it wasn't just Gino's physical body that I had wanted when we were boys, but also his *social* body. The dicking defenses of the breeder body. I wanted the safe male shield. I wanted the fucking fleece to empower my utterly human life.

At three o'clock in the morning, I was doing push-ups on my living room floor, replaying Gino's lie in my head—and all the lies I had told myself about him. I was grunting and cursing and sweating when Gino waltzed in through the door of my attic room. Gorgeous Gino, straight Gino, deceitful Gino! He appeared like an alley cat with his rump preening. We stood face-to-face, two protagonists: one in love, the other a lie. His lumbering thighs, his huge chest, his weighty crotch possessed the lamplight, while I slunk into the shadows, wishing I had done three hundred more push-ups.

"I've come to shut you up," he said with a smirk.

"Good," I said. "Let's see if you can lie your way through a hard-on."

Gino laughed, though not much. He knew I knew. He stood there,

three-times awesome, filling my room with his pizzeria scent, waiting for my eyes to beg for his fat dick.

"When the coach's whistle is directed your way, you obey," he teased. "But Lucio's not my coach anymore. He's just my boss."

"Where's the boss tonight?"

"Alone in his den. Pounding his sausage," Gino shrugged. "We do it now and then for old times sake, I guess. But we both know the good times have passed. One day I'll buy him out of the pizzeria. Train someone new to take my place, become the boss myself. Want to train?"

Gino grabbed his crotch, letting me know his New World sausage needed attention. He unzipped his pants. Truth is, he was feeling guilty for tormenting a boyhood friend. Gino's cock hung raw, no boxers, no briefs, slick with the sweat of a day beside a hot oven. His pubic hair was dense and deep. He was no cultured breeder, that's for certain, nothing groomed and sleek about him. His unshorn crotch was a masculine marshland, pubes cushioning his balls and tangled around his fat Italian cock. I wanted to kneel and inhale the straight stink clinging to his heroic meat. From two steps away, the balm of breeder ball-sweat swept over me.

As the fragrance filled my lungs, I fantasized. I saw Gino climbing off his almost ex-wife to go for a jog, but arriving on my doorstep instead, wanting to finish with a blow job from my mouth. His prick promised a kingdom of cum as it filled to erection in his grip, the hot cream in his balls demanding to spawn somewhere manlike.

Lucio had been a harmless lie. The gym lover no one suspected—how could I have been so fooled? Lucio had conquered Gino with uninhibited carnality. That was the Old World spin: tougher man with bigger plume seduces bragging youth. But there must have been some truth to the fib. Gino, a bull in his own pen, stood with his dick in my corner, wanting to feed—and to feed me.

Okay, I'd play along. My attic apartment, dark and forbidding, aroused Gino. What acts of gratuitous male surrender have been performed here, his straight mind wondered. What rituals of homosexual initiation have occurred in the tight hole of your apartment, my boyhood friend?

He could smell the memory of the young macho men I have cocksucked, picked up, and brought here from neighborhood bars. He could see the history of their cum stains on my wooden floor. The aroma of their wife-betrayal and my quick queer fucks and sucks overwhelmed his senses. I knelt without hesitation and he plunged his steel dick inside my mouth without hesitation. His cock encountered the most moist tongue he had ever known, a tongue soaked with lustful spittle from days and nights and months and years waiting for my prodigal lover.

Gino wanted to know I was cumming inside my shorts, desperate for prick. I let him know he was right. He moored his cock in me, closed his eyes and grunted, as a hot current of gay saliva laved his

dick, drowned his dick. His breath hissed loudly. His hands gripped my shoulders. I blew him harder, giving the precum a good chase around my mouth, his cock easy entry down my throat. But his balls withheld their load. The procreating cum that spilled into his almost ex-wife every night would not come.

"Lie down," Gino whispered. "I want to sixty-nine."

Ahh! The truth! This doubtful deity, this queasy god, craved a cauldron of cum like any queer man! I knew it. I nodded reluctantly. Gino grinned at my obedience.

We lay down on my blanket in a tight sixty-nine; neither of us could avoid the hard-ons anchored to our bodies. A dick was a dick, waiting to score; waist deep in sex, all men were equal. The mighty Italian faced his first gay equipment. Gino admired the strong dick bursting out of my shorts—my body was not his equal, but my cock challenged his. He hugged my hips and sniffed the space between my legs and buried his face into my shorts, chewing at my balls and drawing my cock to full erection with his oily tongue. It paraded before him, hung huge like his and spitting precum. Gino was a raucous lover, as indelicate as he imagined his former trainer. He reached down and gripped my dick savagely and jammed it into his mouth, directing my hips to screw his face unforgivingly. He sucked on it fast, getting the man juice flowing, preparing for some nononsense humping to douse his quilt.

I took his cue and blew his thick prick in unison to his reckless cocksucking. I held on to his pasta-hewn hips, round and firm in my grip, and pulled his crotch toward me. He was feeding on my gay dick while giving me his almost ex-married prick. He crushed it into my lips, squirting sweet cum deeper. We were face-fucking, lipscrewing, producing man seed for the mouth. After the day's harassment, Gino mercifully administered to me. My romantic rages were gratified. Gino's long dick nestled into the back of my throat and his huge balls hung down my chin, sharing their abundance.

Then I remembered his teasing tale. Bastard! I snatched his Italian manhood, jerked it wildly, and dug my finger into the jungle of black bush between his buttocks. His asscrack smoked with sweet male scent, inviting a frenzied fucking. My fingers furrowed the woolly pubes and I licked his hole without restraint. My aroused dick wanted to assume Lucio's make-believe position: sidesaddling Gino's ass, burying the entire length of my cock up his extravagant rear. I could do him good...as good as his story warranted...

Abruptly, my load burst into him, straight down his throat. Gino made a bottomless hole out of his face and downed the cum, gasping. His muffled cry alerted me that he savored it, every ounce of it, and desired more. I pumped him. He choked loudly, swallowing another load. Cum escaped from his fount, too, spraying my face, raining down on my chest. He sucked my dick dry as his boiling cock twisted skyward and shot three times as much cum into the air.

When we were done, I sat back, rubbing his juice around my

chest. My finger was still nestled up his dark ass. I rotated it, churning the cream. Cum dripped out of his dick as he lay before me depleted. Gino was a splendid specimen of Italian manhood and I had finally had him.

Immediately, Gino heaved out of bed. He looked around and realized he wasn't in Lucio's jock-friendly den. He raced to put his clothes on. His straight cock wagged anxiously. His huge body, hetero by all appearances, had surprised both him and me. Gino's genitals were massive, a plougher and two seeders, but his balls hung low wondering what had happened to their bounty. Desperately, he tucked them in his pants.

What was it like all those years for Gino to fantasize about Lucio thrusting on top of him, wrestling Gino's magnificent ass, savagely screwing him under the abstract threat of his wife sleeping nearby? After years of cat-and-mouse, Gino's equipment had found the gay touch. Moreover, his mouth was receptive to gay dick. A careless lie had revealed the truth to my poor Gino.

Gino hurried to the door.

I was content at that moment to look forward to tomorrow when Gino might knock at my attic apartment unannounced, feverish for another cocksucking. But would he return? Or would I only see him on occasion as the years passed, making pizzas beside Lucio? In my mind, I saw Lucio retiring and Gino hiring a muscle-bound Italian boy to make more pizzas. I envisioned a young woman waiting tables beside a young man, Gino's children; they made jokes about their old man as Gino sat on the stool watching the portable TV, his thoughts shrunken as his belly protruded.

"Daniello," Gino said, easing the door open. He looked around first before speaking. "You won't tell anyone, will you? I mean, no one?"

I shook my head, swearing silence.

Gino grinned. He nodded once more, apologetically.

"I swallowed, too," he said and left.

There is an Italian hunk on every corner in the North End. Hanover Street is his home. Hung and horny, he's eager to match dicks with any neighborhood jock, as long as they talk about girlfriends between hand jobs. I won't name them all, but I've lusted after many and tasted quite a few. They live in the pasta closets of family obedience and fill their hours with more male fantasies than any gay man will ever know. Gino was one of those hot Italian studs. I'm wondering if you are, too.

CRUISING ON CARY STREET

J. M. Snyder

Monday, quarter after midnight, downtown Richmond. Neon lights glisten like wet paint off the cars parked along the cobbled streets of Shockhoe Slip. As off-duty police officer Willis Moore eases his 350Z Coupe down the narrow street, those same lights slide over his polished red hood and tinted windows like ephemeral flames, dancing over the car and disappearing behind him into the night. His side windows are down, his bass is pumping and dark sunglasses hide his eyes.

Here, he is anonymous, just another soul among those huddled in doorways or perched in the glow of streetlamps. The heavy hip-hop beat blaring from his speakers turns a few heads, but most aren't interested in his passing. They have their own lives to worry about and can spare no time for his. Will appreciates that mentality. Lately, he hasn't had much interest in his own life, either.

It's been a hellacious day for him. The first time back to work after a forced, month-long leave, and when five o'clock finally rolled around, Will was ready to call it quits. He didn't know what to expect but wasn't ready for the fake smiles, the inane small talk, the whispered conversations that stopped when he came into a room. Men he worked with for years now went out of their way to avoid him. When he tried to dive into a new case, he was told to take it easy, give himself time to get back into the swing of things.

Hell, he gave enough time already. He wants, needs, to move on.

Ahead, a stoplight flickers from amber to red. Will toys with the idea of not stopping—who'd notice? Who'd care? But the upstanding citizen in him hits the brakes at the last second, throwing him forward in his seat. Instinct causes his hand to stray to the volume knob on the radio; at the last minute, he catches himself before he can turn it down. Despite the nagging headache behind his eyes, he cranks the knob the other way. The car shudders beneath the increased beat.

Will glances out the driver's-side window. Two women stand on the curb, miniskirts hiked up to reveal tanned thighs, halter tops straining over ample breasts. One Asian, one Hispanic, neither Will's flavor of choice. They giggle and wave, but he turns back to the street and guns his engine, waiting for the light to change. Sorry, girls.

From the corner of his eye, he sees movement out the passengerside window. He glances that way, sees a cluster of young men leaning against the side of an old movie theater and takes his foot off the gas as he does a double take.

Now that's more like what he has in mind.

There are five of them in all, the youngest probably not yet eighteen. They wear tight shorts and torn T-shirts that expose smooth, flat abdomens. Dyed hair spikes above dark eyeliner-rimmed, haunted eyes. Crotches bulge obscenely. Black leather ties form makeshift bracelets along pale arms. One kid wears a battered army jacket; another dribbles a scuffed basketball. Two have already paired off, rubbing against each other and snickering between stolen kisses as they move away from the others.

But the one Will notices, the one he lowers his shades to get a better look at, stands by himself at the front of the group. He has translucent skin that seems to glow in the lamplight, as if he hasn't seen the sun in years. His black hair shines almost blue in the night, the short bangs framing his face and ears in a pixie cut. He wears a silver mesh tank top cropped above his navel and a pair of black biker shorts pulled down low over bony hips. Will finds his gaze drawn to the flat planes of that bare stomach, the thin muscles taut and lean, the skin luminous against the shadows.

A car horn blares behind him—the light changed. Will hits the gas and shoots through the intersection, mind lingering on the scantily clad hustler and his friends. At the next block, without making a conscious decision about it, Will turns and circles back for a second look.

Damn.

You shouldn't, he tells himself, but his body doesn't listen. His blood rises at the sight of exposed white flesh, and when he closes his eyes, he can well imagine his own dark fingers splayed over that pale midriff like the shadows themselves.

You didn't even see his face, a voice inside him mutters.

Will doesn't care. He's been driving for hours, ever since he left the precinct, and for what?

For this.

Some part of him needs this, he knows. Why else would he be in the Slip, cruising the street? Music blaring, sunglasses on, an erection throbbing at his crotch? He needs release.

That damn voice in his mind won't let up. This is Tea all over again. Will turns the radio up in an attempt to drown it out, but it doesn't work. You find another street rat like that, pick him up, take him home, clean him up, and what happens next? Where's Tea now?

Dead.

Will grips the steering wheel tight and leans forward as he takes

the next turn. He isn't thinking about Teabag anymore—that part of his life was over, done with, case closed. It's been a month already. Tonight is an escape, a way to move out of the past, a way to move on. And Will suspects a good, solid fuck is all he needs to do just that.

Back on Cary Street again, Will slows as he approaches the hustlers' block. This time he pulls over a bit, out of the flow of traffic, so he won't be rushed. The guys come into view and Will slows the car. A few of them elbow each other, nodding his way. Then the guy in the silver mesh turns and watches him come to a complete stop.

Will sits back in the driver's seat to wait. It doesn't take long. Within a few minutes, the guy breaks away from his friends and drifts to the passenger side of Will's car. As he approaches, Will turns the radio down to a mere whisper.

Leaning onto the open window, the guy flashes Will an easy grin. "Hey, dude," he drawls. His voice has a raw quality to it, as if he spent the previous evening screaming himself hoarse at a concert. "See something you like?"

This close, Will notices the guy's younger than he originally thought. Closer to Tea's age, maybe, barely a man...

An image of Teabag flashes in his mind, superimposing itself over the hustler's features. Freckles dot clear skin, the black hair turns a deep shade of russet, those green eyes deepen to a warm brown. The wide grin is replaced with a crooked one, thrown off by an eyetooth once broken in a club fight. Will hears Teabag's smoked-out voice when the hustler speaks. "I know you want me, detective. And shit, I want you. So what's it to anyone else if we get our groove on, you know?"

With a shake of his head, Will chases away that memory. Teabag disappears, leaving only the guy before him. Perhaps this isn't such a good idea after all. Putting the car into gear, Will starts, "Sorry, kid. You're not even legal—"

"I'm twenty-three," the hustler answers. "Don't go. I like black guys and you're kind of cute. It's been a slow night."

Will glances at the other hustlers, but they're calling out across the street to the girls on the opposite corner and aren't about to encroach on their friend's trick. The guy leans on Will's car. "I saw you looking."

When Will doesn't answer, the hustler straightens up and steps back, giving him a good eyeful. Large hands smooth down the mesh top over his belly, then dip into the waistband of his biker shorts to cup the cock hidden in his pants. As Will watches, a flick of those wrists has the shorts down and his dick out, both hands kneading his balls as the blind eye of his cockhead rises in Will's direction. A shuffled step brings him to the side of the car, and that long, thin dick dangles through the open window invitingly. Will clenches the steering wheel to keep from reaching out.

He watches strong hands stroke the length, teasing it erect. The guy moans as he fondles himself, hips humping against the side of the car as if he's fucking the vehicle itself. The way those fingers dance along the hardening shaft make Will's balls draw up with desire, and his own cock aches to be touched like that.

It's been way too long.

With a glance around to assure himself no one's watching, Will hits the release for the automatic lock. "Get in the car."

Instantly, the shorts come up again and the cock disappears. The door opens and the hustler falls into the passenger seat, a knowing grin in place. He looks *much* too young for Will's taste, and twenty-three is a good ten years his junior, but in the dark, age doesn't matter. If the guy has a tight hole and knows how to fuck, that's all Will wants.

Releasing the clutch, Will pulls away from the curb and hits the button to raise the windows. Tinted glass rises around them, blocking out the street life. "You got a name?" Will asks as he pushes the car through the gears, heading for a high speed. "And buckle up."

"Yes, officer."

Will glances at the guy sharply. Did he know? Nothing in the guy's face gives it away, so Will writes it off as an innocent comment, a joke.

As the hustler cinches the seat belt into place, he asks, "You have a name you want me to use? Or just my own?"

Teabag, that voice in Will's head whispers, but he shakes it away. No. Tea is gone. Now that the car has hit a decent speed, Will cranks the radio back up again and shouts to be heard over the music. "Your own."

"Corey. I hate to bring this up, but do you want to hear my price list? Or do you have something specific in mind?"

Will hates this part. For a moment he considers pulling over, dumping the guy out on his ass on the street, letting him hike it back to his friends and bitch about the trick who dicked him over. But until Corey spoke to him, Will didn't realize how alone he feels. How much he wants this guy's touch, how much he *needs* it. Even if it costs him.

Without taking his eyes off the road, he hopes he sounds nonchalant when he asks, "You do bottom, right?"

A warm hand covers his on the gear shaft. Strong fingers fold into his palm, then guide his hand into Corey's lap. Will brushes over soft skin like velvet beneath his touch—the shorts are down again, tucked beneath Corey's balls. On their own, Will's fingers encircle that long shaft, a rod of iron in his palm, silk-sheathed, smooth and hard. His thumb traces the ridge of the flared tip, and beside him, Corey gasps. "Oh, yeah."

With one hand on the wheel, the other in Corey's lap, Will begins to look for a place to park.

Will finds a secluded spot in an empty lot behind an old, abandoned building that was once the Big Star grocery. In the far corner of the lot, two streetlamps have blown, giving the night free rein. When he turns into the lot, Will cuts off the radio so no one will notice them, then drives around behind the store, heading for that dark corner.

Each time he releases Corey long enough to shift gears, the hustler takes his hand back and places it firmly in his lap. Corey's dick juts hard from his crotch, the tip damp with precum, and only the Velcro cable tie he wears cinched around his balls like a makeshift cock ring holds back his orgasm. The pale erection has turned a ruddy color that rivals the plum-shaped tip, and whenever Will strums his fingers along the hard length, Corey whimpers.

Pulling into the last spot in the lot, Will yanks up the parking brake and cuts off the engine. He leaves the keys in the ignition and for a moment toys with them, their jangle loud in the abrupt silence. Suddenly he feels like a teenager again, alone with a guy for the first time, unsure of what to say or do next.

Corey takes charge. "You want to do this?" When Will nods, he instructs, "Then lie back. It's going to be pretty cramped, but I think we'll manage."

As Corey slips his shorts down his thin legs, Will obeys. The driver's seat pulls forward a few inches, then reclines. Will stretches back in the seat, hands smoothing down the long sleeves of his T-shirt, then straightening the material bunched beneath his seat belt, then down over his thighs to reposition his jeans. The denim bites into an erection that's been bothering him all night, and now he'll finally be taking care of it.

Or rather, Corey'll take care of it. Will hopes he'll be worth the price.

Beside him, Corey unbuckles his seat belt and climbs onto his knees in the passenger seat. His cock points at Will, whose hand drifts to grasp the hard shaft. He hears Corey gasp in delight and feels the car shake when those narrow hips buck into his palm. Using Corey's dick as leverage, Will pulls himself up into a sitting position and guides the hustler's dick to his mouth.

He misses.

The wet tip of Corey's cock brushes over his cheek and across his mouth before Will manages to close his lips around it. The musky scent of sex enflames his senses, and the dick fills his mouth, the bittersweet taste of cum like ambrosia. It's been way too long since he tasted another, but like an eager student, he relearns the fisted shape of a cockhead, the fold of skin at the end of the penis that bulges like a mushroom, the slit where the skin meets beneath the tip, the weeping pinprick in the center that quivers when he tongues over it.

Above him, Corey gasps, "Oh, yeah."

His words are mere breath between them. His hands play over the

tight curls clinging to Will's scalp; his fingers tickle over the tops of Will's ears and down the back of his neck, guiding Will closer, driving his dick farther into Will's open mouth. Corey's breath draws in, a sharp hiss like a snake between them.

But when Will fingers the cable tie, ready to rip open the Velcro and drink down Corey's juices, the hustler pulls back. The tip of his cock slips from between Will's damp lips; he sticks his tongue out to chase after it, but Corey's stronger than he looks and holds Will back. "You're not paying for just this," Corey reminds him. "Lie down."

Again, Will does as he's told. Corey's fingers dance over Will's crotch, nimbly unbuckling his belt, unzipping his jeans, pulling the fly open to get inside. Will's shirt is rucked up, out of the way, exposing a flat stomach and chiseled muscles as dark as the night around them. Corey's hands look like searchlights flickering over the shadows of Will's flesh. The bright white briefs Will wears seem to glow in the darkness, but Corey pulls them down, tucks them beneath Will's chocolaty balls and runs both hands up the stiff length of Will's cock. "God damn," Corey sighs. He can't encircle the shaft at its base with just one hand. "You're fucking huge."

Will won't go that far—he's seen bigger guys in the shower room down at the precinct—but he likes the rasp of skin on skin in the close confines of his car, and he likes that Corey seems impressed. With difficulty he stifles a grin, instead concentrating on the shards of pleasure that spike through him each time Corey strokes his length. Through hooded eyes, he watches the pale hands fluttering over his dark flesh, white fingers plucking and rubbing over the reddish-black knob of his cockhead. He allows himself a slight moan and a whispered, "Yes."

Corey snickers. "You like that?"

Will doesn't have to answer—his lustful gasp tells the hustler what he needs to know.

Holding Will's dick with one hand, Corey runs his forefinger down the thick length from tip to base. The touch is ticklish, sending shivers of delight coursing through Will's body, and he writhes beneath the seasoned hands of the professional.

"Yes," Will says, the word escaping him to rise toward the roof of the car. Every time Corey runs his finger down the same path, it elicits another *yes* from Will, each louder than the last, until he clutches the seat beneath him and cries out into the night. "Yes, *yes*."

Just when Will thinks he'll explode, Corey's hands disappear. Forcing his breath to slow, Will sighs. "There's lube in the glove compartment."

In the passenger seat, Corey shucks off his sneakers, extracting a condom from the inside of his left shoe. With expert moves, he tears open the foil packet with his teeth then rolls the condom onto Will's cock without ceremony. Will fiddles with it, pinching room into the

tip of the condom, as he hears the hustler rummage through the glove compartment. Too late, he wonders if his service pistol is in there. He turned it in last month with his badge, but can't seem to remember if the chief returned it yet or not. If it's there, and Corey finds it...

He hears a *click* as the glove compartment snaps shut, then Corey holds up a curvy bottle of Astroglide. "This it?"

Before Will can get a good look, Corey flicks open the pop-top and squirts a generous dollop of the thick gel onto the tip of Will's dick. Even through the condom, Will feels the cool liquid slowly drip down his shaft. "Don't use it all—"

But the telltale raspberry sound of the bottle emptying interrupts him. "Too late," Corey says, giving the bottle one good last squeeze before he pitches it behind his seat. Will ducks to avoid getting hit in the head with the bottle and feels the car move as Corey climbs onto him. "Guide me. I want your thick cock in my ass like now."

Will has never found such vulgar talk sexy. "You don't have to be so—" $\,$

"Now," Corey says again as he plops down to straddle Will's chest. Will's hands are drawn to those pale buttocks—he cups them, his fingers sliding into the cleft between the cheeks, massaging the firm muscle. One forefinger finds Corey's trembling hole, which puckers and flexes as he rims it. Above him, Corey fists his hands in Will's shirt and rocks back into his hands. "Fuck me already," he demands, jumping a little to rock the car. "You're paying for it, aren't you?"

Sitting up, Will covers Corey's foul mouth with his own, silencing him. The hustler sits back, surprised, and finds himself seated in the palms of Will's strong hands. Spreading those tender asscheeks wide, Will guides his dick to the hidden center of Corey's being. The wet tip of the condom slides over smooth skin, and Will uses his fingertips to angle it into place.

Corey makes a muffled noise, his lips pressed to Will's. When they part, allowing Will's hungry tongue entry, Will thrusts up into the hustler's tight ass.

That earns him a breathy gasp.

Will falls back to the seat, hips bucking to force as much of himself as he can into his lover for the evening. Corey follows him down, hands still clenched in Will's shirt, his mouth ardent, insistent, as it seeks Will's own. "Yes," he sighs into Will as they kiss, his words timed with each thrust, each fuck. "Please, god, yes, god, fuck, yes, yes."

They find a fast pace, a furious rhythm spurred on by Corey's half-whispered moans. The friction of Will's cock thrust between Corey's willing buttocks sets the night on fire around them. Will feels his blood blaze in his veins as he rocks toward release. Harder, faster, he forces his way into the body above his as he holds on tightly to Corey's hips. His fingers burn against the pale skin as if leaving scorch marks behind. Deeper, harder, in, as far as he can go, as far

as Corey lets him. Will gives in to the ancient art of sex and lets the rest of his day, the rest of his *life*, fall away. Faster, yes, yes.

He needs this.

When his orgasm shudders through him, Will grabs the tie holding back Corey's release and pulls it free. Corey sits up, hips grinding above Will's, hand jerking as he comes in a white rush that slicks Will's lower belly. White cum streaks his black skin like spilt milk. One elbow hits the car horn behind him, and the 350Z blares into the night in time with Corey's strokes. The sound sets off in Will a second, more vicious orgasm, and he clamps his hands down on Corey's upper thighs to hold the hustler in place as he shoots his load inside him again.

For a long moment, they sit coupled together, Will panting as he lies in the driver's seat, Corey leaning back against the steering wheel. Neither seems able to speak nor has the energy to pull apart. Finally Corey runs a hand through his hair, and the short black bangs stand up from his temple from the lube on his fingers. He takes a deep breath, but his voice still shakes slightly when he speaks. "You know," he sighs, "I like you, so I'm gonna cut you a deal. Let's say a hundred fifty for the whole thing. That cool with you?"

Will reaches into his back pocket for his wallet, moving carefully to avoid dislodging Corey. At that price, he knows he could easily eat through his whole paycheck for this boy from the streets.

GAME BOYZ

F. A. Pollard

The guy had his eye on me long before we met.

Of course, I didn't know that. At the time, I was busy kicking Greg's ass at *Street Fighter*.

The summer after high school, before I was due to start at Riverview Technical College, Greg and I shared an apartment together downtown. I had graduated at seventeen, had just turned eighteen, and had always been the smallest and weakest guy in my class. Greg was a year older and had been my buddy since elementary school. He stuck up for me, fought fights for me, palled around with me when no one else would. In exchange, I did most of his homework and all of his papers, effortless because I was smart and bored. School came too easily for me, but my parents weren't aware enough to bump me up a grade. When they finally figured it out, my quidance counselor advised them that it would be a social struggle to skip, that I would miss too much of the curriculum. Whatever. When my voice changed my looks changed, too, matured; bullies quit picking on me and girls started noticing me. Socializing was less of a problem, but I still stuck with Greg. We double-dated, lost our virginity on the same night in the same car, Greg in the front seat and me in the back. He changed girls regularly, I met Kristen near the end of eleventh grade and started going steady. Now there was no more homework to exchange for Greg's friendship. So I kept dating her to put Greg at ease. To prove myself.

Because while I was out with Kristen or when I jerked off in the shower, I thought about boys. Mostly Greg.

Not that I was in love with him. But I was horny, and he was the most available male, the most familiar guy in my tiny bubble of a life. I knew his habits and his smells, the way he left his shirttail hanging out of his pants. The way downy hair was sprinkled along his neck. The hard feel of the muscle in his shoulder when I pressed against him.

Our passion was arcade video games, and there was one place at the mall that had a bunch of refurbished machines from the 1980s and 1990s. I was good at some, but Greg was better at most. Sometimes we played together, but normally I just watched him. Those were the times I lived for because I would get into the game, almost doze a little, and rest against Greg, pushing my shoulder against his and smell the tang of his armpits or the odor of the stale shirt he had pulled out of the dirty clothes and covered with five-dollar aftershave. This physical closeness would last as long as his game did. I always encouraged him to play *Galaxians* because that was the one he was best at, and as long as he had ships in play, he would let me lean on him. When he finally lost, he would smirk and shove me away and say, "Get off me, you faggot." I would smile and roll my eyes. But he never discouraged me, and as soon as he was playing again, he'd let me press against him. I think I flattered him with my attention, my devotion. As long as I had a girlfriend and was fucking her, it was okay. As long as it was just a game, as long as I never let him know I had a hard-on the whole time.

As long he never found out that he was the reason I took so many showers, Greg didn't mind me playing a fag.

That day, after I beat him at *Street Fighter*—he always tried different characters, but I perfected the use of Chun-Li's lightning kicks and usually won—I tried to talk him into *Galaxians*. But he wanted to play pinball, so I went over to play *Gyruss*. I was in the middle of a bonus round when someone behind me said, "They come out from the bottom and split."

The voice was rich and masculine and gave me chills. I turned around and he said, "You're missing the bonus."

When I saw him, I didn't care. He had black hair gelled up in spikes and skin like silk, smooth and unblemished. My gaze ran the length of his throat to his chest; the first few buttons of his charcoal gray shirt were open, revealing a delicious, slight swell of muscle; he wore a shiny double-edged razor blade on a chain. I glanced down to tight black pants, appreciating his firm body and a quality of dress and self finer than the regulars at the arcade. Looking up, I saw his glittering eyes: eyes so dark that they looked black, as if they were all pupil, eyes fringed with long, black lashes. And holy shit he smelled good.

By the time I recovered, it was too late to save the game and I lost all my ships.

"Sorry," he said. "Thought I was helping."

"That's okay, I was losing anyway."

"No, you weren't." He put tokens into the machine and said, "I'll keep my mouth shut this time."

I couldn't believe this guy was hanging around me, talking to me. And I didn't want him to leave. "Why don't you tell me how to play the bonus rounds?"

And he said, "Okav."

It was distracting at first, knowing I had this hot guy right behind me, almost touching me. I imagined his arms sliding around me, his wet lips grazing the back of my neck, his warm breath wafting into my hair, his erection grinding against my ass...

"Whoa," he said, as my ship blew up on the first warp.

Concentrate. I had to concentrate or he would go away. I had to play well and give him something to watch. So I did. I focused and listened to his tips about where the enemies would come from. I made it through the Jupiter bonus round before I lost my last ship.

"That was some great playing," he said as I entered my initials. I had the number four high score.

Brushing past me, he put more tokens into the machine and started to play. He was good, really good. I watched him swinging his ship around, tapping the fire button, handling the joystick like this was the only machine he ever played. I lost myself in the game, and I leaned against him. I'd known this guy for fifteen minutes but somehow it didn't matter. I eased my chest against his back, the way I sometimes did with Greg, only this was so much better. This felt right, this felt safe, this felt like the culmination of so many loose ends in my life, the high point I'd been living for. He didn't shove me off; in fact, unless I was out of my mind, it felt like he shifted closer, fitting our bodies together. I closed my eyes and drifted in the perfection of the moment, breathing him in like sweet perfume. He didn't smell like Greg at all. He smelled like clean sweat and fresh soap and hot sex. He smelled like all my fantasies rolled into one. I could see him naked above me, the mix of his flavors on my tongue and the supple grace of his skin in my hands and that voice like hot fudge sauce pouring in my ears, telling me everything he was going to do.

His back straightened.

My eyelids flew open as my heart gave a jolt, and I stepped away to adjust my cock. I watched him bump me down to fifth place to enter his initials into second. The same initials were first and third and fourth:

ZEN.

"You're Zen!" I was awed. But he didn't seem to notice.

"Zen. Short for Zeno. It's Greek."

His elaboration warmed me, as if he had shared something deeply personal.

"You want to come outside with me?" he said. "I need a smoke."

"Okay." I looked back where I had left Greg but didn't see him; he was my ride home. "Sure."

Zen pushed out through the emergency exit, and it surprised me that the alarm didn't go off. "It's been broken for three months," he said.

A cinder block hallway led to another door that opened to the darkness of an alley behind the mall, where delivery trucks could pull up to the stores.

"You smoke?" he said, shoving the pack at me. I shook my head and watched him pull out a cigarette, put it up to his lips, flick his lighter.

"Shit," he said.

Then everything fell out of his hands and he gripped the sides of my face, sealing his mouth against mine. His lips were soft and moist, and I opened to his tongue, feeling him take possession of me, pressing his chest against my own.

I had an immediate, aching hard-on as he shoved me up against the wall. Every inch of my skin blossomed for him. My entire body was an erection. My mind glowed white, the world blanked away, and everything in the entire universe was him kissing me, nothing except him kissing me and the feel of his hands as they left my face and tugged at my jeans, jerking at the zipper.

His fingers were like magic and I came in his palm, swallowing a cry and biting down on his lower lip trapped between my teeth. He shuddered against me, his sinewy body pinning me so hard to the brick that I almost couldn't breathe.

"Fuck," he said, slumping, and pulled his other hand out of his own pants. I put my arms around him, and we rested together, inhaling the cool night air.

"Fuck," he said again, more softly, and touched his mouth with the hand that had taken me. He looked at the blood from where I had bitten him, then slid two fingers between his lips. As he sucked on them, my cock stirred again.

"Do you walk around like this all the time, hot and begging for it?" he asked, wedging himself against me. His breathing was short and sharp, and he slipped his hand into my underwear, this time looking into my eyes.

He pulled my hand toward him and my fingers closed around the erection in his pants. I kneaded him through the fabric while his hand moved along my cock, doing me the way I would do myself. I leaned in to kiss him, drew his tongue into my mouth, and tasted my come in his spit, the blood still on his lip. I licked it. He stopped kissing me and sobbed softly as he ground against my hand. His reaction made me come again, hard, and I felt our hearts pounding and our blood pulsing in sync. I kissed him and kissed him, and his mouth moved against mine again and his strong, thin arms came up around me and crushed us together.

He broke the kiss to hook his thumbs into the waist of my jeans. "You're so fucking hot," he said. "I want to keep making you come"—he was peeling away my pants—"over and over"—and dropping to his knees.

I closed my eyes and relaxed against the bricks behind me. I'd died and gone to homo heaven. I reached for his head to guide him as I felt his lips, slick and soft.

"Motherfucker!"

The word hit me like a fist. I wrenched my neck and saw Greg staring at me, a mix of horror and revulsion on his face. I was frozen for an eternity, feeling only Greg's glare and Zen's mouth with nothing in between. Until Greg spun on his heel to leave.

"Greg," I said, shoving Zen away. "Wait."

But when I took a step, I tripped over the tangle of my jeans and fell forward, smacking the asphalt with my hands. "Shit." Shards of rock and grit drove into my palms. It smarted, but I got to my feet and yanked up my jeans, fastening them as I broke into a run.

I pulled open the door and almost slammed into Greg in the middle of the cinder block hallway.

"Give me your fucking keys," he said. His face was hard and he spoke through clenched teeth.

"What?"

"Your keys, you cocksucker."

Confused, I fumbled around in my pockets and brought out the ring with the keys to the apartment and mailbox. "These?"

Greg snatched them out of my hand. "Faggot," he said, then grimaced at the keys and rubbed them on his pants as if he'd just picked them off the men's room floor. "You fucking faggot."

"Let me explain," I said, wondering what there could possibly be to explain, as Greg had seen everything.

"Shut up," Greg said. "If you want your shit, it'll be in the hall. You're out of the apartment."

"What?"

"You heard me, faggot."

"But Greg..."

He walked away. There was nothing I could say. I'd just lost my best friend, my ride, and my apartment, all at the same time. And I'd abandoned Zen to go after Greg.

Stunned and numb, I took a deep breath and walked back outside to the darkness of the alley, but it was empty. Zen was nowhere.

I sat down on the asphalt and brushed my hands together. They were stinging from my fall. My right kneecap throbbed with a knot the size of a golf ball. My crotch was clammy. And I could still smell him on me, his breath, his sweat, our sex. Then all my feelings came back and I drew up my knees, hugging them to my chest, and started to cry.

"I'm sorry about your boyfriend." The voice was warm and sweet. I raised my head to see Zen looking down at me.

"He wasn't my boyfriend," I said and wiped at my face.

"Oh. I thought, by the way you always hung on him, that you and he were a couple."

Always hung on him? Zen had seen us together.

"You need a place for the night?" he said.

My gaze lingered on his eyes, dark chocolate, before traveling down his neck, to his shoulder, and his outstretched arm.

He had knowingly come between Greg and me. Never mind that there was nothing to come between. It seemed a little malicious when I thought about it.

But that didn't make the slightest difference.

Those magic fingers. I remembered the rush, the release, the

exhilaration; could see Zen naked above me, all my fantasies rolled into one.

I took his hand and accepted the invitation.

DADDY DRADEN

Jeff Mann

for Master JW

I'm awake at first light, dim dawn in my little nest. It's chilly down here in Daddy Draden's basement den, but the blanket I snuggle in is velvety and warm. My coziness is deepened by the sound of rain—the first hard September rain drenching Roanoke, pattering on the basement's window—and by these bonds Dad has tied good and snug around my ankles and wrists. He's real handy at making comfortable cuffs out of cotton rope.

I roll onto my side, curl against the couch cushions, think of Dad and get hard. Normally, I'd just lie here till he let me loose, but this morning I aim to be bold. Last night, after two months apart, I was so excited to be with him that I came too fast. I shot as soon as he commenced to chew my nips, so the lengthy play we'd planned never came to pass; we were both disappointed. I'm hoping Dad won't mind if I take the initiative for once. Rubbing my dick, I gather my courage and then start picking at the wrist-knots with my teeth.

Pretty soon my hands are free and then my feet. I piss in the plastic bucket Dad left by the couch. Then I ready myself, hoping like hell that he won't be angry if I rouse him this early, hoping that he'll find it hot, what I got planned.

His briefs first: I don't get to see Dad very often—five or six times a year, when my partner Bob's out of town—so Dad saves his cum for me, jacking off in the same pair of briefs for weeks. These here on the floor are stained a dull brown. Their reek's rich, aged like fine wine. I ball them up and stuff them in my mouth. For a moment I close my eyes and savor the smell and taste; I picture Dad humping his hand, dumping all those yummy loads into these few inches of cloth. Then I take the roll of duct tape off the bookshelf. I plaster the tape over my lips, securing the briefs in place; I wrap the tape around my head and over my mouth again and again, five or six feet worth, good and tight, before ripping the end off. Rope next: I tie the base of my cock and balls real tight, and then the base of my balls, and then the base of my cock. My dick rears up, straining, a

shaft of tight brown satin.

Prepared, I head upstairs. I'm just vain and insecure enough to slip into the hallway bathroom to check myself in the mirror. Ain't too bad, got to admit. Yep, Dad should like this. He keeps telling me I'm just his type. I stand there for a full minute, staring at myself, jacking my cock.

I'm twenty-six. My hair's a black buzz cut, widow's peak already beginning. On the sides, my beard's trimmed real close, but on my chin it thickens into a wiry black bush a good four inches long, like a Confederate soldier's or a Hell's Angel's, springing beneath the layered silver-gray tape like a dark waterfall. I'm only five foot six, stocky, pretty well muscled, with a chunky set of tits and a round little bit of belly, and I'm the hairiest guy I know. King Kong ain't got nothing on me. I used to be self-conscious about it, but I've met enough appreciative guys to be proud of my cub-pelt, the black mat that covers my chest, belly and crotch like dense moss, that caps my shoulders, dusts my back and coats my thick thighs. "Black as a country night," Dad always says. I jack myself a little more—got to admit my own looks turn me on, especially with my mouth taped shut and my cock roped up-and then I turn, checking out my chunky round butt, equally dark with fur. I reach behind me, spread my cheeks and feel cool air on my hole. I finger myself a little, hoping like hell that Dad will fuck me later.

At Dad's bedroom door, I knock softly. "Donnie?" I hear him say. "Come in." I enter, stand by his bed. My cock bobs in its web of rope; I stroke it.

Dad looks up at me, rubbing his eyes. He's so damn handsome—an older version of me, he's often said, and that's the biggest compliment he can give me. Dad's thirty-eight. He's got a burly body, a full black beard, a head of thick black hair going silvery at the temples. To my relief, he's smiling rather than frowning.

"Uhhmmm?" That's my well-taped way of saying, "Is this all right? You like this? Do I please you, Sir?"

I've been his part-time bottom for five years, so Dad understands even my grunts. "Yes, cub. Very hot." He throws back the covers, and there's his cock. We both watch as it rises to its full length and thickness. If I weren't gagged so tight, I'd lick my lips.

When Dad beckons, I fall to my knees by the bed. I lay my head on his barrel chest, snuffle the fur there, black mingled with silver, like the hair on his head. "Come on in," he says, running his fingers over my buzz cut. Now that I have permission, I climb in beside him.

It's so good to be in his bed. I love Bob and the life we've made—we've been together seven years, since undergrad days, lived together the last four, and it's all good except for the sex, which is seldom and hardly ever kinky—but even when I'm with Bob, I'm always aching for Dad to truss me up and hold me all night. I'm a restless sleeper, though, and Dad's a light sleeper, so always, after whatever rough play he gives me, he leads me to my basement nest,

leaves a piss-bucket by the couch, ties me up and leaves me there till morning. Just once, I wish Dad would let me spend another night in his bed. As it is, guess I'll have to settle for this, late-night and early-morning snuggle-fests, his big arms around me, his chest hair tickling my back, his beard brushing my ears.

"Sleep all right?" Dad's fingers range between my pec-meat and cock, squeezing, stroking. I can feel his hard-on against my butt.

I nod. I'm so damn happy to be in his arms.

"I know it's raining but...want to go to that Ren Faire today? I'll bet I can find you that Viking drinking horn you've been wanting. There'll be lots of vendors."

"Uh-huh." I snuggle closer. Dad's fingers focus on my right nipple, tugging on the hair surrounding it, pinching it gently. He and I are both fantasy fans, SCA members, D&D players and comic-book nerds. Our talks are as much about the X-Men, evil sorcerers and jousting techniques as they are about daily events. The daily's kind of like vanilla sex for us: boring, at least most of the time. Give us weird instead; give us intense extremes. I think Bob doesn't mind lending me to Daddy Draden every so often just so he won't have to hear me babble about swords, mutants, Tolkien and *Dune*. Not to mention ball-gags and duct tape.

"I bet you need hurt first," Dad says. He takes my nipple between his thumb and forefinger. His nails dig. The first wave of pain unfurls up my torso. "Ready for some hurt, Donnie-boy?"

"Uhh?" I roll over, raising an eyebrow. In my expression is a request he's come to expect.

Dad chuckles. "Yeah, yeah, I know. It's so much better with rope, right?" I sit up, crossing my hands behind my back. He stands up, fetching cord from the floor.

"Ummmm." I sigh with relief, feeling Dad loop, tighten and knot rope around my wrists. That free will the preachers back home are always ranting about: well, when I'm Dad's captive, the burden of it disappears. Beneath the tape, around the bunched briefs, I smile, as Dad grabs another hank of rope and starts trussing my ankles. It's so great to have a Top who understands my every kinky need, who loves me for those needs instead of condemning me for a freak, like the rest of the world. All my family and friends in Giles County, the guys at the gas station where I work, if they knew a mountain boy as butch as me—hell, I'm as much a lover of pickup trucks, buttermilk biscuits and bluegrass music as any of them—if they knew I loved to be tied up, tortured and ass-raped, they'd ride me out of town on a rail. Fuck, I'd probably end up a corpse in the county dump.

Satisfied that I ain't going anywhere, Dad shoves me back onto the bed. I buck and kick, straining against my bonds, giving him the fight he relishes. "Keep still, you little redneck," Dad orders. "You're caught, boy. You're my prisoner. No way you're getting loose." He sits on my thighs, gives my chest a few punches, then sinks his teeth into my right nipple. I shout into my mouthful of rank cloth; his

fingernails dig into my left pec.

Since we get together so rarely, Dad likes to take his time when he tortures me, to savor my suffering. After half an hour my eyes are wet, my shouts have turned to whimpers and sobs, my gag's sodden, and he's growling like a werewolf, low in his throat, chewing one nipple and then the other, giving my flexed pecs more sharp punches, pushing a spit-wet finger up my asshole. It's come down to agony, his teeth gnawing me raw, but I have no choice but to take it, and besides, I want to take it, I need to take it. I know Dad loves to top me because, unlike a lot of other bottoms he plays with, I can take a huge amount of abuse. I endure (albeit with a helluva lot of gagged noise) whatever he chooses to give me—flogging, tit-work, caning, cropping, whipping—for as long as he cares to continue. I've almost never begged him to stop; that's my achievement, my point of pride. "My little warrior," Dad calls me.

That's one reason, I think, that he invites me back. That, and because he knows I really care about him. The "buddy" part of "fuckbuddy" is as important for both of us as the "fuck" part. Other boys, he says, some of them just come for the rough sex. Everybody knows he's the best Top in southwest Virginia, so he has lots of bottoms clamoring to be used. But, according to Dad, half the time he's the one who feels used. According to Dad, most of them make him feel like a human dildo.

My wrists and ankles are rope-chafed by now. Exhausted, I've stopped struggling; I've surrendered completely. I lie beneath him, thrusting my ass against his probing hand, my teeth sunk in the smelly gag, moaning softly as Dad, snarling, finger-fucks me and shreds my nips.

Now he straddles my chest. He's so turned on that he pumps his dick for only a few minutes before his load spatters my face. Grinning, he rubs his cum over my tape-gag, into my beard, across my forehead. Then he rolls off me and takes my dick in his hand. I'm done in half a minute, squirting on my belly.

This might be my favorite part. Dad leaves my mouth taped, leaves me tied hand and foot; he rolls me onto my side, cuddles up against my back, and holds me. He fondles my cum-wet beard, my cum-wet belly hair. "You're safe, boy," he whispers. "I'll take good care of you."

I want to say, "I love you, Dad. Damn, you treat me good. If it weren't for Bob and our history together, if you and me'd met first, I'd be your cub for always." But I'm still gagged, so I can't say anything, and besides, I know Dad's lonely, real lonely, and I know he wants a full-time boy bad, and I know he's been single for eight years, since he and his lost love Nate broke up and Nate moved to Texas, and I know he's afraid he's aging and may never find a permanent boy, and so, if I were to say what I want to say, it'd just be harder on both of us when I go home to Bob later this afternoon. Instead, I snuggle back against him and rub my taped mouth against

his hand.

I guess closeness feels dangerous to both of us sometimes. Suddenly Dad sits up, breaking the charged silence. "I make you do bad things, don't I, boy?" he says, loosening my wrist-knots. "That liquid-courage bottle of red wine you always bring along. The Chinese buffet last night, with all those fattening crab rangoons and egg rolls and General Tso's chicken. And then BDSM. And now, guess what? Yes! How'd my boy like to hit Krispy Kreme for breakfast?"

I nod happily, giving an enthusiastic "Uhhhh-huh!" as Dad removes the ropes about my wrists and starts freeing my feet. Sometimes I wish I could be his slave, his boy, all the time. Other times I think the once-every-couple-months thing is best. I'm afraid if I were here all the time, I'd bore him. As it is, we spend our lives hungry for each other, and I guess that ain't a bad way to live.

When I'm alone, and sometimes even when Bob and I are doing it—which ain't too often these days—I think of Daddy Draden. I run through them, scene after scene over the last five years. Memories as hot as them never fail to get me off fast. Listen, man. I'll tell you a few.

It's snowing the night Draden and I meet face-to-face. I'm living alone, in that broken-down house on Airport Road; Bob's still living in West Virginia, and we're meeting on weekends. Bob knows how much I need kink and how much I need to bottom sometimes, so he tolerates it when I cruise leather and bear websites. I guess he figures if I can find someone trustworthy, he won't have to bother with tying me up or topping me anymore. He just ain't into it, since he's pretty much a bottom himself, and I guess that's all right—or it'll have to be—since he treats me so good otherwise.

Anyway, Daddy Draden and I meet online, start chatting—he lives only an hour away—and one night our planning comes together, and I'm watching the clock, a little drunk on Jack, and the snow's coming down, hard enough that I'm afraid he'll cancel, but there's the knock at the door I've been waiting for. And that's how I see my Dad for the first time. I open the door and shiver; I've followed his orders and am wearing nothing but boxer shorts because they turn him on. He's standing on the stoop in the snowfall. He's dressed in black work boots, black jeans, black T-shirt, black leather biker jacket and biker's cap. He looks down at me and grins—he's a good foot taller than me. "Damn, boy, you're even hairier than I thought!"

I look up into his dark eyes and grin back. "Good to meet you, Sir. I hope you like my fur."

Draden nods; we shake hands. I invite him in, offer him Jack. He wants beer instead. I keep drinking bourbon, because I'm scared and excited and I always like a little buzz going when I submit to a Top, especially a new one I don't know real well yet. Don't take long before he's wrapped a short chain around my neck and padlocked it,

so I guess I'm his for the evening. Then he's behind me, holding me close, one big hand clamped over my mouth, the other tugging my tits. I've already told him online that my nips are my ON buttons, and he wastes no time taking advantage of that fact. I love the pressure of his hand over my mouth; I love the pain building up in my chest; I love this feeling of being mastered by an older, larger man.

We're on my bed now, frost feathering like maidenhair ferns across the bedroom window, the spruce trees outside covered with white. We're both naked. I don't know it now, but this is a scene I'm going to be jacking off to for the next half a decade. Draden has me on my elbows and knees. My hands are tied together and anchored to the headboard with a short rope-tether. I've got my hairy butt in the air; Dad's strapped a ball-gag in my mouth and I'm drooling like a motherfucker, head down in the sheets while Dad kneels behind me, puts on a rubber and lubes us up. It hurts bad at first—I ain't that used to being fucked, and Dad's got an eight-incher and thick to boot—but soon enough we're rocking together, back and forth, he's thrusting in and out, I'm grunting like the happy pig I am.

Dad cums up my butt; I cum in his hand about the same time. We snuggle, and oh, god, is that sweet, to be held so tender by a man who'd used me rough like a whore only minutes before.

"The noises you make when you get fucked sound interrogative, boy." Dad chuckles. "'Uhhh? Ummmm?' Sounds like you're asking me a question."

"I'm saying, 'Please, Daddy, would you plow me harder and faster?'" I say, head on his shoulder.

Dad laughs, wraps his arms around me, holds me tight.

He spends the night, since the snow has got so bad. But, dammit, I toss and turn too much, snore too loud. That's the last night we sleep together, though it's the first, thank god, of many tasty-as-hell nights we play.

* * *

The movie's *Ladyhawke*. It's one of Dad's favorites, but I haven't seen it before. Tonight I'm watching it with him, but in kind of an unusual way.

He's lounging on the couch in shorts and a T-shirt. I'm naked, tied to a chair beside the couch. He leaves me tied like this sometimes when I'm around in the summer and he needs to cut the grass. Tonight I spend several hours in this position. My wrists are bound behind the chair, as are my elbows. He's got loads of rope wrapped around my chest and upper arms and belly, securing me to the chair back so tight I can't hardly move. My legs are spread, my thighs roped to the chair-seat and my ankles roped to the back legs. He's got a butt plug up my ass, and he's got tweezer clamps hanging

from my nips. Occasionally, in between scenes—guy changing to wolf, girl changing to hawk, gotta admit it's a pretty cool movie, so no wonder Dad likes it—he pauses the DVD, pulls the plug-gag out of my mouth and tips a beer to my lips. When I'm done gulping and thanking him, he gags me again and starts tugging and twisting the clamps till my numbed tits burn and my eyes water. Then he sprawls back on the couch and starts up the DVD. It's the hottest goddamn way to watch a movie, man. Take my word for it.

"Get that butt up in the air."

I'm belly down, tied spread-eagle to Dad's bed. He pushes the button on the remote control. The electric cock ring zaps my crotch. I yelp. Obedient, I angle my ass higher.

"Beg for it, Donnie-boy. Ask for more."

Dad's got a camo bandana tied real tight between my teeth, so I can't talk clear, but he doesn't care. "Please, Sir," I mumble around the cloth my pained shouts have soaked with spit. "Please give me more, Sir. Cane my butt more, please, Sir."

Again the zap of the cock ring. I let loose another yelp, like a kicked lap dog. Then the cane comes down on my bare ass, again and again, first one cheek, then the other, then both together. *Pow pow pow pow pow pow pow.* The pain builds, sharp and steady, thin and hot. Feels like I'm being sliced open by a flaming pocketknife, a narrow blade cleaving me the way an axe does oak.

Am I bleeding yet? Sure feels like it. I want to beg Dad to stop, but I'm too proud to do that. Instead, I squint my eyes shut and bite down on my gag so hard my jaw commences to ache. I'd like to cry for him, just break loose and sob, let long-held-back tears roll down my face—we both want that bad—but seems like I can't, no matter how much I suffer. Men where I come from, we were brought up never to cry. I want broken bad, and Dad wants bad to break me, but so far—five years of on-and-off torture—it ain't happened. Most I can manage is some wet-rimmed eyes and a few choked-back sobs. Some part of me just can't let go.

The sharp blows pause. "More, boy?" Dad's voice is deep and kind.

Zap!

"Yes," I squeak against my gag.

"Louder."

Zap!

"Yes!" I yell. "Yes, please! More, Sir. More!"

The cane descends again, with a swishing sound that makes me wince even before it connects with my buttcheeks. Pressing my face into the sheets, I lift my rear end higher still. I want to be beat so bad it hurts to sit. Dad knows that, and he's determined to oblige.

First time Daddy Draden mummified me, he let me sleep on the floor at the foot of his bed. But again I disturbed his rest. Bleary-eyed the next morning, he growled, "You flopped around like a damn fish all night." So tonight I spend in the guest room, on a big tarp so I won't wet the floor if I have to piss in the middle of the night. He's wrapped me real tight in yards and yards of clear plastic wrap, so I'm encased from my ankles to my neck, with my hands imprisoned at my sides. I'm already sweating a ton as he reinforces the wrap with duct tape, circling my body at the ankles, knees, waist, above and below my pecs. He stands astraddle me now, bit-gag in hand, looking down, a gaze both stern and fond.

"You can take this till morning?"

Beneath the plastic, sweat's beading in my belly hair and chest hair.

"Yes, Sir."

Dad pushes the rubber bit between my teeth and buckles the straps tight behind my head. "This gag will let you yell for help if you panic or get into trouble. Okay? I'll be right down the hall if you need me."

I nod. He's mummified me many times before. I'll be fine. By morning, I'll have pissed myself at least twice, after all the beer I drank tonight. He'll jack me off, cut me loose, and help me to the shower, and I'll feel clean and new, like a butterfly crawling from a chrysalis or Christ stumbling from the tomb, shucking off darkness and the grave.

Dad falls to his knees beside me. He kisses my forehead. Then he pulls out a pocketknife. If he were anyone else, I'd be fucking scared —lying here immobilized while a big guy pulls a knife—but no, I just lie real still as he cuts, slow and careful. Pretty soon my cock and balls are exposed, cool air drying the sweat, and my nips too. The plastic wrap's so tight my nips bulge out like little balloons, stand up like pink cones. Since almost all my skin's covered by this insulating cocoon, seems like the sensation normally spread over my body is concentrated in the pinpoints of my tits. Dad knows this. He makes love to them, gentle, not rough, with his fingers and tongue, till I'm about to go fucking crazy with the sweet feel of it. He jacks me too, slow and tight, and now I'm moaning, thrusting into his fist, pushing my chest against his mouth.

I'm about four strokes short of cumming when the warm, wet feel of his lips on my nips disappears. "Sweet dreams." Dad gives my dick a farewell squeeze and stands. He clicks off the lights and leaves me here on the floor, cock bobbing, sweat trickling down my sides.

Here I am strapped hand and foot between two columns in Dad's basement, nakedness stretched out in a taut X, whimpering as he adds another clothespin to the slew already fixed in lines across my chest and belly. My cock and balls are covered, bristling with pins

like a chestnut burr.

"That's forty-nine," he says, adding one above my navel. "And here's fifty." He lifts the final pin to my face.

I know what's coming, and it's gonna hurt like holy hell. I crease my brow in a silent plea for mercy. I shake my head, and a big gob of slobber spills through the O-ring gag, over my chin and onto the floor. Dad squeezes the pin open, then slowly closes it on the thin wall of flesh separating my nostrils. I guess the jagged little noises I'm making now would be called sniveling, but I don't care how pathetic I sound, it hurts so much. Dad leaves me like that, coated with what feels like burning embers, while he checks his email and starts dinner.

* * *

Okay, that's enough. Hell, you get it, right? They go on and on, the past scenes we've shared. If Daddy Draden were to tell me to get lost tomorrow, I'd still have memories enough to keep me horned up for years. But tonight reminds me that what we have ain't just hot. It's real. Me suffering for him helps us both get through other kinds of pain.

"He stood me up again," Dad says. It's a chilly January evening, and we're about to dive into the carry-out we just fetched home. It's a running joke, that Sonic's "our place." I figure, if I'm gonna have me some edgy sex, I might as well live it up, throw the diet out the window and indulge a little, so, two times out of three, we hit Sonic for burgers, foot-long hot dogs, and tater tots before the beating begins. "The little bastard never showed."

"Which one?"

"The ex-marine who wanted me to kidnap him. I sat in that motel parking lot for two hours, but he never showed."

Tonight, as we sit around the kitchen table, munching our greasy haul, Dad talks and I listen. He's lonelier, more depressed than ever. He has good reasons to be grim. On top of a shit load of crap at work-most of his coworkers at the DMV sound like morons-his attempts to find a regular boy are going nowhere. He's been chatting with single guys, guys who might be there for him all the time, as I can't. They're fucking flakes, every one. I'd like to break their heads. They flirt, they promise things, they get his hopes up, and then they don't show up, or, if they do, they're spoiled, ungrateful, selfish. One of them, after the lightest of floggings, ran out of the house hysterical, the crazy queen. One stole some money. One gave him crabs. As much as I love to suck Dad off, or take a load of his cum up my butt after a good beating, well, it's harder and harder for him to get it up. Depression erodes his sex drive, he says, and antidepressants do the same. If he can manage to jack off after he tortures me, we're both lucky. He hasn't fucked me in over a year.

One of these nights, he's gonna be so sad he won't want me anymore. But not tonight, thank god. When Dad finishes his last tater tot and I finish my dog and my glass of wine, he leads me into the playroom. I'm naked now, on my back on the padded bondage table, ankles tied to the legs, hands tied together beneath it. Dad's tasty-rank briefs are crammed in my mouth again; layers of duct tape are plastered over my lips and wrapped around the bench, real snug so I can't move my head. Dad's in full leather, beating my chest and belly flush-red with a riding crop. We're both relishing my muffled screams. We're both still yet blessed. When his arm gets tired and he lets me loose, I fall to my knees and kiss his boots.

"Lick," Dad says, so I do, lapping the shiny leather shinier. "This helps, cub," Dad says. "I'm glad you're here."

Ten months later, it's my turn to talk. Dad listens, snuggling with me on the couch. I've just been laid off, the economy's so bad I can't find another job, and my savings won't last long. My little cat's sick; she's got cancer and it's too far gone to operate. Bob's been real cranky, we've been fighting a lot, and we don't hardly ever have sex anymore. I'm just glad I have a brawny Dad like Draden to hold me tonight.

"I'm done," I say, tipping the fifth of Jack to my lips. "Sorry you had to hear all that. You know we hillbillies can't tell a tale of woe any way other than real long."

Dad stands, then pulls me to my feet. He takes the bottle from me, puts it on the table. He crooks a finger under the slave collar I always wear at his place. "I told you I'd take care of you, Donnie," he says. "Come on." He leads me down the hall to the playroom.

Soon I'm stripped and face up against the St. Andrews cross. Dad locks my wrists and ankles in leather cuffs, so I'm standing spreadeagle. He ball-gags and blindfolds me. He starts slow with a light paddling, the wood warming up my asscheeks. The flogger's next, heavy strands of leather caressing my shoulders and back. Gradually the blows get more severe. Now it feels like someone's punching me. I gasp and drool, arch my back and beg for more.

"Single-tail now," Dad says. The whip's hissing through the air, sharp stinging across my shoulder blades, fire-welts cutting into my back. I pant and shake.

Dad moves the action to my ass. The paddle's no longer a warming glow. The stiff wooden whacks come harder and faster. I bite down on the ball and choke back my cries. I want him to stop now; god, how it hurts, worse than ever before, but I'm his boy and he calls me his little warrior and I want to take it all, want to be brave for him, and now, god, the single-tail again, slicing my shoulders, "You're bleeding, boy. Want me to stop?" I shake my head, shout out "No!" and oh, fuck, at last, beneath my blindfold I can feel tears trickling, and fuck, oh, fuck, I'm so angry, scared and

sad; how it hurts, bound here, bound down in this body; at last something snaps inside me, and the tears are gushing, and I'm sobbing and slobbering, spit's running down my chin, and I'm shaking and jerking, the chains that hold me down are rattling, and I'm crying and I can't stop.

The blows cease. There's the sound of the whip hitting the floor, of clothes being peeled off. Dad strokes the throbbing burn of my back, and his fingers' soft touch makes me jolt and tremble and cry harder. Dad stands behind me, holding me inside his nakedness. He tousles my hair, pulls off the blindfold. Light floods my eyes. Snot's running from my nose, and Dad suddenly has a Kleenex in his hand. "No, please, it's nasty," I mumble, but Dad holds the tissue to my nose anyway, and I blow and snort. I'm laughing and crying at the same damn time now, as Dad unbinds my hands and feet, then loosens my gag-straps and pulls the dripping ball from my mouth.

I turn from the cross and my knees buckle and I fall into his arms and cry even harder. We lie on the floor, hugging one another tight, my face buried in his chest hair. I cry some more. Finally I stop. Dad helps me up. He leads me to his bed. He rubs lotion into my back and ass. "Yes, cub," he says, spooning me. "Tonight you can stay here with me."

I sleep sound, waking only once to find Dad's arms still around me. First light, I get up to piss. I stare at the bathroom mirror. My eyes are bloodshot and my sinuses aching, thanks to all those tears. I turn, studying my reflection. Black bruises and red welts cover my shoulders, back and butt, like someone had spilled pokeberry ink or scrawled red sentences into my skin.

Today, I ain't in any hurry to get back to the sadness at home. Think I'll take the long way back, up over the mountains of Craig County. I'll stop at my favorite down-home diner in New Castle and get me some coffee and some biscuits and sausage gravy, and I'll sit there, listening to bow-hunters in camo talk about the bucks they brought down, and all they'll see is a stocky little redneck with a bushy black beard, dressed in jeans and cowboy boots and a Virginia Tech Hokies baseball cap and a Led Zeppelin T-shirt, and I'll be what I seem to be and very much not what I seem to be, with these wounds Dad left hidden beneath my clothes, each mark a reminder of all the gifts he's given me.

"Get in here, Donnie-boy," I hear Daddy Draden growl from the bedroom.

Don't take Dad long to tie my hands behind my back and fuck my face till he cums. The load he dumps in my mouth tastes like hope. Milk of human kindness: now I get the phrase. Dad drowses a little and then pulls out, slaps my cheeks with his dick, lets me lick the post-cum ooze from his slit.

I'm on the road now. We've said our good-byes. God knows when we'll meet again or what'll happen next. Maybe Bob will get tired of me coming home all beat up, ask me to move out. I suspect he's already sick of how little sex we have, and I am too. Maybe Dad will find a full-time boy, fall in love, move away. Maybe Dad and I will end up together.

Who the hell knows? If being tied up and tortured has taught me anything, it's to live in my body as much as I can, focus on the present, not dwell on what I can't change or control. Today the maple leaves are orange and red, the coves are white with mist, and the wet fields streaming by either side the road are steaming in the sun. I roll down the truck-window to feel autumn air on my face. I turn on the radio—that hot Zac Brown's singing "Free." Today, that's how I feel, thanks to Dad, thanks to the bruises on my back and butt. I'm young and clean and light and free. I'm that dew-glitter on the pasture grass, on the verge of evaporating, ready to rise into the sun.

A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC

Tom Mendicino

The charms of Prague are fading as the temperature plunges to minus six centigrade. My face is raw and chapped, my toes are numb in my boots, and a polar fleece vest and Carolina Tar Heels hoodie are poor insulation against the bitter winds whipping through the sloping streets of the Hradcany district. I stomp my feet, trying to generate enough body heat to survive as I wait for the night tram to roll down Keplerova. It arrives after an eternity, at least twenty minutes, its bright electric lights and a crush of bodies promising a haven from the cold. But when the doors close behind me, I'm trapped in an overheated, humid prison that reeks of stale Pilsner and body odor. A small dog—or maybe a large rat—scampers across my feet. I grab a pole, steadying myself before I topple into a filthy Rasputin muttering obscenities through his black teeth. The tram grinds to a halt, and one group of drunk students trying to disembark elbows and jostles another group trying to board. The hollow-eyed blonde next to me squeezes a ripe pimple on her forearm. Empty beer bottles roll under the seats as the tram lurches toward my stop at the doors of the department store, Tesco, the end of the line.

The brittle air is a tonic. One block ahead, on a narrow street that curves around the stone walls of an ancient church, is my refuge from the inhospitable Czech night. The boy at the reception desk takes my crown notes and asks in ungrammatical English if I want a locker or a cabin. The changing room where I peel off my clothes is spotless. I wrap a towel around my waist and slip my feet into a pair of clunky rubber shower shoes that I quickly shed after tripping on the stairs to the wet area. I hurry across the cold tile floor in my bare feet, enter the steam room and grope my way through a meandering maze, drawn toward the shadows lurking in the wet nooks and crannies and the promise of slick, wet skin. A hand reaches out and strokes my chest. My suitor, a middle-aged German businessman looking for quick orgasm after a long night of drinking, pushes me against the wall and grabs between my legs. I brush him aside and hurry away, slipping on a patch of liquid slicker than mere

water. I take a long, hot shower. My clipped American penis is unimpressive compared to the flaccid uncut European cocks of the men lingering under the showerheads. There's a beauty swinging between the legs of the Cossack soaping his armpits; it's as thick as naval rope with a spotted mushroom head. I wonder what it looks like hard and ready for action. Only one way to find out. The fucking son of a bitch brushes my hand away. Cocksucker. Who the hell is he to be so choosy, with his receding hairline and double chin? I knot my towel around my waist and go in search of a wet mouth and a willing hole.

It sounds like a day at the zoo in this place: grunts, groans, guttural noises. Put your cock in my mouth, an Englishman begs as I hurry past his cabin. Sorry, Lord Brideshead, nothing personal. Everyone who wants me isn't my type, and no one I want is interested. Coming to Prague was a mistake. The guidebooks promised a nonstop orgy (at an hourly rate if all else failed), the perfect antidote for being dumped via email by my transatlantic partner of seven years back in DC, who informed me that absence did not make the heart grow fonder and that he'd met the love of his life, a twenty-four-year-old White House intern with a full head of hair and a virgin ass. Discouraged, disheartened, disgusted, I convince myself to make one more round through the bathhouse. If nothing more promising-or willing-materializes, I'll drop off my key and my towel and splurge on a cab. Better to be held hostage by the extortionist Prague taxi mafia than suffer another adventure on the night tram back to my hotel.

The door to Room 41 is ajar, inviting any curious hand to open it. A pot-bellied bear mounting an eager cub is willing to share his bounty, but frowns when I ask for a condom. I shrug and step back into the hall, resigned to the night ending in frustration.

"Hello."

I turn and stare into the face of an angel sprawled across the mattress of his brightly lit cubicle. I look to my left, then my right, thinking he must be speaking to someone better looking, more ripped and chiseled, than me. He strokes his long brown penis and offers a blazing smile. I take a tentative step forward, crossing the threshold of his room, still expecting him to shake his head no when, after getting a better look, he realizes he's made a mistake. But he spreads his legs and cups his round balls in his hand, tugging at his scrotum.

"You like?"

"You speak English?" I ask, confirming the obvious.

"Yes. Of course. Come in. Please."

He tosses aside my towel and takes my cock in his mouth. His tongue teases me to a full erection, then he slides his lips up and down the shaft, nibbling on the head.

"Is it nice for you?" he asks, his blue eyes twinkling, confident in his skill.

"Oh, yes."

"Please. Close the door."

I wedge my body against his on the narrow mattress. He throws his leg over my hip and grinds his cock against my belly.

"Will you be happy to fuck me now?" he asks.

His ass is already slick with lube. He watches with almost clinical interest as I roll a rubber over my hard-on.

"It is good. I am safe, too," he says before pressing his open mouth against mine and plunging his tongue deep into my throat.

A sweet, fleeting romance with this blue-eyed boy would be nice, twenty or thirty minutes of gentle touching and soulful glances ending in a passionate climax. But his body language says he wants to get straight down to business. He flips on his back and raises his legs, grabbing my hips and pulling me close enough for the head of my cock to tease his puckered hole.

"You will fuck me good?" he asks, less a question than a command to drive my pole deep inside his ass. I slip inside him easily and he thrashes against the mattress, challenging me to pump him harder, faster. He's not the shy, quiet type; pleasure is an experience to be shared at full volume, with grunts and moans and harsh, blunt syllables that need no translation. I shoot quickly and my penis shrivels in a condom full of wet semen. He bites his lower lip and frowns, obviously expecting better from a broad-shouldered, hairy-chested American. But disappointment is fleeting and he flashes a toothy smile. The boy is clearly an optimist.

"Let's have a cigarette. Then you fuck me again."

I haven't smoked in years and almost decline then decide to test whether tobacco is as seductive as it is in my fond memories. The first puff makes me light-headed, inexplicably happy. I cough and flop beside his lean, smooth body.

"We will rest," he says, squeezing my limp, sticky penis.

It's pleasant lingering here, basking in the heat pouring off his body for a few brief moments before it's time to brave the bitter cold. I fold my arm under his neck and he cuddles against my chest, drawing circles around my nipples with his long, tapered forefinger.

"Where are you from?"

"I'm an American."

"New York?"

I've lived abroad long enough to know that most Europeans believe that the entire population of the United States resides in California or the isle of Manhattan—except for Mickey Mouse, who lives in Orlando.

"Washington," I say.

"Ah," he says, intrigued by fantasies of proximity to prominent names in the international press. "Do you know the Clintons?"

I laugh at the presumption then admit I have, on occasion, been introduced to the former Leader of the Free World and his charmless former First Lady.

"Bill Clinton is very sexy," he insists.

"You think so?" I smile, being blind to the appeal of our nation's Seducer-in-Chief.

"Yes. Like you."

Meaning, I suppose, we're both husky old boys gone slightly to seed.

"Talk to me some more with your Bill Clinton voice."

Obviously, he doesn't hear the difference in intonation between an Arkansas and a North Carolina accent. To a Czech boy, a drawl is a drawl.

"Where are you from?" I ask.

"Brno. In the South. My family come to Prague after Havel for me to study music."

"What's your name?"

"Antonin. Please call me Tony."

"Antonin. Like Dvorak."

He sits up and stares as if he's astonished an American provincial is familiar with a national icon.

"Yes, of course," he says. "You like his music?"

"I don't know it that well," I admit.

"What is your work?" he asks.

How do I explain the mundane responsibilities of a Department of State civil servant with a Juris Doctor and a current assignment to the delegation in Brussels? I simply say I'm a lawyer.

"You like music?"

"Sure."

"You would like to hear me play?" The cubicle door is unlocked and a bald man with an enormous, lumpy head enters and starts stroking Tony's leg. The two Slavs have a brief exchange and the intruder leaves, closing the door.

"I tell him we are resting. He will be back," Tony giggles.

"I should go," I say. "It's a long ride back to my hotel."

"Where are you staying?

He whistles approvingly when I tell him the name of my hotel. Apparently, it's a destination for celebrities visiting Prague. Tony says Cher has stayed there. I mention a minor American television star drinking in the hotel bar last night, but the name means nothing to him. I ask if he'd like to stop by for a drink before I leave town.

"Oh, yes, of course. Tonight. Then we make love again. I will drive us."

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His car isn't much of an improvement over the night tram. The heater's broken and the ashtray hasn't been emptied since the fall of the Communist regime. He doesn't seem to have mastered the art of braking, accelerating instead of slowing down as he navigates the hairpin turns on the narrow streets leading to the Castle District. I try to persuade myself that vehicular tragedy is impossible while the radio is broadcasting the serene *String Quartets Dedicated to Haydn*. But when he reaches for his ringing cell phone, I'm resigned to an obituary announcing I expired in a one-car collision while traveling in the Czech Republic. But Tony appears dexterous enough to drive and carry on a breakneck-speed conversation while lighting his cigarette. I recognize isolated words—he's speaking Russian now—and I know I'm the topic of discussion when he glances in my direction and giggles.

"My friend Yuri thinks you are very sexy."

"Does he like Bill Clinton, too?" I ask, bracing as we veer toward a delivery truck racing at us. Tony jerks the steering wheel with his palm and curses at the driver, who's blaring his horn, either a warning or a threat.

"Yuri would like to meet you."

The boys of Prague, butterflies they call them, have a reputation worldwide for seducing middle-aged tourists, lavishing them with attention until they're too enchanted to foresee that the none-too-happy ending of their little fairy tale is going to involve a black eye, broken nose and stolen wallet. The angel in the cubicle with the alabaster skin and innocent eyes is sprouting horns and a tail as he speaks.

"Well," I mumble, staying calm and collected, trying to allay any suspicion I'm on to him until I'm safely out of the car. When I hesitate, he says he doesn't want to share me with Yuri. He ends the call abruptly, then tosses the phone aside.

"What did you say to him?" I ask.

"I tell him to find his own American."

There's an awkward moment as we arrive at the Savoy. The doorman, a towering, regal Nigerian, seems a bit confused. He's not accustomed to the guests of this exclusive property arriving in rusty, dented deathtraps. Tony sits quietly, waiting for me to signal whether I'm going to invite or dismiss him. Knowing he's willing to surrender his car key—and the means for a quick, unobserved escape—makes me comfortable with my decision.

"Can you valet the car?" I ask the doorman.

"Of course, sir."

Tony's eyes widen as we step into the cozy lobby. He's craning his neck, hoping to find Cher or Miss Tina Turner holding court in the bar. What the hell, I decide, he looks more presentable in his tapered black pants and overcoat, a white silk scarf draped around his throat, than I do in my Carolina sports gear. He certainly won't be conspicuous among the guests having a quiet nightcap before retiring to their beds.

"Shall we have that drink?" I ask.

"Oh, yes," he says, his eyes dropping to his polished shoes. "But I

have no money."

I tell him not to worry. If he's disappointed by the clientele, he doesn't show it. He doesn't recognize Madeline Albright, ensconced in a comfortable easy chair and sipping a cup of tea as she nods intently at the bullet-headed commissar who is quietly, but emphatically, making his point.

"Beer, wine or a cocktail?" I ask.

"Oh, prosecco! Please!"

The waiter, fey and obviously gay, smiles and says, "Of course." I don't know if he's more amused by my young companion or by the idea I'm ordering a classic summer wine. Tony attacks the salty nibbles; I ask if he's eaten. Yes, yes, of course, he says, but he orders a cheeseburger and fries anyway.

"This is so nice, President Clinton," he laughs, oblivious to my distress that Madame Albright might have overheard his endearment. He's dragging the last fry through a dollop of ketchup when his phone rings.

"It is Yuri," he says, looking at the number flashing on the screen.

"Go ahead. Answer," I say.

I pour myself another glass of prosecco as they chat.

"He is very close," Tony says, holding the phone away from his face while he waits for my answer. "Just down the street."

Is the sweet, fizzy wine making me light-headed and obliterating my inhibitions and better judgment?

"Would he like to have a drink?"

Tony smiles and quickly closes the deal. I've got an immediate attack of buyer's remorse. What's going on with me? I'm about to make an even bigger ass of myself in full view of the former secretary of state.

"Now I am refreshed," he announces, emptying his glass. "Shall we have a bottle of red wine to warm us?"

Why not? At least Madame Albright won't be a witness. She and her companion are saying their good nights: thank you God for small kindnesses. This Yuri is likely to be a suspicious character, massive and austere, with a shaved head and scars, on holiday from his job as an enforcer for the Moscow mob—nothing at all like the cheery, cuddly teddy bear, no older than twenty-five, who wanders into the bar wearing a crinkly, crackling warm-up suit.

"Ah, Yuri, here we are," Tony calls out.

They kiss cheeks, right, then left, and Yuri flops beside me. He pulls off his wooly cap and plunges his stubby fingers into a mop of thick blond curls. He's a cherub to Tony's seraphim, with a toothy grin, plump cheeks and a stubborn case of hat-hair.

"You are a mess," Tony laughs. "Have a drink," he says, pouring glasses of burgundy and passing a lit cigarette to his friend. They speak as if they are alone, assuming, correctly, I'm not fluent in the language. The mumbled Russian words begin to sound ominous. The bartender stands sentinel, polishing the stemware with a clean

white towel. Is the heavy red wine making me paranoid, or does he arch an eyebrow when I catch his eye? Is it a warning? A signal he's waiting for a sign to help me make my escape?

"Yuri thinks you are very sexy," Tony informs me, summoning the waiter and ordering another bottle of wine. Yuri confirms by reaching under the table and laying his hand on my crotch.

"Does Yuri speak English?"

"A little," Yuri answers. "I study in school."

He takes my hand and places it between his thighs, leaving no question about the healthy size of the swollen bulge in his shell suit.

"I think it would be very nice to kiss you," he whispers in halting English, nudging my foot with his bright red Adidas. I chuckle, then laugh out loud; Yuri seems puzzled by my unexpected reaction.

"Nothing, it's nothing," I say, certain he's never heard the old Elvis Costello song about angels and red shoes.

The three of us talk quietly, about pop stars and American movies. "Well, shall we?" Tony asks after we finish a third bottle of burgundy. He says Yuri must be up early in the morning. I don't remember extending an invitation for an overnight visit. As a matter of fact, I've never agreed that we will be going upstairs. So why am I following them to the lobby, acquiescent in whatever fate awaits me? The bartender's voice spins me on my heels.

"Sir, your room number please?"

I'm ready to plead guilty to as yet uncommitted crimes. Is he going to announce house rules—no unregistered guests in the room? Is he about to place a discreet call to hotel security and send them knocking on my door when my pants are around my ankles and my hands are otherwise engaged? But he simply hands me the bill for the food and wine, seeking my signature.

"Sorry," I apologize. "Sorry."

"No, sir, that is too generous," he says when he sees the gratuity I've added to the bill, a bribe for his discretion. I'm drunker than I ought to be. I insist he keep it.

"Please, sir, be careful," he says, touching my hand lightly. The chain mail band tattooed around his wrist is ominous.

"I'm fine," I say, ungratefully shrugging off his concern. This attack of paranoia is ridiculous, I decide. They're kids after all, boys from a provincial city, and I'm acting like a foolish American tourist, intimidated by their Iron Curtain accents and imperfect teeth.

Yuri is handing Tony a small, folded foil packet that he slips in his pocket as I approach.

"Ah, here you are at last!" he chirps, sweet and innocent as the bad seed. "It is time for fun!"

Yuri rubs against me in the tiny elevator, trying to mount me standing up. He reeks of tobacco and alcohol; fending off his passion, I wonder when his mouth last saw a toothbrush. I fumble with the key card, and Tony takes it from my hand and slips it into the slot. We stumble into the room, where Yuri strips so quickly I

never see him undressing. He's on his knees, his face buried in my crotch. Tony is preoccupied with the image in the mirror, admiring himself, cocking his chin, assessing his profile, flinging his scarf from shoulder to shoulder.

"Do you think this is the room of Cher?" he asks. My tongue feels too thick to educate him about the pride of celebrities who would never sleep in anything smaller than a suite. "I think it is," he declares. "I would like very much to be fucked in the bed of Cher."

Yuri's body language doesn't indicate any interest in being fucked. He wrestles me to the bed. His soft baby fat is deceptively powerful, his strength the legacy of his peasant ancestors. He shoves his hand inside my shirt and pulls the hair on my chest. I'm distracted by the musk in his armpits and his dirty feet, but his prodigiously ample pink cock more than compensates for any deficiencies in hygiene.

"Come, Yuri," Tony beckons and they disappear behind the locked door of the bathroom. I sit on the edge of the bed, hesitant to remove so much as a shoe, and I take the opportunity to shove my wallet deep between the mattress and box spring. Knowing my passport and credit cards are locked in the safe doesn't relax me. I know I've made a huge mistake when I hear a glass shatter on the tile floor. The bathroom door opens and they trip into the bedroom laughing, their long cocks banging against their thighs. They're coke-jacked, edgy and impatient. Tony frowns, disappointed.

"You are still dressed?"

They stand on either side of me. Four hands unbuckle, unzip, untie my shoes and roll off my socks, strip off my jeans one leg at a time. Yuri laughs when he sees my baggy boxer shirts.

"American!" he announces, amused, his green eyes glassy, the left one slightly crossed.

I want to hand them a thousand *koruna* and call it a night, but it's too late to stop this runaway train without risking an angry confrontation. Tony drops to his knees and puts my cock in his mouth; the Russian runs his fingers through his friend's black hair, whispering Slavic endearments in his sweetest voice. Then he pushes Tony away and takes his turn biting and nibbling my shaft as Tony takes my face in both hands and kisses me.

"You sexy, sexy man," he purrs.

He crawls on the mattress and, steady on his hands and knees, tells me to spread his asscheeks. The tiny warts on his shaven pucker are oddly arousing; a faint whiff of the latex and lubricant lingers from the bathhouse.

"Now you will fuck me a long time," he says, slurring his words.

Only after I'm deep inside him do I realize I'm not wearing a condom, worry abandoned as I yield to Yuri's stubby fingers, first one, then two, probing my ass, loosening me enough to let him shove his enormous cock into my rectum without protest or resistance. It's been ages, years actually, since anyone has penetrated me, and Yuri is rough and insistent. He pushes Tony

aside and flips me on my back. He orders Tony to pin my wrists to the mattress and grabs my ankles, hoisting my feet onto his shoulders. He's grunting like a wild beast, sweat pouring off his red face as he grinds his pelvis against the flesh of my buttocks, frustrated by his waning erection, the consequence of a nose full of coke. I know better than to agitate him any further and don't struggle while he tries stuffing his thick but limp penis into my ass. Tony strokes my face and, just before he plunges his tongue into my throat, his sweet voice assures me that I am, indeed, a sexy, sexy man. My cock grows hard as it's ever been and, not needing a hand or a mouth to bring me to the edge, I shoot farther than a man my age has any right to expect, splattering my semen over both of our faces.

I'm yanked from a dead stupor by a firm grip on my ankle, shaking my leg.

"Wake up, Mister Sleepyhead."

A simple hangover can't begin to describe the aftershocks rippling through my tannin-soaked brain. My muscles resist my feeble effort to haul myself off the mattress and confront the bright sunshine pouring through the window.

"You snore very much, all night," Tony laughs. He's standing over me fully dressed, his overcoat buttoned and his scarf knotted at his throat.

"Where is Yuri?" I ask as the dim memory of last night emerges from the thick fog of alcohol. I panic, imagining stolen cash and cards, then remember my wallet is safely tucked beneath the mattress.

"Oh, Yuri is gone to work many hours ago. He is a breakfast server at the Intercontinental. Not as nice as the Savoy," he sneers.

I pull a sheet around my waist and sigh, unable to find the energy to continue the conversation.

"Yuri is very upset I stay all night. He is very jealous."

Jealousy must have a very different meaning in Czech.

"Is he your boyfriend?"

"Not now," he says. "But he thinks so. It is time for me to go. You will be there at six tonight, of course. I am very excited you will hear me play."

He tells me not to lose the scrap of paper on which he's scribbled the location of this evening's concert. I say I'll try to make it, no promises. He laughs at my bravado, knowing the power of his smile over me.

"Do not be late. I will be looking for you when I walk onstage," he insists, turning to ask one last question before closing the door behind him.

"What is your name?"

"Bill," I admit.

"See you tonight, President Clinton."

The crowd gathering in the vast lobby of the Rudolfinum is dowdy, but prosperous. The women's shoulders are draped with bright Hermes scarves, adding a dash of color to their drab cloth coats. The husbands feign interest in their wives' idle chatter while checking their Rolexes every few seconds, impatient for the concert to begin. The doors to the recital hall open, and a plump matron in squeaky boots leads me to my seat. The room is overheated and I regret not checking my jacket.

I hadn't intended to be here. A repeat performance of last night's reckless and stupid behavior was out of the question. I'd crawled back into bed, mocked by the strip of unused condoms on the nightstand, dozing fitfully until the late afternoon, trying to forget my regrettable lack of judgment. When I finally staggered into the bathroom, I didn't recognize the stranger in the mirror. I splashed cold water on the raw skin where Tony had scratched my cheek. My boyish friends had pawed me like a pair of cats toying with a mouse before moving in for the kill, drawing blood, branding me with purple sucker bites on my throat and a grid of fiery welts covering my back. I scoured my body for bruises and nicks, aroused by the casual, impulsive damage they'd wreaked. My sudden, stubborn erection refused to fully recede even after I pumped a load of semen into the sink, banishing any possibility of a guiet evening of CNN and room service. I showered and dressed guickly, anxious to meet up again, already plotting tonight's encore as I rummaged in my bag for the digital camera to record our performance for posterity. The images would make quite an impression when that bastard in DC opened the attachments to my greetings from Prague. At five fortyfive. I was standing at the box office, ticket in hand.

* * *

He bursts on stage, leading a troupe of string players dressed in dark trousers and black silk shirts. He scans the front rows and, finding me, grins. He bows to the audience, a quick snap at the waist, then turns to face the ensemble, giving them a note to tune by. The program is little more than a classical jukebox selection of familiar movements from old warhorses: A bit of Vivaldi. Dvorak, of course: the *Prague Waltz*, a theme from *Humoresque*. I recognize the melody of Brahms's *Hungarian Dance*.

But his joy is infectious. The ensemble is clearly happy to defer to the virtuosity of a musical dervish, their first violinist. The audience demands an encore before departing for their dinners. Tony leads his players back onstage for a robust nightcap of Mozart, *Eine kleine Nachtmusik*, the perfect selection to bid us farewell.

A light snow is falling as the audience disperses into the night. The women cling to the arms of their companions as they negotiate the icy sidewalk. I stand by the doors, warming my hands in the pockets of my jacket, feeling conspicuous and foolish. The invitation was to hear him play, with no promise of a rendezvous, no designated meeting place. Ten, fifteen minutes pass and I finally accept that I'm waiting for someone who's probably halfway to his next destination-a café, a bar, the sauna. Yuri and he are off pursuing other prev tonight, fresh kill, leaving me standing on the steps to the concert hall, rejected and wallowing in self-pity, too selfabsorbed to see Tony running toward me, his open overcoat flapping in the wind and white scarf dancing around his neck. He throws his arms around my neck and kisses my cheeks. The dark street seems less sinister now, the frigid wind less biting. The golems and nosferatus of this medieval city are in retreat, for the moment anyway. I point toward the castle on the hill, awash in brilliant electric light and tell Tony that his city is very beautiful.

"Prague is such a bore," he says dismissively. "So small and dull. There is no opportunity for a musician here."

He hails a cab and we squeeze into the tight backseat, balancing his violin case on our knees.

"We must hurry," he says. "We are very late."

He speaks to the driver, giving the address of our destination, I assume. I don't ask where Yuri awaits us. My erection is straining against the fabric of my pants, aroused by the many possibilities. The sauna again? A deluxe cabin big enough for three and any curious stranger they invite to share me? A sex club with a corridor of glory holes and a leather sling? Maybe something more romantic? A dance club and a couple of bottles of cheap champagne, a prelude to another powder-fueled liaison at the Savoy?

"Ah, here we are," he says as the driver stops in front of a nondescript building on a guiet side street. He sits clutching his violin case until I understand I'm expected to pay the fare. A gentleman in black tie greets us at the door and takes our coats and the violin case. The dining room is small, a dozen tables with crisp white tablecloths and bud vases with a single carnation and a sprig of asparagus fern. The waiter is carrying plates of homey fare, aromatic roast pork and beef, simmered for hours in broth laced with garlic and paprika. It appears Tony has decided on a romantic evening. I scan the room, looking for a thick mop of blond curls among the gray and balding heads. I'm a little puzzled about the rush, since it appears Yuri has yet to arrive. The maitre d' leads us to a table in a far a corner and motions for us to sit. It's obviously a mistake. A woman, matronly but not yet old, is already seated, still dressed for the outdoors in a fur hat and unbuttoned overcoat. Tony bends to kiss her cheeks and helps her with her coat. He speaks quietly, in a deferential voice; I understand my name and that I am being introduced. The woman smiles at me, dignified but friendly.

"I am pleased for you to meet my mother," he says proudly.

He orders a sherry for his mother and two tall glasses of pilsner for him and me. They chatter in Czech. I know I am the topic of conversation; his mother is inspecting me, nodding approvingly. Yuri obviously is not expected to join us as there are only place settings for three.

"I shall order for the table, okay?" he announces. "You must know my favorite foods."

He seems to point to every item on the menu as the waiter scribbles furiously on his notepad. We have a while to relax before the meal is served. Tony and his mother share the same blue eyes and dimpled chin. I see what he will look like in a decade or two when the Czech diet has softened his sharp features. He clasps my left hand and his mother's right, as solemn as a minister about to unite until death do us part.

"Mama thinks you are very handsome and would have beautiful children," he says.

Mama must be very naïve, assuming I'm a paterfamilias who's taken an inexplicable interest in her son.

"Mama says I am very lucky to marry an American," he laughs, scratching my palm with his index finger. "She says we must have a big apartment and she will visit us at Easter and the Christmas holiday. What do you think?" he asks, dazzling me with his ingratiating smile.

Preposterous, impossible, ridiculous, out of the question, I silently protest as I squeeze his hand. His charms and prodigious appetites aren't powerful enough to bewitch the jaded cynic I've become. But my flight doesn't depart for three more days. There's no reason to disappoint him, not just yet. He slips off his shoe and, burrowing his foot under the cuff of my pants, tickles my calf with his toes. I blush, mortified by the blood shamelessly rushing to my penis, undeterred by the matriarch smiling at me across the table. He arches his eyebrow, gently mocking me, his willing captive, knowing there's time enough to keep stirring his cauldron until, steeped in his intoxicating brew of sex, charm, beauty and affection, refusing him will be impossible and I will happily embrace my fate.

BAREBACK RIDER

Michael Bracken

Every time the rodeo came to town, the local bars were crowded with hard-muscled men clad in tight-fitting Wranglers, snap-button shirts, low-heeled ropers, sweat-stained Stetsons, and belt buckles the size of dinner plates. Following the rodeo circuit were the wannabes and the used-to-bes, the groupies and the clingers-on, and they crowded into the bars along with the cowboys and the rodeo employees. Included in every crowd in every bar were the locals, the men and women who brushed against masculine greatness for one long weekend and lived on the adrenaline rush for the following twelve months.

Justin Longacre, a bareback rider who frequently finished in the money, rolled into town in his extended cab dually the day before the rodeo's first event, booked himself a room at the Motel 6 just down the road from the coliseum, and began to prowl the local bars. Justin had the sinewy build of a man who had been stretched tight and held together by sheer determination. Unlike other bareback riders, the abuse he had endured seemed negligible: he'd smashed his face against the skull of a particularly spirited bronc, leaving his nose with a flat spot just above his nostrils, and a bad dismount had broken his left leg, giving him a barely perceptible limp.

In each of the bars Justin visited, men bought his drinks and women sidled up to him, offering themselves as if they were breeder cows. He always politely tasted the drinks and thanked the women for their attention before moving on, riding the local alcohol circuit the way he rode the southwest rodeo circuit.

In one bar near the Interstate, a well-lit place that catered to upscale out-of-towners, he had to explain to a buxom young coed what a bareback rider did.

"It's just me and the horse," he said. "No saddle, no stirrups, no reins, just a leather rigging that looks like a suitcase handle on a strap."

He explained to the attentive coed that cowboys grab the handle with one hand and throw their free hand in the air to keep from touching themselves or the horse during the ride. The cowboy must mark out when the horse leaves the chute, making sure that both spurs touch the brone's shoulders. Then the cowboy spurs the horse from shoulder to rigging, doing his best to score points based on his strength, control, and spurring action during the eight-second ride.

"That sounds crazy," the coed said.

Justin had heard another rider describe it once and he'd repeated the description ever since. "It's the hardest eight-second ride on earth," Justin said, "like riding a jackhammer one-handed."

The coed lost interest when Justin failed to produce a room key or a desire to pay her bar tab and she wandered away in search of a softer touch. Justin resumed his cruise through the central Texas town's ample supply of watering holes until he found himself straddling a red leatherette stool and leaning against the worn wood of a bar in a dark hole downtown, about as far away from rodeo people as he could get in distance and ideology.

"The rodeo must be back in town," said a soft-skinned young blond who settled onto the stool next to Justin.

"Yep."

"I thought I smelled cow flop."

Justin looked the young man over. Steven Pitt had the physique of an office worker, gym-toned but without the hard edges that only backbreaking outdoor work provided. He wore a dark suit, his rep tie still knotted at the collar. His close-cropped hair had been styled recently and his fingernails manicured. The faint aroma of expensive cologne settled around him.

"You a real cowboy, or a reject from the Village People?"

Justin stared into the younger man's eyes. "I'm a bareback rider."

Steven looked the cowboy up and down, as if searching for hidden meanings. "Why?"

"I like the risk," Justin explained. "Using a saddle just doesn't feel the same."

The young man considered for a moment, and then ordered two shots and beers. After the pug-faced bartender slid the drinks to them, Steven asked, "You in town long?"

"Just as long as the rodeo's here," Justin said. "Then I move on." "Just like that?" asked the young blond. "No commitments?"

"I'm just looking for a good buck," Justin said. "I ride and I move

on."

Steven lowered his voice and leaned into Justin. "You want to ride me?"

The question hung in the air unanswered until the two men finished their drinks. Justin followed Steven out of the bar and two blocks away to the bedroom of a third-floor walk-up apartment. Under Justin's watchful eye, Steven stripped off all of his clothes except his tie, revealing a smooth, hairless body tanning-bed tanned the color of honey. Justin grunted his approval and peeled off his own clothes, revealing his own redneck tan. His face, neck, hands, and arms from mid-bicep down had the beef jerky color of a man who worked outdoors, while the rest of his hard body remained pasty white because it never saw sunlight. A dark patch of untamed hair at the juncture of his thighs provided a nest for his thick cock and heavy balls.

Steven dropped to his knees on the carpet in front of Justin and took the cowboy's rapidly stiffening cock into his mouth. As his tongue circled Justin's glans, he cupped Justin's heavy scrotum in his hands and massaged the cowboy's testicles. Then he used his middle finger to stroke the sensitive spot behind Justin's scrotum.

Justin reached down and held the back of Steven's head, feeling the stiffness of the young man's perfectly arranged hair as he pumped his hips against Steven's face. Soon he exploded in the younger man's mouth, and Steven swallowed every drop. After the young blond licked Justin clean, he stood, dug through his nightstand for lubricant, and then handed the tube to Justin.

"Ride me," Steven whispered as he turned around and bent over his bed. He placed his hands on the down comforter to brace himself. "Ride me hard."

Justin squeezed a drop of lubricant onto his finger and then applied it to Steven's rectum, teasing the younger man's fancy by pressing the tip of his middle finger against the tight sphincter, but not entering him.

After Justin withdrew his finger, he pressed the head of his cock against Steven's lubricated sphincter, pressing forward until he entered him. Then he grabbed Steven's tie, pulling Steven's head back as he drove forward, burying his cock deep inside Steven. Justin threw his free hand into the air as he drew back and pressed forward again. And again.

And Steven bucked, forcing himself backward to meet each of Justin's powerful thrusts. As Justin continued pounding into him from behind, Steven reached down and took his own turgid penis into his fist. He pumped furiously, coming across his comforter as the tie tightened around his neck and only moments before Justin came inside him.

Justin had ridden Steven long and hard and well beyond the eight seconds that would be required in the rodeo arena the next afternoon, and he continued holding the younger man's tie in one hand until his penis stopped throbbing. Then he dismounted, pulling his cock away with a barely audible pop.

Steven collapsed on the bed, clawing at the tie until he loosened it from his neck. As soon as he caught his breath, Steven rolled over to watch the cowboy.

Justin dressed, dropped a rodeo guest pass on Steven's chest, and said, "If you want to see how a real man rides, come tomorrow."

Justin let himself out, walked to his truck, and returned to the Motel 6. He eased his dually between two full-sized pickups outfitted with expensive tow packages, bought a diet Dr Pepper from a machine near the motel office, and returned to his room to

drink it. Then he showered and climbed into bed alone because he always slept alone.

The next afternoon, Justin completed his first eight-second ride with a respectable score in the low eighties, and the pickup men swooped in to pull him from the still-bucking horse. After they lowered him to the ground, Justin looked into the stands. As soon as he saw Steven watching him, Justin knew he had a few more good rides ahead of him that weekend. In every town, no matter how big or how small, Justin Longacre always found a good ride. Sometimes it was a horse named Diablo, Crazy Eight, or Snake Eyes, and sometimes it was a man named Brogan, or Charles, or Thad. Justin didn't care which it was because he always rode bareback.

He lived to take risks. It was the cowboy way.

MISSING DADDY

Xan West

(For B., my favorite cubby faggot)

I miss Daddy. It's just that simple. And not just him—I miss who I was back then. A chubby cub novice, eager, hungry, open. We are supposed to graduate, you know. Those of us whose path to the top begins at the bottom. We are supposed to realize that we have now arrived at where we were headed all along. That we have grown from boy to Daddy in a way that is so fine, so right, where we paid our dues, and never look back with longing.

The secret truth of it is this: many of us who moved to the other side of the whip did it to approximate what we had longed for and rarely received. We did it not because we had grown up slowly, nurtured by Daddy and now mature, but because we decided to grow up on our own and stop yearning for that kind of Daddy, and get our pleasure instead from being that Daddy to some lucky boy. No one tells those stories, except quietly, to others who tread similar paths. It would not do to talk of the ways we suffered from neglect, betrayal, abandonment, and flat-out abuse as bottoms. It would rip open our mythology, and make our boys doubt our desire for them.

Theo was before all that. When I was fresh faced, and barely twenty-four. When I still thought that the hard part was figuring out I was a Daddy's boy. When I was hopeful and certain in my desires. When I still felt whole.

Theo was my first Daddy. If he was still around, things might be different for me. He was forty-one, an experienced top, a large bear of a man with knowing eyes. This Daddy could see into me, past my bravado to my scared little heart. He could read me like no one since. He just knew how to reach right in and find that kernel of pride he wanted to grow in me. He was the sexiest man I had ever seen. In my memory, he is seven feet tall, but I know he was really five-nine. He had reddish-brown skin, chocolate-brown eyes, and a wicked grin. His beard was thick and wild, and that hair traveled all over his considerable frame. He had large precise hands, and if I close my eyes, I can still feel his paw resting firmly on the back of

my neck.

I worshipped my Daddy, and he soaked in my adoration as his due. Daddy had been on T for four years. Until I saw him naked, I had not even imagined a transman could get so hairy. His legs were hulking trunks covered in fur, and his belly boasted a wiry wandering maze of hair that prickled my cheek when I rested my head on it. His gravelly growl of a voice rumbled danger. When Daddy talked about who I could become, it seemed very far away. A bare-faced transguy who had not even started testosterone, I wanted to be a boy forever. I didn't see my future in Daddy; I just saw magic and power that I wanted to worship.

Daddy was a joyous faggot, fully comfortable in his fat body. His unshakeable fat pride steadied my own. He prized me for my size, for my strength, for my pride in myself, and for my ravenous appetite. Daddy was a hedonist, and he taught me the pleasures of indulgence. We could spend hours in the park, lazing in the grass, soaking up the sun, his paw resting possessively on my throat as my head snuggled his furry thigh. We unabashedly cruised together, and he was prone to offering me to his buddies, a loose tribe of faggots, some of them former dykes. They were tough as nails, pleasure seekers who thoroughly took every orifice he offered, and laid their marks across the expanse of my back as if they needed to claim every inch. They fiercely protected their own, and generously shared their bounty with each other. This tribe of queers was made of gloriously twisted kinky fucks, and I ached to belong.

It seemed like Daddy knew everything and everyone. He talked about the scene I only knew from books, and told the best stories, most of which involved some kind of gang bang. Daddy made me feel proud to be a faggot. That affirmation of self threaded through everything. He knew about my fantasies, the way I ached to cruise for public sex but was scared that no one would touch me. He made me jack off as I described being forced to my knees in an alley, being bent over the sink in a public bathroom, kneeling to service cock after cock at a gloryhole.

I was Daddy's boy for nine glorious months. It's mostly the little things I remember, like flashes, as I unconsciously imitate him, find myself staring at a boy who reminds me of me back then, or pick up a tool he loved. I am imprinted in ways I am not even aware. Sometimes I close my eyes and I am there, smelling Daddy, the scent of him grabbing me as my head rests on his thigh. When I fuck up, I can almost see him, the way he'd cock one brow and tilt his head when he thought I was overstepping. After a scene, I reach out and stroke my boy on his forehead above his nose, right where Daddy's thumb would find me and bring me calm. I watch my boy touching the marks my teeth have left on his neck and remember the way I cherished how it would ache when I turned my head after Daddy's teeth had thoroughly used mine. A delicious reminder. And a public claiming. Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night

and I can taste his tongue in my mouth, the raw abraded feel after he ravaged it. In quiet moments, I can hear him growl "Mine!" in my ear.

There is one night that I remember vividly, from start to finish. The first night I really knew I belonged. The energy was charged. The air crackled. Daddy took me to his apartment overlooking Golden Gate Park. He had instructed me to pack my biggest dick, and to stuff it into the leather jock he had given me, that pair of old jeans he liked, my best boots, and one of the A-line shirts he liked to call boy-beaters. Just getting dressed for Daddy put me into headspace. I hit the floor and was on my knees two seconds after we walked in. It was like I couldn't stay up a second longer.

"Good boy," he growled.

He towered over me and slowly put on his gloves. He was stern, and gripped my chin, lifting my head to meet his eyes.

"I'm going to make you mine tonight, boy. Are you ready?"

I couldn't breathe. I melted into his eyes.

"Yes, Daddy," I whispered. He smiled wickedly at me and slapped my face, hard. And I could breathe again. He held my gaze and continued to slap me over and over.

"This is important, boy. This means you belong. You have to earn this. I know you can. You are going to make me proud."

He clamped his hand over my mouth and nose, taking my breath. The buttery leather smell seeped into me, and I dropped deep into headspace, giving myself to Daddy. When he lifted his hand away, I felt like I was floating, and yet deeply present. The air was crisper, the colors brighter. Daddy was right. This was important. I needed to pay close attention. Then Daddy pulled me to my feet by my hair. His hands twisted in my hair, he kissed me. Ruthlessly. He took my mouth, ravaging every inch of it, leaving nothing unclaimed, and growling as he did it, his beard rough against my skin.

"I'm going to reach inside you tonight, boy. Going to take what I want from you. You will feed me tonight, faggot."

Until that night, Daddy and I had not exchanged fluids. Daddy was very particular about who he did that with. When he bit me, he was careful. He would ride the edge, but never draw blood. I had been begging to feed him, wanting him to take my blood, aching for it. And it was going to happen that night. I could not stop trembling, even as a huge grin split my face.

"That's right, boy. Tonight you will get what you have been begging for. I will claim you, thoroughly. Then I will feed on you. You are a very lucky boy."

"Thank you, Daddy," I whispered, my voice shaky.

Daddy took me to the bathroom and bent me over the sink. I moaned. He stripped off my clothes, leaving me in my boots and jock, my eyes on myself in the mirror over the sink. Daddy's hands slid over my skin, his cock against my ass as he held my eyes in the mirror.

"My little faggot is just aching to get fucked in the bathroom. You are going to get it tonight, boy. Can you feel Daddy's cock? Do you want it?"

"Please, Daddy. Please fuck your boy."

"My cub is going to get it tonight," Daddy growled, as he put clamps on my nipples.

I watched my eyes widen in the mirror. My breathing got shallow. Daddy was going for the pain I hated. I could see it growing in his eyes. He was going to test me with hateful pain that tore into me. That meant only one thing. My eyes frantically searched the bathroom for its reflection in the mirror. There it was, propped next to the toilet. Daddy's cane case. I could hear rushing in my head and feel sweat beading at my temples. I met Daddy's eyes in the mirror, and saw them change. He sensed my fear, and it was like a predator was waiting behind those eyes, waiting to feed on me. Daddy snarled, holding my gaze, his paws digging into me as I whimpered in fear.

It was fast. His hand clamped on my neck, pushing my head into the sink, and suddenly his cock was inside me. Daddy truly was magic because there was lube and I had no idea how that had happened. But not enough to make it easy. No, this was not about my pleasure at all. It was awful. Cruel. He was growling in my ear, making me tremble on his cock. My mind raced round and round. I was breathing so fast, my heart pounding, and behind my closed eyes all I could see was that cane case.

Daddy's cock was reaming me, and it hurt, and my nipples hurt too as they banged against the sink and then Daddy leaned over and growled "Mine!" in my ear. I couldn't stop them. Before I even realized it was happening, tears were streaming down my face. I lifted my eyes to meet his in the mirror.

"Yes, that's my good boy. Cry for Daddy."

Daddy pulled a clamp from my nipple, and searing pain ripped into me, creating fresh tears. He groaned and began to thrust harder, his cock driving into my boy hole.

"Daddy!" I whimpered.

"When I take the other clamp off, you are going to cum for me, boy. You got that?"

"Yes, Daddy."

His cock felt like it was ripping me open. His eyes were unforgiving. I knew what was coming next. I felt a new surge of fear washing through me, and Daddy smiled at the smell of it. His beard scratched my skin as he buried his nose in the nape of my neck and drew in the metallic scent of fear.

"Yes, boy. Give me your fear."

His cock gored me, and then the other clamp was twisted off, and before I even decided to I was cumming, growling with Daddy as he rammed home, shuddering as he spurted inside me. Too quickly his cock was gone, and my hole was gaping. I started shivering, my eyes

closed as I heard Daddy moving things around, then a zipper, and then that awful sound of rattan ripping through air.

"You are going to give this to me, boy. You are mine. I want your pain, your fear, and your tears, boy. Don't hold back."

"Y-yes, Daddy."

I was going to take it. I worked to breathe slowly, relax my muscles, and wrap my mind around accepting it. Every time I played with Daddy, there was a moment where I said no. And every time, there was a moment when I was sure I was crazy for doing this. It was then I tasted my safeword in my mouth. I was not going to say no to this. I had already decided. But damn, I sure could taste my safeword, and it was bitter.

I hated canes. They were an evil invasive sting, and that kind of sensation just felt wrong. My body rejected it. Canes were an ordeal path to surrender filled with constant doubt. When I made it through to the end, I always felt powerful in some way, and deeply proud. But the road there was horrid. Canes had nothing to do with my pleasure. They were about accepting Daddy's will and feeding his sadism.

As the cane ripped into me, I kept my mouth clamped shut on my safeword. It was not going to come out of my mouth, dammit. Daddy was not giving me even strokes or pacing it. This wasn't a pretty show. This was relentless fire on my ass and thighs, and there was no time between one stroke and the next, they just spiraled into a whirlwind of awful pain and fear that poured out of my eyes and eventually my mouth in rasping growly sobs. Daddy was snarling, his voice harsh as the pain went on in waves, riding along fear, crashing into me until I could do nothing but surrender.

"Good boy," he growled. "Now for six of the best."

One was a tidal wave of fire. Two was nasty and twisted, carving me open. Three was lemon juice on the longest paper cut of my life. Four was almost too much, and my safeword rose like bile in my throat. Five exploded in fireworks of pain and blood that I could feel begin to drip down my leg. Six was an evil bastard of a hot poker searing me.

Daddy put the cane aside for later cleaning, wrapping a piece of hunter green tape around the handle to remind him it was now dedicated to me. To think I remember that. Little things like that crop up in my habits today. Back then, they just made me feel safe. He pulled out his first aid kit, and cleaned me up, placing Tegaderm on the spots where he had opened skin.

He met my eyes and stroked my cheek, saying gruffly, "I am proud to call you mine."

Then he tossed me my clothes and said, "Get dressed, boy. We have places to go."

I floated into my clothes, and Daddy shuffled me out of his apartment and into the park below. It was dark, but I could hear murmuring voices, slurping sounds, low moans. He stuffed a ball

gag into my mouth, wrapped his navy blue hanky around my eyes, and bent me over a nearby rock. I focused my hearing, trying to figure out what Daddy was going to do next. There was a loud click, and I jumped, knowing that his knife was out.

"Stay still, boy."

It began cutting my jeans away. Just a chunk out of them, baring my asshole. And then I knew why Daddy ordered me into a jock earlier. His fingers were teasing my hole, sliding lube into me. One, two, then three fingers in my ass, their squirmy possession riveting me to the spot as I got that almost nauseated feeling in the pit of my stomach that always begins an ass fuck. Daddy's gravelly whisper carried to the men nearby.

"Who wants a piece of my boy's ass? His mouth and cock are for me alone, but if you play nice, you can fuck his hole."

I could hear the leaves rustle as the men moved in. How many? I heard voices murmuring as I writhed on Daddy's fingers, but I couldn't quite pick out the words. He slid his fingers out and leaned over me, his voice low in my ear.

"Don't you dare cum, boy. Not until my dick is in your ass."

Daddy stood up and chose someone, handed him a condom, and stood with his hand on my neck. I heard a zipper, and then a condom wrapper was opened. There was a slight pause. I tensed up. I couldn't help it. Then his dick was spearing me. He worked it in to the base, and oh, was it long. The wormy feeling in my gut pulsed as I tried to take it in. I whimpered.

"That's my good boy," Daddy said, gently stroking my neck.

The man in my ass started to move. Oh god, and my dick began to throb as his thighs rubbed against the welts from the cane. He was working his hips in wide circles, and it felt like he was deep in my gut, stirring me in long sticky strokes. I ground my hips down into the rock and soon was moaning behind the gag. I worked with him, wanting his cum, loving his dick with sharp squeezes of my muscles, clamping down on him, wanting him to spurt.

He did, in three long thrusts, and he was gone too quickly. Daddy chose another, lamenting the need for latex, wanting my ass to be full of other men's cum when he would finally fuck it.

The next man was inside me immediately. His dick was shorter and my ass felt the loss. But he made up for it in rhythm, working me hard, in fast thrusts that smarted as they hit the marks from the cane, until I was breathless, shaking, gripping the rock with all I had. Then I heard Daddy say "Stop." The man pulled out. Daddy's voice was fierce as he reminded me not to cum. He motioned the man back to my ass, but I was scared. I didn't want to be fucked so well. All I wanted was my Daddy inside me. All I wanted was to please Daddy.

The circle of men around me got louder. I could pick out phrases. "Woof!" "Look at that nasty cub." "Want a piece of that hole." "Damn he can move his hips." "Fuck that sweet ass."

I worked my hips harder, frantically wanting the man's release, wanting him gone from my ass. I could feel Daddy's hand on my hair, stroking. He leaned down to whisper, "Be a good boy for me. That's it, take his cock. Milk it for me."

I did; I took it till he came, trembling at the feel of him spurting in me, proud to have done it. Then a third dick was at my hole. And I wasn't sure it could get in, it was so thick. I pictured my hole opening, rubbing my cock against the rock to heighten my desire, knowing I would regret it later. The pressure was still there, insistent. And then Daddy gripped my hair in his hand, and pulled. It slid in. I could feel myself widen to accommodate it. I couldn't concentrate on anything else. I became a hole. Just a hole to get fucked. Daddy's hole. He started to move inside me. I screamed, glad for the gag.

"It's too big. I can't do it. It's too big."

I was shaking my head, screaming no, and all the while Daddy stroked my hair, whispering to me.

"I know you can do it, boy. Do it for me. Yes, that's it, take it for Daddy. You are such a good boy. My boy. My hole. That's it, take it. You are so hot, boy. All these faggots want to be inside you. But I'm next. I can't wait to get inside you, boy. I love watching you get fucked. It makes me so hard to know you are my hole, my hole to give away. My hole to use, however I choose. That's my good boy. Take that monster cock. I know you love it, boy. You love being Daddy's hole. You love being used like this, by a group of strangers. That's my good boy."

As I concentrated on his words, my body fell away. I was just a hole. I existed solely to please Daddy. This pleased him, to offer his hole to others. And that was who I was. Just Daddy's hole to use. However he chose. I was working my hips in rhythm as the stranger fucked me, squeezing his cock with my muscles. Because these men were just an extension of Daddy's will, his pleasure. This was my Daddy fucking me. And I wanted to be pleasing. I loved being Daddy's boy. I could feel the man inside me cumming, and it was a tribute to my usefulness. I began to float.

And then Daddy was behind me. His dick slid into my hole like I was built for him. I didn't want this moment to end. I could feel Daddy deep inside me, and that was where he should be. He grabbed my hips, working them, using me in precisely the way he wanted. I was exactly where I belonged. Under Daddy.

"You feel so good around my cock, boy. You were made to be fucked by me. That's it, boy, grab onto my cock with your ass. All these men are watching me fuck you and wishing they had gotten a turn. But you are mine, mine alone. And I am claiming you as mine. You may cum, boy."

There were no more words because Daddy's teeth were driving into my neck, and he was fucking me, and I was bleeding, and Daddy was feeding, and I was cumming, and Daddy's cock was

ramming me, and his teeth were claiming me, and my cock was spurting, and Daddy's cum invaded me, seeping into me as he drank me down.

Daddy slid out of me, and I didn't want him to. He turned me over and slowly removed my gag and my blindfold. His arms enfolded me, and I was gripping him so tight, sobbing. He rocked slowly, just holding me as I sobbed. When my tears subsided, Daddy licked each one from my face. My eyes were still closed as he stroked the space on my forehead above my nose, grounding me. I heard his voice asking me to slowly open my eyes. And then I saw the men surrounding me. They were grinning, and their faces were warm and familiar, and then I was enveloped by this tribe of men that I knew and cared for, with my Daddy's proud smile joining theirs. I was home. I belonged.

DRUG COLORS

Erastes

London is black and white in 1978. It's a violent hurrah—a feeling that the world is going to hell, but that's all right, because you can get there with Johnny and Sid and it won't take that long. Just three chords, blue pills and we'll all die trying.

A Bolshie freedom slides through the city with a brash overconfidence. Clubs proliferate and the straight and the not-so-straight and wish-they-weren't-straight all congregate where the queers are.

Mike passes out his Sobranies. They impress as they were meant to do. Mike buys them cheap, packetless and slightly dented, from a man in a turban down Brick Lane. They add a tawdry glamour, which would be the name of the band Mike would start if he could be arsed. He exhales, stubs out his black fag on the leather-boy on his left, and kisses the flattop blond boy on his right. The boy is pretty, his vacant eyes glow like tonic water under ultraviolet. The boy's hands fumble beneath the table; a promise for later or just a cock-tease? Hard—hard to tell. Mike demands payment. Their lipsticks stick like glue, just for a second. Mike contemplates whether he should taste him again but before he finishes the thought he's forgotten it. The table is crammed with young men, cute as puppies in baskets and desperate to be debauched so they can write home and tell their friends how wicked they are. And Mike's glad of it.

Such a few short years, Mike thinks, watching the blow-ins from Oxford and Falmouth as they shrug off the jeans of their respectability and smear themselves with the eyeliner of the city. From underground we come, and step blinking into the light, still negative, still neutral. These boys come, never ending waves of slender, Doc Martin-wearing nymphs, not for the work, but for the dole. For the music. For the cock. For the freedom. For a place that isn't the village hall on a Friday night where you'd be grateful for a fumble from anyone. For a city that swallows them all to the root, swallows them whole, then spits them out onto the Meat Rack so they can facilitate their own destruction.

The music throbs in time with the boy's grating teeth: amphetamine-fueled. Mike puts an arm around his thin shoulders and devours his mouth; there's a tang of chalk and a taste of open spaces. The puppies watch and learn, their eyes jealous, and Mike winks at one with bright white hair and a nose-ring, a copy of Mike's own. Bright-White's mouth is large and suddenly, obscenely, he sticks out his tongue and touches his shadowed chin with it. Mike decides he'll leave with him if Aston doesn't come. He likes the feel of stubble between his legs, and a long tongue can be trained in all sorts of ways.

When Aston isn't around, Mike's grateful for his age. Grateful that he still looks twenty-five in the club lights, thirty outside; grateful that Iggy Pop is no spring chicken. He affects an Iggy-skin, all battered leather, too-tight jeans and a world-weary pose that he hopes is magnetic. Grateful for his sparse frame, his abs, his South London accent, his history and his contacts—or his promise of them. They gravitate to Mike, these blow-job blow-ins, like hummingbirds losing their colors in the struggle to be noticed.

"I know a bloke at *Time Out*—could be something for you there," he says to the boy with the hand on his crotch. The gratitude shimmers in his face, and Mike takes something from the young man's mouth he'll never give back, then pushes some pills into the boy's free hand as he feels his own zip lowering. *Quid pro quo*. Sometimes it's the possibility of a job at Rough Trade, a casting call with Jarman, the chance of gophering at the Palais. It doesn't matter. The boy smiles prettily, says something over the music, but whatever he says doesn't matter and is lost in the beat, anyway. Mike pushes the pretty smile down into his lap.

There's a wave of excitement from the litter of boys and Mike tenses. He stops his studied pose when Aston walks in. For all the frenetic thrusting of the place, the up and down of the dancers, the rhythm of the mouth on his cock, everything seems to still when Aston, real name Martin—a joke that has gone beyond cliché and has entered into legend—pulls respect to himself as easily as he does the hyena-eyes of the new boys. Then they cluck like chickens, the floor show of Mike forgotten.

"He's slept with Jordan..."

"He's fucked Adam..."

"He's forming a band..."

"His cock is pierced..."

"I'm going to try..."

Mike doesn't need to hear the gossip; he knows it all—started a lot of it. He waits, waits in the dark, more excited by Aston's prowl toward the bar than he is with the boy who is now kneeling under the table. He leans back again, his heart thudding in his chest, and waits for Aston to stop fucking around, which he does, eventually, turning toward the darkened booth with a heart-stopping smile. He towers over them all, looking like Goliath in his platform motorcycle

boots, his tartan kilt, his impossibly high hair.

The band stops, and the lead singer starts spouting poetry as bad as anything Mike has ever heard. Aston sits; the chains around his legs clackity-clack against the metal chairs. He fixes Mike with a stare, pupils as huge as the moon, and pouts.

"New?"

Mike wonders how he does this, how he always manages to make his entrance when there's space and quiet enough to speak. Does he wait outside? Does he bribe someone? He's never seen him do it, although he's wealthy enough, Daddy's shame in tartan and tattoos. Drummed out, all the way from Pimlico.

"Mostly," Mike answers. The boy on the floor has given up; he's flat on the sticky carpet, his mouth open, staring up at the remnant glitterball high in the club ceiling. Mike zips himself up with a smirk. He can't remember the litter's names so he doesn't bother with them. Aston wouldn't care who they were, and they know it, they cast around for lesser prey.

"Seen George?"

"Yesterday," Aston says. "Sends his love. I thought I'd bring it." He spouts bullshit about his absence, been filming, he says.

Mike listens and tries not to show how pleased he is to see him. He knows Aston's lying; he knows Aston went home for the monthly lecture and payout. He doesn't care. He stands up and takes Aston's hand. "Come on," he says. "I'm not staying here." He grabs his beer, takes the blow-job boy's beer for Aston, and they split.

They stagger out onto the narrow pavement and take control of the night. Tourists stop and stare; they point at the madness of Aston's hair and when they try and take pictures Aston gets aggressive, ends up kicking a waste bin over, the papers spilling out to join the crap already littering the streets. They jump the barrier at Oxford Circus, and run down the escalator laughing like drains.

All the way home they play for the train. They behave like they are expected to. Aston spits on the floor, Mike swears like he's got Tourette's. They sing "Hurry up Harry," their boots crashing in time against the slatted wooden floors, and make obscene gestures the way they've seen Rotten do. They glower at the travelers from under kohl-rimmed lashes. When they kiss, Aston devours Mike's face like some kind of maniac and a man and his wife get up and move into the next carriage. Aston gives him the finger, and gropes Mike's crotch, just for fun. "It's fucking legal!" shouts Aston. He stands and swings around on the pole. He yells over and over again. "It's fucking legal! Live with it!"

Mike's reminded of a wildlife program, the stags bellowing in rut, and he giggles uncontrollably, falling against the woman next to him, who moves away. "You're my stag, man. You're my stag."

Back in Mike's squat they share a line before fucking—broken mirror, McDonald's straw. They hardly undress, first time. Boots and bondage too hard to cope with in the speed of the lust.

Aston takes control, all jealous need. He pushes Mike over the back of the settee. His trousers hit the floor with a clank. "Baby-bird suck you off?" he says as he pulls Mike's cock out with a possessive air.

"Couldn't manage it."

"Gettin' old, old man."

"Was thinking of you." He gasps as Aston pushes in, straightens up so he's closer. "They like it. You like it."

"I do," Aston says. "Would have watched if he hadn't passed out. What's in those pills you give them?"

"Who gives a fuck?"

The coke takes the edge off, strings them out, and slowly everything focuses into details. Mike can feel every muscle in Aston's palm as it slides up and down his cock, almost too gently. Aston's hair is hard against the side of his face, his face harsh with stubble. Mike can nearly count every hair, tries to, fails.

"Fuck this," Aston says, pulling away. "Why should I do all the work?" They undress. It takes time.

Mike falls back on the bed, grabs a spike of Aston's hair and pulls him down. Aston's body is a pale wonder, slender and long, his cock the same with a subtle curve Mike knows Aston hates. Aston had wanted to dye his pubes the same pillar-box red as his head and they'd tried it, once, but Aston had ended up screaming in pain, and he'd punched Mike in the head as he rinsed off the dye, almost helpless with laughter.

When Aston tries to turn him over, he shakes his head, shuffles forward so his arse hangs off the bed. He wants to watch as Aston comes.

They'd laugh, he thinks, if they could see us now. Almost tender, almost lovers. Aston pushes back in, his eyes screwed shut, and like always, Mike wonders who he sees. It's hard not to wonder if he sees someone younger, more Adam than Iggy. He's too aware that Aston could—does—have anyone, and that he's a good fifteen years younger. That Aston shapes the world around him, and Mike is only wearing camouflage. He's scared that one day Aston will scratch the surface and find the remnants of the Isle of Wight Festival, flowers in Mike's hair, broken tambourine.

Aston is everything Mike wants, and he keeps him only by not caring. He keeps taking what the boys give him because it keeps Aston coming back, knowing he could stop Mike dead, lead him by the nose-ring, lead him to Hell and that's how they both like it.

The world turns.

They all turn around to a new beat, free of cardigans and the home counties; they steal straws from McDonald's and stock up on blues, three for a quid and no questions. The world slows in a London night, stealing time from the dancers. Lyceum and the Marquee, all blurred guilt and pogo frenzy. Adam teaches them to wear khaki, Jordan has them in bondage, and the *flick flick flick* of

the tube strobe shows Aston's face, thin white duke painted white in the neon, black mouth, black nails, a lad a little insane. They fuck all night on pills and lager and Aston sits for hours in front of the mirror, saying how the black holes in his eyes will kill him—there's a hole waiting to suck him in, he says. Mike listens endlessly to Kraftwerk and feels Aston deep in his throat and heart, swollen like blood.

"One day," Aston says, "we'll fuck right off." He lights a joint and flings himself across Mike's body. Mike can't help but stroke the brittle hair, now limp and sticky around Aston's shoulders. "We'll go to Bali and drown some hippies. We'll go to New York and break the scene. Dad will pay just to see the back of me."

Mike closes his eyes as Aston sucks him in again. He feels his soul spiraling down Aston's throat. He can see the palm trees but to him they line Oxford Street and they drop blue fruit onto the crowded pavement beach.

NIGHT VISIT

Barry Alexander

His security system was the best. I should know; I'd helped install it. Slipping through the shadows between the massive oaks, I evaded the cameras and alarm beams. No security lights glared. He liked the dark. My Nikes and jeans were damp from the dew-soaked grass. The heavy scent of lilacs drifted on the night breeze. Undisturbed by my silent passage, bats continued on their solitary night hunt.

While congratulating myself on my stealth, I saw a giant shadow racing across the lawn. Shit! I'd forgotten the dog. Huge paws struck my chest and slammed me into the ground. Pinned beneath his weight, afraid to move, I stared into his gaping, fang-filled maw. You don't mess with rottweilers.

I tried not to breathe; the dog's breath could have asphyxiated a wino. Memory clicked just as the huge tongue started polishing my face.

"Darth, you big bastard! Get off." I shoved and he let me up, whining and dancing and wagging his big butt. I thumped his chest. I'd missed him, too. He bounced at my heels while I located the panel and disconnected the alarms. I felt like a burglar sneaking into the darkened house. My key still fit. He hadn't bothered to change the locks. He wasn't usually so trusting, but I guess he never expected me to come back. Pushing the dog aside, I slid inside. I knew he would be alone, asleep and vulnerable; it was why I had come.

All the staff was gone, but then he never kept much staff. Even old Alfred got a night off now and then. He didn't mind being alone. He was damned good at taking care of himself.

I felt strange moving through the familiar rooms. Very little had changed—a new painting, a chair relocated. It was almost like I'd never left. For a moment, I felt like the distraught sixteen-year-old boy who'd been forced to leave the only home he'd known since his parents' accidental deaths.

I wasn't sixteen anymore. I wasn't a boy at all. A year of prep school and two years of college athletics, weightlifting, and burgeoning hormones had packed a sizable amount of muscle on my basically slim five-ten frame.

Thick carpet muffled my steps as I threaded the maze of rooms, breaking the bands of moonlight shimmering from the leaded-glass windows. My elongated shadow mounted the steps ahead of me. He was a light sleeper, but he'd taught me how to move silently, as he had taught me how to develop the new muscles in my adolescent body. He had taught me a lot of things. I owed him for that. I owed him for a lot of things.

A huge bed dominated the sparsely furnished room. The few pieces were solid, simple, and functional. Light flooded the curtainless room. He liked watching the night.

My rubber soles made no sound on the polished oak floor. He was sprawled on his back, sheets tangled at his feet. I smiled; he'd gone back to sleeping in the nude.

Moonlight pooled on his broad chest. I'd been proud of my new body—until I saw his again, massive pectorals covered with a thick mat of dark hair, bulging biceps impossible to hide even in his three-piece suits, and the large, soft penis nestled between his powerful thighs. His body was magnificent. And I was having my first really good look at his genitals. I took my time. The size and thickness of his cock awed me. The large helmet-shaped head was sheathed in a long foreskin that terminated in a twisted nipple of skin. His balls were richly feathered, hanging low and heavy beneath his cock. I inhaled the slightly musky scent of clean male body, and my own cock swelled. I settled its length more comfortably down the leg of my jeans, then sat on the bed.

"Bruce," I said softly. He was awake instantly, body tensed for action. When he recognized me, he slowly relaxed.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. Puzzlement and a certain amount of hostility colored his voice. We hadn't parted on friendly terms.

Unable to resist the temptation, I laid my hand on his warm, bare chest. His body stiffened, but he didn't push me away.

"I need to talk to you."

"Now?" he said with outraged incredulity.

"Believe me, now is the perfect time."

"For you, maybe."

"For both of us."

His chest rose in anger. I felt the deep rumble of his voice through my fingers. "You couldn't think of anything to say in the last three years except that damned note—'I'm alive. Don't worry.' And now you want to talk?"

He frowned at my hand on his chest and started to sit up, to pull away. I pushed him back, enjoying his surprise at my new strength. He settled back, unwilling to use his power against mine. "Hear me out. You owe me that." He was silent, so I continued. "It took a long time to figure things out, even longer to find the courage to return. I

hated you for sending me away."

"I told you why," he said quietly.

"Part of the reason. You were afraid I'd get hurt and that you'd be the one to do it. That's why you sent me to that fancy European school. You wanted me as far away as you could send me."

His massive body tensed under my touch. It was as good as a lie detector. Bruce was skilled at controlling his expression, but the slight changes in breathing told me when I hit the truth.

"You should have stayed there instead of running off like some damned fool kid."

"You knew where I was." I tried to hold my anger. "I knew you'd be able to track that note. You never came after me." I hoped he hadn't noticed the break in my voice. It still hurt.

"Your choice," he said coldly. "I didn't want you to run. You were getting good grades, working your way through school."

I detected the faint touch of pride under his words. My anger faded. "And you thought it was safer. I was blind not to see it, all those times you pushed me away. You knew how I felt. You thought I was just a kid, too young to know what I was doing. You couldn't let yourself react."

Slowly I traced a line across his damp chest with one finger. "I'm not a kid anymore, Bruce," I said softly. "I know what I want. What we both want." His body quivered under my touch, but he set his square jaw and glared at me.

"I don't know what you're talking about, and I don't want to know."

My hand slid gently between his sculptured pecs, crossed the ripples of his taut stomach, and spiraled around his belly button. The shudder was stronger this time. I could see the first swelling of the huge cock cradled between his thighs.

I smiled. "Then why are you trembling?"

"Physiological reaction to unexpected stimulus. Automatic neurological response." He shrugged, his face impassive. "It means nothing. I think you'd better leave. We definitely don't have anything to talk about." The granite in his voice hardened to steel, and the glaciers in his eyes locked deep in polar winter.

He was convincing. I flushed, certain I'd made more fool of myself than I had at sixteen. I was about to apologize when I realized that for all his protest, Bruce hadn't moved one inch away. I tried to read him, but his face was set as hard as the will behind it. I had to try one more time.

"For all our disagreements, you've never lied to me. Tell me I'm wrong, Bruce. Tell me you don't want me."

"I don't..." He started to say, roughly.

I swallowed hard, afraid of the answer but unable to look away from his eyes. "Don't what? Tell me then."

The ice melted. "You know I can't," Bruce said so softly I almost didn't hear. "Damn it, why did you have to be so beautiful?" As if he

couldn't help himself, he slowly reached up and tangled his fingers in the loose mane of my hair. He sighed deeply as he stroked it.

Now it was my turn to quiver. "I was right."

"Yes, damn you."

"I thought you were angry at me, that you didn't even like me, but you'd gotten yourself stuck with me. You kept pushing me away, but I never stopped hoping there was something I could do to make you like me. I tried so hard to make you like me."

"Like you?" He sounded almost angry. "You were sixteen. I was your guardian, and I loved you more than I ever loved anyone in my life. I had to drive you away. You were too young; it wasn't decent. I had to get you out of this house. I didn't trust myself: wanting you, seeing you every day, and knowing that all I had to do was let it happen." He broke off with a snort of self-derision. "God. Listen to me. I've no right saying this stuff to you. I'm fourteen years older than you."

I'd never thought that the separation had hurt him too, but I couldn't deny the pain I saw in his eyes. "I don't care how old you are. I never thought of you as a father." I drew patterns through the silky curls around his nipples. He gasped as my thumb brushed the hard nub. The feeling of power was incredible, as intoxicating as the rush of blood to my aching cock. That huge, beautiful body was helpless and trembling under my touch.

"Why did you come back now?"

"I met someone." He didn't move, but he pulled back. "It didn't work out. He was gorgeous, and I liked him, but he wasn't you."

For once his face was unmasked. He couldn't believe this was happening to him. I think he was close to crying. I know I was. "Shut up and do what I've wanted for so long. Touch me. Please."

His big hand slid under my hair and cupped the back of my neck. Slowly he drew me down until our lips touched. I threw my arms around him, shaking with need and want. For a long time, we simply held each other, content, until our bodies demanded more.

Bruce crushed me to him, probing every inch of my mouth. Reveling in the taste and texture, I teased my tongue along the edge of his and lapped the underside.

He broke away. "How in the hell much experience do you have?"

"Not a lot," I said with a wide grin. "But a college education sure makes you well read."

His lips moved down my throat, nibbling and drawing the heated flesh into his mouth. "I don't remember them offering this class."

"Individual study project."

Slowly, deliciously, his lips moved up the bulging veins of my throat. His mouth swooped down on mine, devouring me, taking control and possessing me. His tongue did something indescribable; I started leaking precum, frantically grinding my cock against his.

He laughed. "Didn't your studies cover that?"

"No," I gasped. "I think I need a private tutor."

He slipped his powerful hands under my T-shirt, slid them up my back, and embraced my shoulders. "I could suggest someone."

I sat up and straddled his stomach. For a long time, I looked down at him: the strong lines of his face, his full sensuous lips, the knot where his nose had been broken. For the first time, I noticed the tracing of lines around his deep gray eyes. I had never seen his face so vulnerable, filled with naked longing and a need as strong as my own. It was too intense. I forced a smile. My hands wandered the forest on his chest until I found his hard nubs. I tugged them gently.

"Is he hard?" I asked wickedly.

He knew the moment was too much for me. "Can't you tell?" he asked lightly, rocking his hips against me. The blunt knob of his cock rose between my cheeks and nudged the small of my back.

"Definitely." Reaching behind me, I circled as much of its heated girth as I could. "But what about homework?"

"He'll keep you up studying for hours."

"Mmmmm. Sounds perfect. When can he start?"

"I happen to know he can give you the next several hours of his undivided attention. But you do have a problem—you're overdressed for his class." He peeled my T-shirt over my head.

I stood up to remove my jeans. He stopped me. "Let me." I stood between his widespread thighs as he sat on the edge of the bed. Deftly, his fingers unbuckled my belt and popped my jeans. One warm hand rested on my back as he slid the zipper down.

I held my breath, trembling, as he slid his hand inside my tightly packed jeans. His rough palm pressed against me.

"Nice." He eased my jeans off my hips. My cock sprang free, bobbed, and slapped against my belly. Though it was nowhere near the size of his—it was six-and-a-half inches, cut, slim like the rest of my body—my dick was well formed and straight. I was proud of it, of the large, heart-shaped head that sprouted like a bright red mushroom over the stiff ivory stalk, dangling a thin streamer of precum.

"God, you're beautiful." His warm palms caressed the hard planes of my chest and my tightly ridged abs. "You've grown so much."

The slow, intimate touch sent delicious shivers down my spine and made the hairs on my arms rise. He pushed my jeans lower so I could step out. I kicked off my shoes and moved closer between his legs. I could feel the heat of his thighs against my skin. His legs were as hairy as the rest of his body, making my flesh prickle where they rasped against my skin.

"I missed you so much, boy," Bruce said softly. Enveloping me in his big bear arms, he gave me another soul-wrenching kiss. When he let me go, I nibbled down his body until my lips touched his groin. I moved lower, licking his balls, breathing deeply the mingled odors of soap and sweat and sex. I tried to swallow his 'nads, but they were too big. I mouthed them, laving them with my tongue, and soaked the hair with my saliva. I loved the feel of them, rolling like

ripe plums under velvet. His cock jerked, and a large crystal bead of precum cascaded down my nose. The heady male fragrance drew me to his cock. The purple glans budded through his foreskin as I slowly licked my way upwards.

He groaned, grabbed my head, and pushed me away. "No! Don't."

I was puzzled. "Didn't you like that?"

"It was incredible, but we can't; I'm out."

"Out?"

"Out of condoms."

"No problem. It doesn't matter," I said.

"Like hell it doesn't. Without protection, we can't do anything but touch. Damn!"

"That's not going to be enough, Bruce. Look in my pocket."

He reached down and snagged my jeans. "I hope you haven't been carrying this around for three years," he said as he pulled a condom out of my wallet.

"Not that one. Look in the other pocket."

"I can't believe this! You brought the whole fucking box!" He laughed and fell back on the bed, pulling me on top of him.

"K-Y too." I was planning on staying awhile.

"You get extra credit for this, kid." He kissed me hungrily while his hands fumbled the box. He ripped it open, spilling foil packets. They flashed in the moonlight as they fell like silver rain over our naked bodies.

Sharp edges of foil pressed into my skin as his hands urged my hips forward. I scooted up, dragging my balls over the sweat-matted hair on his chest. "Closer." He guided me until my balls grazed his lips. His mouth opened and sucked them in. He drew on them steadily, holding them in place when they shifted and tried to rise.

His hand encircled my cock, stroking it, rubbing it against his face, dipping his thumb in the open slit and greasing the wideflanged head. Head thrown back, muscles taut, I struggled not to come from the sheer pleasure of his touch.

He released my aching cock to rip open the packet. His hands shook as he slid the latex over my dripping dick. Impaling himself on the throbbing length, he swallowed my cock all the way. His lips brushed my pubic hair, kissing me as his tongue slithered around, stroking the sides and bottom of my cock. I reached for his rod to return some of the pleasure that he was giving me, but he pinned my hands at my hips. "Later," he mumbled around my meat, and drove himself back down on me.

Then I forgot everything except the feeling of his hot, slick mouth around my cock. I squirmed, struggling to free my hands and control the unbearable sensations. He moved my hands to his head and let me go. I sank my fingers deep into his thick hair and pushed him away. My spasms eased, and I thought I could hold back. I was wrong. His tongue flickered over my cockhead, pushing the latex into my slit. With a growl, I drove my hips forward and slammed my

cock down his throat. One thrust, two, and the juice boiled in my balls. I couldn't hold it, or my screams, as the first blast tore through my cock. I couldn't stop. I had never cum so hard. Six, seven times, I felt the thick strings of cream bolt into the reservoir.

His hands locked my hips in place. I gasped for air, aware of every tiny movement of his mouth. My cock was so hypersensitive that I would have screamed again if he had tried to touch it. He let it rest easily in the heat of his mouth, cushioned on his tongue. When it finally softened, he let it slip between his lips.

Carefully, he slid the condom off my flaccid dick. To my astonishment, he tipped the whole glistening mass over his chest, massaging it into his hair. "I may not be able to taste it, but at least I can enjoy the feel."

The smell of my own cum spiced with the clean sweat of his body made my mouth water. I leaned forward to slurp the hot, sticky fluid. It was incredibly erotic; I found myself getting hard sooner that I'd thought possible.

His hands skated over my sweat-slick ass. His powerful fingers kneaded the round globes, making me grind my groin against his hard cock. His fingers teased the sparse hairs lining my crease. My tongue lashed his nipple, making it swell and harden. I wanted to taste every inch of his body, but there was something I wanted even more. He worked one cum-slick finger through my tight hole. I tried to open to him, but my sphincter resisted. He was patient, teasing and coaxing my anal ring to relax and permit full penetration. I loved the feel of him inside me, but it wasn't enough. I wanted all of him, every inch of that beautiful cock.

Searching through the tangle of silk sheets, my hand closed on the K-Y. I sat up and dropped the tube in his hand, closing my fingers over it. "I think I'm ready for advanced lessons."

He hesitated. "Are you sure about this? You're pretty tight."

"There's a first time for everything." I smiled at the look of surprise and pleasure on his face. He hadn't expected me to be cherry. "Right now, there's nothing I want more." I started to get on my hands and knees, but he gently pushed me on my back.

"No. I want to see you when I take you. I want to watch your face as I come inside you the first time."

Kneeling between my legs, he cradled my butt on his powerful thighs. He held our cocks together and slathered them with lube. I could feel his heart beating where his dick pressed against mine. His cock towered over mine. I shivered at the size of the monster that was going to invade my ass. I wasn't sure if I could take it, but I was damned well going to try.

My cockhead snuggled the soft folds of skin gathered around his crown. When he released his grip, my cock snapped against my belly.

He drove his slippery cock up and down my crack, teasing me with its heat and firmness. He thumped the head against my tight hole,

slid it down my sweat-slick channel, and thumped me again. It was so close to where I wanted it to be, I whimpered when he stopped to roll on a rubber and lube my hole.

He spent a long time working the lube inside me. His fingers circled, then zeroed in and pushed gently against my quivering hole. I gasped as his fingertip slid inside and bumped my prostate. He stroked it gently. I wiggled and squirmed in delight.

Bruce laughed. "You like that, huh?"

"Oh yeah," I sighed. It felt so good, I scarcely noticed when he slipped a second finger inside. He worked them in and out, breaking down my resistance and preparing me for himself. As wonderful as his fingers felt pistoning my ass, it wasn't enough. I wanted more.

"Please," I begged. "I want all of you inside me."

He whipped his fingers out and placed his cock against me. He hesitated. I could see the worry in his eyes. I hooked my legs over his shoulders and pushed out, trying to show him how much I wanted him. I closed my eyes against the pain as the broad helmet spread me open. I felt like I was being split apart. He eased back.

"No, don't stop," I gasped, pushing against him, inviting the pain. Slowly my sphincter dilated, then clamped around his ridge. The head of his cock was in.

He let me get used to the incredible feeling of a man's cockhead buried in my ass. He leaned down and kissed me before he continued the delicious invasion of my body. Inch by inch, his cock conquered the hidden recesses of my body.

He tried to be gentle. It hurt, but I didn't care. I wanted him deeper inside me; I wanted to hold him so hard and so deep that he would never let me go.

I couldn't believe it when I felt the rough hairs of his pubes against me. Amazed, I touched the thick base of his cock pressed tight against me.

"You took it, every inch," Bruce said proudly.

He rocked his hips, pumping me slowly. I rolled my cock in the lake of precum on my belly. Shivers of pleasure tingled down my spine. He growled low in his throat when I tugged on his hard nipples. His hips undulated as he increased the pace. He drove his cock into every hungry corner of my bowels. He gave a series of hard thrusts, spiking against my prostate.

I couldn't hold it anymore. My body spasmed. Screams tore my throat as my cock lashed his chest with ropes of hot cream. He came when I did. Shadows hooded the face of the man gasping above me. He locked his arms around me and shuddered his pleasure against me, bruising me with the strength of his arms. I didn't mind. I think I left a few bruises of my own—my arms and legs were clamped so tightly around him.

He collapsed against me, his body draped over mine like a dark cape. Gradually, his grip eased. As he gently kissed me, I watched the lust fade from his eyes, leaving only the love.

I was home.

THE FARMER'S SON

Karl Taggart

The motorcycle broke down without warning, just crapped out like the engine had been snuffed, so I coasted to the shoulder and thought, What the hell? I'd roared out of L.A. after a shitty week at work, heading north and cutting over to Highway 99 and the central valley because I wanted away from the monotony of I-5 and the familiarity of coastal 101. So that's how this city boy ended up stranded in farm country, far short of a motel in Visalia, the nearest burg. Fields surrounded me, rows of cabbage that had taken over when rows of onions ran out. I'd enjoyed riding along with the wind in my face, sucking in the various vegetable smells, the vastness of it all reminding me just how big California is and how easily we coastal city dwellers forget it's an agricultural state. But then the bike quit and everything changed.

I got off and looked at the thing. I knew enough to determine the engine wasn't getting any gas, which probably meant a clogged fuel line, so with the help of a tiny tool kit extracted from its hidey-hole under the seat, I managed to unhook the fuel lines and blow them out, none of which helped. The thing would not run. "Fuck," I said aloud, then again, and again, finally exploding into a string of profanity until a car honked its horn as it zoomed by and I realized I'd taken on the look of a madman. So I sat on the bike, trying to decide my next move.

Part of the upset was that I had, in my hasty exit, tossed aside my cell phone as some kind of statement that I needed no connection to anyone. Now I wondered if this reckless move hadn't created some awful karma. It was as I accepted my own contribution to the situation that I looked across the fields on the opposite side of the highway and saw a farmhouse in the distance. It was small and gray, and I wondered if it was even inhabited. But as dusk was fast upon me, I locked the bike and started walking. Soon I stepped onto a rickety porch and knocked at a door sorely in need of paint. A grizzled old man in overalls with a paper napkin tucked into the bib answered.

"Sorry to bother you," I began, "but I've broken down on the

highway. Can I use your phone to call a tow?"

"Murphy's Garage," the man said, "'cept he'll be closed now. C'mon in, we can help you out, but supper's on."

The house had the cramped feel of a place built a couple centuries back, and the furniture looked that period, faded velvet sofa and chairs in an awful dark green. The family sat around an oval table in the dining room, two young men and one young woman.

"Fella broke down," the old man announced.

The others nodded and went back to their chicken, which smelled good and made me realize how hungry I was.

"That's Tom," the old man said, "and his wife June and over there's Billy, my other son who ain't got a wife. My name's Bob Stremple."

"Scott Raynes," I said. "I really appreciate this."

There was little talk beyond Bob telling me Billy was good with motors and might be able to fix my car.

"Actually, it's a motorcycle."

Bob nodded and Billy's mouth dropped open. He was big and blond, handsome in a bearish way. "What kind?" he asked.

"Triumph six-fifty. Ran fine until now."

He nodded, taking this in, then Bob said it was too late to fix it tonight so I should stay over. When supper was finished June cleared the dishes while we men went to watch TV. Around nine, when June had settled beside Tom and he'd begun to rub her thigh, they said goodnight and went down the hall. When they'd gone Bob reminded Billy there was much to do the next day and Billy rose and left us. Then Bob turned to me.

"You'll bunk in with Billy but I don't want no foolin' around, you hear? Billy gets up to things sometimes and I get after him about it so don't you go and let him fuck you."

The next second dissolved into a long, surreal moment in which I realized I'd stepped into a cliché, and, further, that it was going to play out. Maybe not the traditional way because that story was a farmer's daughter, but still, it was happening pretty much as written. And I wondered in the next long moment if maybe this wasn't even real, if maybe it was a dream and I was asleep in a motel in Visalia with my dick in my hand and the bike had never broken down at all. But I found myself nodding to Bob, unable to form words, and he stood and said, "I'll turn in too. Billy's room is second door down the hall, next to the bath."

I followed him into the hall and as his door closed behind him the bathroom door opened and out stepped darling Billy, stark naked. A jolt ran through me, radiating from my dick, while Billy just stood smiling as if nakedness in the family hallway was perfectly natural. He was over six feet tall, thick, solid, and furred with more of the blond that curled so beautifully on his head. Without a word he opened his bedroom door and as I entered I noticed his hand on his dick almost absently, as if that was also perfectly natural.

He was in proportion down there, big dick for a big man, and as he hardened I noted the blond thicket where the cock grew. Bob's words echoed in my head, "Don't you go and let him fuck you," and I almost laughed at how futile the request was. I began to undress.

As Billy pulled back the covers, I thought of him dutifully making his bed each morning, which gave him a certain innocent appeal—farm boy schooled in the basics but little more. His life centered on crops and animals and family; he was earthiness incarnate, and when I stood bare before him, he grinned almost shyly. His cock pointed at me now and he pulled on it slowly, gently, as he eyed me up and down.

"I can fix your bike," he said, which surprised me.

"You have experience with motorcycles?"

"No but it's an engine and I'm good with 'em, keep everything on the farm running."

"It's not getting gas," I said as he approached.

"Carburetor, maybe, or a fuel line," he replied.

"No, I checked it all." He put a hand on my cock, thumbed the tip.

"I'll figure it out," he said as he knelt and then I was in his mouth and nothing on wheels mattered.

In seconds I was frantic, thrusting at him while he sucked me. I ran my fingers into his wet curls and when I started to come I held the yell to a muffled grunt, mindful of Bob's admonishment.

It was an exquisite long climax, possibly because this gorgeous bear of a man was expertly pulling it out of me and also because I hadn't been sucked or fucked in weeks, which was part of the reason I'd fled L.A. in the first place. Billy sucked until I ran dry and even then kept at me, playing with my soft morsel. Finally he let go, looked up and smiled. I thought about Bob as I climbed into bed.

Billy stood holding himself and eyeing me like he was deciding which piece to eat first. He even licked his lips. Then he crawled onto the bed and began to explore the whole of me with his big rough hands, finally turning me over and parting my buttcheeks, which caused him to suck in a long breath before getting down between my legs. As he held me open, I felt hot breath in my crack, then a tongue. Bob had every reason to worry.

I had never before been devoured so completely and as I shuddered with delight I wondered if country living had encouraged this big bear to simply do what came naturally, to feed his desires, literally, never mind the limits of society—or his father.

His tongue was a marvel, pushing in deeply then poking around like some snake in search of prey. Mouth plastered to me, Billy crawled around in my chute until he had me squirming and then, as if he hadn't done enough, he began a tongue-fuck unlike anything I'd ever known. As he went at me, a corner of my mind—the tiny part still able to form coherent thoughts—wondered where he'd learned all this, because it was too good to simply be something he'd fallen into. He was expert, beyond a doubt. What on earth went

on out here in the middle of nowhere? But then he withdrew and sat back and I rolled over to look at him licking his lips with that tongue and then he was on me, pinning me in a full body press as he shoved his tongue into my mouth.

I passed a moment in which I considered that it had just been up my butt but this quickly faded as his tongue set up a dance with mine. He began to grind his big hard wet dick against my belly while he kissed me hard and he kept on for several minutes, then pulled off, grinned, and said with a sort of childish glee, "Let's fuck."

Turned out he was well prepared, and I discarded his innocence as mere illusion. He got off the bed, opened a dresser drawer and took out several condoms, a tube of lube, a dildo and a handful of other stuff that looked to be tangled with a long string of anal beads. He suited up, greased himself, and told me to get on my back. His commands had the ring of Bob Stremple; I did as told.

He ran a gob of lube into me and I sucked in a breath as he poked his big cock at my rim. His eyes were on mine, sparkling now, I swear, his face flushed, his mouth open, tongue out like it wanted to fuck again. And then he pushed in, not easily, not with care but with the thrust of the animal he was and he set off on a slamming stroke that set the bed creaking and I thought of Bob across the hall and hoped he was a heavy sleeper.

I wanted to work my dick while Billy did me but couldn't manage anything more than holding on because he had me in his thrall and I was loving it. His face registered every bit of his pleasure and I watched it go from wonder and passion to bearing down and biting his lip at one point, then that tongue getting loose, caught between lips locked into a grimace I knew all too well. Grunting then, going at it full out, bed screeching under the onslaught, then sudden silence from him, eyes closing as he let go his load, pumping it into me for what seemed forever. I pictured not the spurts of most men but great gushes and a condom stretched beyond capacity.

When he'd emptied and stopped, he didn't have the look of a man who's finished but of a man just getting started. He grinned as he pulled out, stripped the rubber and held it up like some prize. The thing was heavy with spunk. "Be right back," he said as he stood up and tossed the thing. "Gotta wash." And he was gone naked down the hall while I still lay with legs up, happily and thoroughly fucked.

When he came back minutes later his big dick was at rest, hanging heavily over a pair of fat balls. I noted, as he entered the room and closed the door, a change of demeanor, the ass-eating, butt-fucking bear now hesitant, almost shy, looking at me, then away, blushing. I saw he wanted something else.

"What is it, Billy?" I asked as I sat up. My cock was hard from the fuck and I had a hand on it, hoping he'd suck me off again—but he avoided me now because I'd seen something in him, something he maybe thought wrong, so I pressed further. "That was some fuck," I told him. "You're really good, Billy. You can do whatever you want to

me."

He kept his head down, looking at me from under his brows, then worked himself up to spilling it. "I want you to do it to me," he said, then looked away.

"What? Fuck you?"

He nodded. "From behind," he said to the floor. "Like a bull does." *Holy shit,* I thought, squeezing my drooling dick. "You ever been fucked?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Just the rubber one but I like it up there." "Oh, Billy," was all I could say.

He was so different then, getting me a condom and lube, making sure all was in order before he climbed onto the bed and stuck his butt up. He was furred back there and his crack, where I'd soon have my dick, was a riot of blond. I got in behind him, applied the rubber and lube, then hesitated with a finger full for him. Billy, surprisingly perceptive, reached back and pulled open his buttcheeks to such an extent that his hole quivered before me. "Give me some grease," he said. "Lots."

I ran several gobs up him, mindful I rarely topped anyone though far from adverse to it. Caught up in the thrill of being taken, I'd almost forgotten the rewards of reciprocity so I found myself in an oddly grateful state of mind. This big bear of a man was giving me his all.

When he was awash in lube I eased my dick into him, listening to his little moans that accompanied my progress. When I was all the way in he squeezed me and held fast which impressed me but then he was muscular all over so why not there?

When I began to ride him he chuckled and when I had a good stroke going I slapped his ass, which got an "Oh yeah" out of him and I saw we were now cowboy and bronc, me in the saddle, him cutting loose below.

As I rode and slapped and held off yelling *yee-hah*, I tried to recall the last guy I'd done but found only an unsatisfying blur, which was to Billy's credit, darling Billy who was likely in the process of erasing much of my sexual memory.

When my juice began to rise, I couldn't help letting go verbally as well and I asked Billy if he liked taking dick up the ass, liked getting fucked, and he responded to each demand like some raging Baptist calling out *amen* to his pastor's holy exhortations. "Praise the dick," I said, in keeping with this thought and Billy responded, "Fuck me, lordy yes, fuck me," and there I was unloading into this big furry ass, this big furry man, and I saw the world anew, healed, righted, brilliant before me, untroubled and oh god, how good it is when you're coming.

I wore myself out on Billy, finally slumping onto him and sliding out, then collapsing as if about to expire. With what seemed my last breath I managed a raspy "Hallelujah" and Billy responded with another "Praise the dick."

We lay side by side after, Billy with hands across his chest, eyes closed, breath steady, and I thought of all kinds of things to say but said none. Instead I went to sleep.

He awakened me at dawn, greased, sheathed, and ready. "Shush," he said as his cock went in even though I'd made no sound. He lay on his side behind me, going at it, and as he fucked he reached over to get hold of me and started an equal motion so I was done front and back which caused me to dissolve into a sort of swoon, not sure I was even awake because isn't this every man's dream?

But soon he grunted, rammed it home, then worked me enough to make me shoot, after which he declared it time to get up and fix the bike. I found this dose of reality unwelcome as I was ready to stay naked with him and fuck away the rest of my life but he was out of bed and into overalls—without underwear, just a T-shirt—and I saw the last of his great cock.

In the early morning chill Billy looked over the motorcycle, which we'd rolled over from the highway, while I stood watching. He did much of what I already had—to no avail—then stood pondering for a bit. Finally he smiled, unscrewed the gas cap, poked a finger around both the outside and inside, and took out a pocket knife—but before he went to work he showed me my problem. "Airhole's plugged," he said and I looked at the pinhole in the cap, probably the most unnoticed thing on a motorcycle.

"Something's in there," Billy went on. "Dirt. Bug, maybe. No air comin' in, no gas goin' out." And he dug the point of his blade into it, extracted the ick, wiped it on his overalls, then put the cap back on. "Give her a try," he said.

"It can't be," I replied, laughing. But it was. The bike sputtered then started and with a few twists of the throttle began a familiar purr.

"I never would have thought of that," I said and Billy, standing with hands in his pockets, grinned and I thought how much I liked this man, how almost foreign he seemed compared to my usual partners and how refreshing this was. I also thought of that big dick, free inside those baggy overalls, and I wondered if other men had come to call or would in the future. But then I saw Bob Stremple on the porch and Billy turned back into the boy. "Got her running, Pa."

Bob came down to us. "So I see. Breakfast is on."

"You hungry?" Billy asked and I said no, I'd best get on my way because I knew if I went back inside I'd never want to leave. I shut off the bike, went to Bob and shook his hand. "Thanks for putting me up and the supper last night. You saved a weary traveler and it is much appreciated."

He looked me over then and I wondered what he might have heard during the night and if he was leading up to calling me on it but he just let go of my hand and nodded. "You ever out this way again, you stop by."

Billy laughed at this and Bob passed him a look that made the boy

clamp his mouth shut but he still grinned from ear to ear.

"Bye, Billy," I said as I got back on the bike. "Maybe I will ride up this way again."

He looked at me in that singular way a man does when he's had his dick up you and he nodded. When I started the engine he laughed and as I rode away I gave thanks to the bug or whatever it was that had crawled into that gas cap and given me the time of my life.

BIGCHEST: CONFESSIONS OF A TIT MAN

Larry Duplechan

I'm pretty sure it all started with Steve Reeves. For the benefit of people younger than myself (and lately, that seems to include just about everybody), Steve Reeves was sort of the Arnold Schwarzenegger of the 1950s and '60s—only back in those days, success in professional bodybuilding could be parlayed into a career in action/adventure movies but not into the governorship of California. By 1950, Reeves had won all of the major bodybuilding contests then in existence (well, both of them: it was Mr. America, Mr. Universe, and that was it). In the early 50s, he appeared as sort of beefcake window dressing in a couple of biggish Hollywood movies (I seem to recall seeing him lifting Jane Powell with one hand); and in 1958 he sojourned to Italy where he starred in the title role of Hercules. The sequel, Hercules Unchained, followed in 1959.

By the late 1960s, by which time I was a boy on the cusp of my teen years, both of Steve Reeves's *Hercules* movies (in addition to his other post-*Hercules* flicks such as *Romulus and Remus* and *The Last Days of Pompeii*—all of them Italian-made sword-and-sandal epics so, well, Herculean, that I still think of them as "*Hercules* movies") were staples of afternoon and late-night television, at least in the greater Los Angeles area. Back in the day, KCOP-Channel 9's "Million Dollar Movie" showed the same movie every day at 4:00 P.M. for five consecutive days, Monday through Friday—which is why I can still recite *The Pajama Game* (Doris Day and John Raitt) nearly word-forword, song-for-song; and why *Hercules* starring Steve Reeves is etched upon my brain as indelibly as the Pledge of Allegiance.

As with any beautiful thing, words cannot do justice to the beauty of Steve Reeves in his heyday. He was square-jawed and boyishly handsome (even with the close-cropped beard he wore in his Hercules movies), with a head of thick, wavy dark hair. At just over six feet tall and weighing 215 pounds, Reeves sported one version of the perfect physique: a twenty-nine-inch waist, manta-ray lats flaring up to impossibly wide shoulders, and a fifty-two-inch chest.

That's right—a fifty-two-inch chest. As a boy, I found that chest absolutely fascinating; not only the superhuman breadth and depth of Reeves's rib cage, but especially the twin mounds of chest muscle for which I had, at that time, no proper name. They bulged when Steve crossed his massive arms and bounced heavily when he ran. I don't know if I or my brother Lloyd (two and a half years younger than myself, and a *Hercules* fan himself—though not in quite the same way I was), first coined the term, but at some point we began referring to Steve Reeves's impressive set of chest muscles as "bigchest" (one word, accent on the first syllable). As in, "Wow, did you see his *big*chest move when he killed that hydra?"

By that point (the age of eleven or twelve), I knew, and on some level accepted the fact, that I liked to look at other boys and good-looking, athletic grown men. *Hercules* taught me that I really liked men with big muscles, and that I especially liked men with bigchest. But it was an episode of "Bewitched" that taught me the correct term for what I liked so much. All I remember of the scene itself was that there was a female client at the ad agency where Darrin Stevens worked and for some reason there was a line-up of competitive-size bodybuilders in posing trunks being presented to this client. My prepubescent crotch swelled to aching as the musclemen posed and flexed, until finally they all began making their chest muscles bounce up and down. The lady client asked, "How do they make those things *pop* like that?" Someone (maybe Darrin, maybe Larry Tate, maybe someone else), answered, "Those 'things' are called *pecs*."

Pecs. I liked pecs. And I really liked seeing them bounce. On some variety show at about the same time, I remember seeing a bodybuilder make his pecs bounce rhythmically (right-left-right-left) while whistling "shave-and-a-haircut, two-bits," which nearly shorted out my circuits, and left me with a fairly vibrating hard-on I had no idea what to do with (I wouldn't discover masturbation for another couple of years).

Back in the day (and we're talking the mid- to late 1960s here), television wasn't the smorgasbord of shirtless hunks that it is nowadays (and I'm not even counting premium cable channels—on the CW, it's a relative rarity to see a young man with his shirt on). It wasn't that you never saw men with their shirts off—this was the era of the Beach Party movies—it's just that most actors weren't particularly buff in those days. Everybody seemed to know How to Stuff a Wild Bikini, but America wasn't nearly so concerned with the proper stuffing of the wild tank top. Sightings of a really good set of pecs on the tube were few and far between when I was a chest-crazy kid, but I still remember some of them, fortysomething years later. Johnny Weissmuller's pecs were overripe even in his first film appearances in the late 1930s, and over the twenty-odd years of his career as star of MGM's series of Tarzan movies (Saturday afternoon movie staples), they grew increasingly pendulous. I

minded not a whit. Gordon Scott was another massive-but-not-lean Tarzan, and something of a male Jane Russell, chestwise: a full-figured guy. Former footballer Mike Henry was the first truly ripped Tarzan, and his pecs seemed to have been chiseled from solid granite. Needless to say, if a *Hercules* movie wasn't on tap, a *Tarzan* movie would do me just fine.

When Peter Lupus (pre-"Mission Impossible") showed off his Mr. America physique to Annette Funicello in *Muscle Beach Party*—inviting her to "Look at that tricep. See how I can make it ripple?"—I was staring not at the rippling of Peter's truly impressive upper arm, but at the way the pec nearest that arm bunched and bulged as he flexed. While he was no muscle god, Alejandro Rey (Carlos Ramirez in "The Flying Nun," one of my favorite shows at the time—hey, I was just a kid) sported a set of lean, muscle-striated pecs in his all-too-infrequent shirtless shots. Even the relatively mature Eddie Albert appeared sans shirt at least once on "Green Acres" (wearing only pajama bottoms, if memory serves), showing a more-than-respectable set of pecs, especially for a man his age—though his chest was so hairy his pelt obscured his nipples completely. I vividly recall my kid brother commenting, "He has no dots!"

If I had to wait for the occasional glance at shirtless man-tits on TV, the good news was that growing up in Southern California afforded me a view of plenty of well-muscled shirtless boys and men, "live" and up close. As it happened, the onslaught of puberty (and the unrequited longings and inconvenient erections that went with it), coincided with a two-year stay in Sacramento, where we were the only black family in the neighborhood, and where the long, hot summers meant the neighborhood boys spent most of their nonschool time with their shirts off. And much as I hated mandatory P.E. in school, it had the desirable side effect that even the least athletically inclined boys were usually in pretty good physical condition. And boys who played sports or lifted a dumbbell now and again were like walking porno. I remember with particular fondness the Meyers brothers from down the street: Greg, Andy and Jeffhandsome, tousle-haired, touch-football-on-the-front-lawn-playing boys with near-identical hairless, sculpted chests that I found mouthwatering, individually or as a trio. There was Roy Jarrett, who kept me hiding my boner behind my books my sophomore year in high school. Hazel-eyed with close-cropped, curly, honey-colored hair, Roy was so beautiful I made believe I was interested in becoming a Jehovah's Witness just so I could watch his lips as he read aloud from his green-bound Bible. Seeing Roy's perfect pecs in the boys' locker room, fresh from the showers, droplets of water falling from his perky nipples, was a religious experience such as neither Roy's Kingdom Hall nor my Baptist church could afford me.

Mr. Shell, our next-door neighbor (and the father of a couple of the kids I palled around with), was as unlikely as his sons to be seen after working hours wearing a shirt. Mr. Shell's pecs were reminiscent of Johnny Weissmuller's—just a shout away from manboobs—and sat atop something of a beer belly. But as with the early Tarzan, I cared not a whit. I thrilled to the sight of those meaty pecs bouncing, quite independent of each other, as Mr. Shell ran toward me during one of the frequent games of kick-the-can he organized with the neighborhood kids. As with heterosexual tit-men and the female breast, I don't really have a working concept of "too big" when it comes to the male chest. And besides, Mr. Shell was good looking, considerably more fun than my own father (no slouch in the pecs department himself, but he wouldn't have been talked into playing in the street with a bunch of kids at the point of a gun), and in addition to his somewhat gone-to-seed bigchest, Mr. Shell also had beautiful feet (but that's another fetish).

Then there was Dick Beeson, my P.E. teacher during junior year in high school. Coach Beeson was handsome enough and buff enough to have starred as either Hercules or Tarzan (he made TV-Tarzan Ron Ely look like a flagpole by comparison). Underneath his polo shirt, Coach Beeson's pecs formed a high-set mantle of muscle you could have set football trophies on. The one time I saw him without that shirt (emerging from his office to guell some sort of lockerroom shenanigans, wearing only his gym shorts, not only magnificently bare-chested but—bonus!—barefoot), I'm pretty sure I made a noise and my hands were just barely fast enough to cover my instantaneous erection with a towel. It was while replaying that scene in my testosterone-poisoned little teenaged brain, humping my sheets as quietly as I could so as not to awaken my brother in the twin bed across the room, that I had my first orgasm, hosing down at least half my mattress with what I remember as an inordinate volume of yeasty-smelling boy cum. Following a brief spasm of fear that I might have somehow shot blood and might die of my self-inflicted wound, I spent the next several years' worth of spare moments doing little other than masturbating, often while thinking about Coach Beeson.

My desire for Coach Beeson (his feet and face, thighs and ass, biceps, triceps and especially pecs) was accompanied by the newfound desire to have pecs of my own. I started lifting weights, grunting out set after set of bench presses on the school's Olympic weight machine like a boy possessed, my eyes quite literally on the prize: when I wasn't actually staring at Coach Beeson's awesome rack, I was visualizing it. And as very often happens when one is truly focused, I achieved my goal.

It only took about twenty years.

See, I was a late bloomer. I sang soprano until I was nearly fifteen, and didn't reach my adult height (all of five foot eight) until I was seventeen and entering college. Even then, I was every ounce of 125 pounds. So even though all that weight training made me unexpectedly strong for my size (I was a surprisingly good arm wrestler, known for taking down boys outweighing me by twenty or

thirty pounds), I just couldn't seem to get big. All my efforts to the contrary, I remained so slender that by my freshman year in college, I found I was often mistaken for a woman. Daily, even. In a T-shirt, Levi's and sneakers, I was addressed, "Excuse me, Miss," by strangers and was constantly hit on by lesbians. I'd come home, seething, to my then-boyfriend (now my husband), Greg, who quipped, "Whip out your dick. That'll show 'em." (By the way: while I can truthfully say I married for love, it does not hurt matters that my husband has a dynamite set of pecs.) There were no public whippings-out of my dick. Instead, I worked out all the harder. And in time, I finally began to see results—in my arms. And while my chest development continued to disappoint, my new biceps/triceps combo (and the tight T-shirts I wore to display them) succeeded in rendering me considerably less equivocal, genderwise.

I was in my midthirties—countless bench presses, dumbbell flies, cable crossovers and protein shakes later—when a cute young gay dude (recently hired in the word processing department where I also toiled), sidled up to me, a flirtatious twinkle in his eye, and said, "Dude, you lift *trucks* or something?" By that point, I had grown used to a certain number of compliments on the size of my arms. "Small Japanese trucks, mostly," I replied. "Why do you ask?" The cutie responded, "Big chest."

Yes! To paraphrase Jean Hagen in Singin' in the Rain, all my hard work had not been in vain for nothin'. I wasn't sure when exactly it had happened, but I had apparently, finally, achieved my goal: bigchest was mine. That little exchange with the word processing muffin was sufficiently significant for me that I fictionalized it in my third novel.

So in case you're ever in the mood to flatter me regarding my physique, keep in mind that my father has great arms, and his father had great arms, so if any body part was going to develop, it was going to be my arms. And since I'm still a big fan of snug-fitting T-shirts, arms are what most people tend to notice first. But relatively speaking, arms were easy. Chest was tough. Compliment my pecs, and you're sure to get a smile out of me. Hey, I might even bounce 'em for ya.

FATHER AND SON TAG TEAM (THAT SUMMER! THAT CAMP! THAT COUSIN!)

Jack Fritscher

I woke up in this story suckling his big dick. When you're eighteen and still in your wonder years, like I was that summer of 2001, you do strange things in your sleep, like kick off all the sheets and dream buck naked with your prick up hard as the flashlight you hide to read porn at night under the blankets.

Older counselors like Taggart, who was nineteen-plus (as in *plus ten inches*), love to pull tricks on younger guys. You know, when you're out playing counselor at some Camp Gitchygoomee and it's the last week of the season, after all the campers have packed up their sweaty jockstraps and nylon Speedos and headed back home. I missed some of them: the best of the cool young dudes all tanned and buffed and trained for their football, wrestling and swimming teams back home. The camp was deserted. Quiet. More beautiful than ever. We had maybe a week's more work to do. Almost alone. Me and Tag.

I kept sucking, my eyes tightly closed, pretending I was asleep. I felt Tag's big blond thighs straddling my chest. Maybe I was dreaming. All summer long, I'd lusted after him. He was a diver, sixtwo,185, lean-muscled and handsome. A dreamboat. When he practiced his approaches on the diving board, his long defined toes striding the length to the tip where he bounced up and down on the edge, my eyes never left his crotch, the tight wet, big bulge of his red trunks, the famous nylon Speedos I once stole and sniffed and shoved into my mouth to suck out the taste of his big cock.

Tag hung ten easy. Eyes closed I knew that. I felt his soft dick hardening in my mouth. I worked my lips around the velvet head, almost afraid to open my eyes, for fear I'd wake up and he'd be no more than an early morning piss-hard dream vanishing in the late-summer dawn. But his dick gelling from soft to hard in my mouth, the taste and smell of him—hey, I knew the real thing.

So I opened my eyes, and, shit! It wasn't Taggart at all!

Well, it was, but it wasn't the Taggart I thought. It was, I swear to

god, the other Taggart! It was his dad, who had been a big stud at sixteen, had fathered Young Tag at seventeen and was still married to his wife, Verna Taggart. They all ran Camp Gitchygoomee with Verna knowing everything, especially bookwork and her place.

The night before, we had celebrated Big Tag's thirty-sixth birthday, telling him the truth that he didn't look a day over twenty-six. You get the picture. He was the coach, the daddy, the husband, the stud. The Taggarts, father and son, were a special breed of the biggest cocks I ever saw. So I looked real surprised, and twice as pleased, when I opened my eyes and found Big Tag threading my throat. I'd worshipped Big Tag from afar all summer: him swimming naked in the pool, endless laps of backstroke with his long cock cutting the water, sluicing its own wake; him, in Fort Cobb, which is what we called the main toilet, flipping his big dick over the gray sheet-metal piss trough; him groping himself in his nylon shorts around the evening campfire. I saw where Young Tag, who no one ever dared call Little Tag, got his size and I knew why Verna hung around her men smiling no matter what went on.

Between his thighs, Big Tag sported a real handsome piece of blue-veined meat. I'm talking twelve inches of blond cock, maybe nine inches circumference, which I think is about the exact circumference of my mouth stretched open to its widest cocksucking ring, just wide enough, I could tell, for the mushroom head, when he pulled it out of my mouth and with both fists waved it back and forth across my face, flushed that juicy hot purple peculiar to blond cocks.

He smiled and said, "This is your wake-up call, Sonny."

I remember everything exactly.

"Are you surprised?"

I grinned like the cocksucker I've always been and shook my head *no* and stretched my tongue for his lubing piss slit.

"Are you disappointed?"

I snorted one of those you-gotta-be-kidding laughs and he drove the head of his cock right straight through my smile and laid pipe down my throat.

When a good-looking summer-camp director who stands six-four and weighs in at a solid 225 spreads his jock-thighs across my chest while the morning sun spotlights the blond hair on his pecs and forearms, I know, like the joke about where the two-thousand-pound canary can sit, that any man that much larger than life can, if he wants, sit on my face and pedal my ears till the cows come home. I worship big dick and Big Tag loved adoration. His cock played my vocal chords like the devil plays fiddle.

"You want it, huh? You little cocksucker."

Beat me, daddy. Eight to the bar. Obviously, father and son, probably playing "tag" together, had pillow-talked about me behind my back, and that's always the best kind of talk. Besides, I'd read some of the graffiti written on the walls of Fort Cobb.

Big Tag spread my jaws and drill-pumped me inch by inch,

working deeper, bringing tears to my eyes and choking sounds to my throat.

"Your throat's too tight too soon," he said.

He worked me loose so he could go deeper. Six inches was easy to handle. I slurped him like a pro. Inches seven and eight came harder, but not that hard.

Early that summer his son had broken the deep-cherry back in my throat where a hard cock exits down and out the back of your mouth and passes through the first gate leading to your guts.

I worried about inches nine through twelve. Like, could I swallow that much cock? I'd never quite got fully impaled on his son's tenincher; but then Young Tag was rougher getting his nut. Big Tag was smoother, more experienced. He talked dirty to me—I'm a sucker for verbal sex—almost hypnotizing me, fuck-talking, building my passion for the triumph of swallowing his total manhood down to the root. He was so intense a talker he convinced me to go for it, to dare to take it. He slipped me inch nine, then pulled out, real slow and gentle, and immediately drove back in, knocking off inch ten, surprising me, smiling a small sneer that curled up under his bushy blond moustache. The sweet blond hairs of his crotch were still two inches from my face, and I knew he wouldn't shoot till my nose was buried in his groin, and he was in me a foot deep, his full twelve inches.

My own cock was bouncing fast in my hand. Big Tag, who always kept a neat pinch of Copenhagen under his lower lip, turned and spit slow sweet tobacco drool down on my dick.

"Beat your meat," he said. "You'll find room for my last two inches in your own cock. When your own cock gets cock-crazy, you'll let me in."

He wasn't forcing anything. I mean this wasn't a rape fantasy. It was real. It was the greatest thing two men can do. It was six-thirty in the morning. He had his horsecock planted ten inches down my throat, and he was coaching me, like the summer coach he was, to take more of what he had to offer.

My daddy never raised me to be nobody's fool.

I know now what I learned that morning. There is one sin in life: when a man offers you a hard twelve-inch cock and you do not take it all. I didn't need much coaching. I was such a cock pig, I wished that Young Tag was there, son and father, twenty-two inches of cock between them. But it wasn't that fantasy either. It was reality. Sweaty sheets. Dripping armpits. Nasty talk. Bouncing bull balls. Hairy chest. Dropdead looks, blond hair, three-days' unshaved bristle. His big cock pumping my face, slowly, his lean hips and waist rocking over me, my hand working my cock, knowing I could cum for the first time in my life with twelve inches of big blond cock pistoning my tonsils, if only I could split two more inches of ch-cherry throat.

Life, my daddy told me, is mind over matter. Thanks, Dad. My cock

beat on the cusp of cumming. I looked up at Big Tag. The brilliant morning sun hit him, lit him, over me like a golden stud. I realized the most private part of that man was deep in me, and I wanted him deeper. I groaned guttural sounds and looked up at him and wrinkled my forehead and nodded. That was all he needed. I beat my dick. He drove half-inch by half-inch into my mouth.

At eleven inches he paused, then began not to penetrate, but to fuck my face. From slow to hard, he toppled from friendly persuasion to bucking passion. He fell over my face like a jock doing push-ups and pinioned my arms on the pillow above my head. I thought I'd choke or die, but I didn't. I did what he wanted. What I wanted. I opened and swallowed. He face-fucked me past eleven inches to the full twelve.

I felt his blond crotch slam solid against my lips. He was home. He fully holstered his rod in my throat. He worked me wild. I felt his cock throb and expand in the sheath of my throat and feared I'd drown if he shot his load into my lungs, but I didn't care, 'cuz he'd give me mouth-to-mouth and hold me in his arms, and at the precise moment when he blew, my own cock, untouched, shot across my belly, sort of like his huge cock was inside my cock, and his white cum came boiling up out of my nose, my mouth, and, yeah, out of my cock. His cum shooting out of my cock. His cum that turned into Young Tags with ten-inch dicks. His twelve-inch cock, seeming inside my dick, stretched my own rod out a full foot so my dick skin strained like a rubber stuffed to bursting with a studbull cock. I could feel what it felt like to pack a twelve-inch rod!

Oh, god. You get the picture. I did. I do.

That summer I had more "Tags" on me than a Blue Light Special at the WalMart. Young Tag had a cousin, Big Tag's brother's son, Lawayne MacRory Taggart, who everybody called "MacTag," because he said so. He was tough and streetwise and he liked to wrestle, freestyle, slam-banging and clowning like the pro wrestlers on TV. He'd gone beyond his once-beloved Hulk Hogan and was idolizing the muscular Sonny Butts, the buffed and black Jamal "Reggie Reggae" Deshaw, and the outrageous tag team, the Slap Warriors.

He fed the campers a liar-liar-pants-on-fire line about how he wrestled on TV, billing himself the "Masked Counselor." The campers loved it. Especially when he pulled a black wrestling mask over his blond head and climbed into the ring with one of the tougher, huskier, older ones, both of them stripped down to nylon briefs and wrestling boots, bouncing off the ropes, MacTag picking the kid up, throwing him across his shoulders and spinning him around, slamming him to the padded canvas, flopping across the kid, full body, pinning his shoulders, while the crowd went wild screaming, "Next! Next! Me next!"

MacTag was their chance to act out a fantasy. Now I know.

One night that last week after camp, I stood in my Speedos in the door of MacTag's cabin. I could feel the full moon falling warm on my shoulders and back. MacTag looked up from the table where by the light of a Coleman lantern he was reading *Leaves of Grass*, buck naked, playing with himself.

"Next!" I whispered.

He smiled, closed the book and stood up. He was a Taggart all right. He had the dick. He slow-walked toward me in that hip-ball-and-joint walk that athletes with powerful thighs and bubblebutts take as their trademark stroll. His dick swung easy between his legs, halfway to his knees, soft yet, but with the swelling blue veins that are surefire prediction of the cockquake to come. He walked straight up to me. He stood so close I smelled the sweet summer sweat glistening on his chest, running down his armpits, beading on the hair of his muscular arms. "You sure you wanna be next?" His smile had that kind of killer sneer that Brad Pitt smiled in *Thelma and Louise*.

"Anything you can dish out, I can eat."

He snorted a laugh, but I could tell he appreciated my bluff of trying to talk tough like wrestlers do between matches on TV when they scream at the camera about what slime their next opponents are and how they're going to kill them with a metal folding chair.

"Can you eat this, Sonny?" MacTag wrapped both hands around his rising cock. "You want it here in the cabin," he said, "or do you want to go out to the ring and get beat up a little? You know, just a little punishment. Nothing serious that a ten-inch hot-beef injection can't cure. Just maybe a little fantasy in the squared circle to make things hotter. A knee to the groin. A half nelson..."

"A full nelson." What was I saying? *Half nelson. Full nelson. Ricky Nelson.* I wanted him. I wanted every inch he had. I wanted his fantasy inside my fantasy.

"Yeah. Good. A full nelson too. Maybe even a little choking. I mean I can tell by the look in your eye you want me to be the Bad Guy. You think I can be the Bad Guy?"

MacTag raised up his arms and flexed. His biceps popped like Teenage Mr. America. Blue veins ran down to the blond forest in his juicy armpits. He crunched out a Most Muscular pose, like a wrestling warrior taking center mat. His chest and shoulders pumped big, his abs rippled, and his dick, excited by the full flush of his body, cantilevered another inch up toward total erection: straight up his belly past his navel.

"You are definitely bad." My cock tented my Speedos. Faced with his ten inches, maybe more, I reached for my cock knowing my secret I never told anybody, that every inch of big cock I sucked made my cock grow that much bigger, slowly but surely. At sixteen, I measured six inches all by my bonesome lonesome. At eighteen, I was eight-plus. These encounters were working. Some cocks make you larger. By the time I was thirty, I projected I'd be hung at least...

"You fuckin' little Size Freak." MacTag said it in the appreciative way a big-hung guy says a line like that when he knows he's on to a cocksucker who won't waste his time sucking down anything less than eight inches. Believe it or not, some cocksuckers won't do big dicks. Or can't. Or worse, tongue-and-lip only the tips like most of those lipstick dollies do in straight suck films.

Go figure.

MacTag, faster than I could think, picked me up, throwing my legs over his shoulders, just like that statue of ancient wrestlers, hanging my head upside down facing his big juicy dick. "Suck it, fuck-face!" he said. He knew from the walls of Fort Cobb I liked to hear bullies talk nasty. "Suck it! Or I'll body-slam you to the fucking floor."

Upside down, I took the flared head of his cock into my mouth, figuring its circumference more than seven inches. He bounced me on his shoulder with one hand, banging the back of my head with the other, kind of dribbling my noggin like a basketball down on his rod. He was teaching me a whole new sixty-nine. Then he flipped me up over his shoulders and swung me in full-circle airplane spins.

God! He was strong. His dick stuck out, proud of his performance. Sex-wrestling turned him on. Suddenly he raised me, pressed me, by the sheer strength of his upper body to arms' length, high in the air, above his head.

I whipped my dick. This was new! This was sexplay! This was what the big boys do!

Then like the surprise thrill on an E-Ticket ride in an X-rated park, he slam-dropped me like a feather to the floor. As crazy as it was, everything seemed in slow motion. He threw his big thighs across my chest, took one of my wrists in each hand, stretched my arms out and slid his drooling cock across my pecs and toward my face, where he buried it headfirst in my mouth before starting the snake's slow slithering down my throat.

Everything felt awful comfortable. I realized I wasn't on the hardwood floor. I was pinioned on a mattress on the floor. MacTag was a class act, but how did he do that?

I heard a loud slap. The kind of slap one strong flat palm makes striking another when two men slap five.

"Tag team!" MacTag said.

"Tag team!" Young Tag said.

I tried to say, "Oh, shit," around MacTag's pumping cock.

Young Tag had been napping in one of the upper bunks while MacTag read. He'd tossed the four single mattresses to the floor.

"Tie this on," he said to MacTag. He handed him a camouflagegreen bandana folded to a headband. "We're the Blond Mercenaries," Young Tag said. "We got plenty between us because we got twenty inches between us! Whoa!"

"He wants a full nelson," MacTag said.

Young Tag obliged. From behind me, his strong arms slipped under my armpits and he clasped his hands behind my neck,

positioning my mouth perfectly for a straight-on fuck from MacTag, who never took his dick out of my mouth. Young Tag's dick was rock hard between my shoulder blades.

Was I in heaven or wha-u-u-t?

MacTag was shorter and stockier than Young Tag who himself, being a swimmer, was leaner and not quite as tall as Big Tag, who, I mentioned, was six-four and 225. They were like three studs in the same gene bank and all of them hung like sonsabitches with thirty-two inches among the three of them.

The Tag Team worked my legs, squeezed me in bear hugs, double-teamed me, both of them working their own hard cocks, standing over me, talking dirty to me about their big animal cocks, dropping down with one knee across my chest, showing me the dick I wanted, teasing me with their huge pricks, then raising me up with aerial tactics, hammering me into the canvas like pro maniacs, always pulling their punches, squeezing tight on the choke holds, taking turns beating my face for real with their ten-inch cocks. I crumpled under the "brutal" bull-dogging; but I wanted more.

This was a championship bout of inches.

We must have brawled off and on for almost an hour, which is a really long time when you're wrestling or being mauled by two strong young cousins acting out on you the pro-wrestling fantasy they've played so often together.

Finally, they pinned me. Again. Their weight on me felt like an avalanche of hot young jocks. Their dicks ran stout, stayed hard, pulsed for release. They slap-tagged each other's hands and knelt up over my face, taking turns fucking my mouth, the taste of each distinctive, yet with that undertaste of the sweet, sweet Taggart genes.

As much as they liked my mouth, they liked the mirror they were to each other: the heavier-muscled blond wrestler and the lean-muscled blond swimmer, so much alike in their sunny good-looking faces. Kneeling over my face, my mouth tonguing their furry balls, they sucked tongues and fingered nipples and beat their meat, building their passion to a climax.

Down between their thighs, I watched their studplay: kissing mouths and licking tits and rubbing biceps; both pairs of blond balls beginning to swell, rolling and rising, left nut over right, then back again, with the dorsal veins on the underside of their almost-twin cocks growing thick with potency, both cousins totally into each other, talking dirty in short one-word grunts, saying, "dick," "big dick," "big blond dick," "beat it," "big fucking arms," "sweat," "dick," "juicy hard dick," "lick," "suck," "gonna take you on the mat, motherfucker," "gonna cum," "on his face," "shoot it on his fucking face." And they did, both cousins, locked in their embrace of arms and chests and faces, beating their meat over my face, squirting the loads of their young, blond ten-inch dicks into my mouth held open wider than a choirboy stuck on the fourth note of "O Holy Night."

I came without touching myself. I was eighteen too, remember, and this was summer's end, and nothing, I was certain, would ever be this much fun again. Not even when we became grown-ups.

We fell together into a pig pile of sweat and cum and cock. MacTag and Young Tag dozed with me sandwiched between them. The only sound was the buzz of the Coleman lantern and the crazed moth that circled it.

I heard footsteps come the final three steps up the cabin stairs. The cousins' two pairs of sleeping blond arms wrapped around my head kept me in traction. The footsteps, heavy even in Reeboks, stepped directly behind my head. I looked up over my eyebrows, and I gulped.

It was Big Tag grinding his twelve-inch keeper in his hand. I could tell he was on the last ten strokes of cumming. He had been watching us all along. He raised his fingers to his lips to keep my silence. His fine big body arched back, displaying his massive cock, one hand working his nipples left and right. Then he stood almost at military brace, and with a silent tremor, holding in his cumshout, wanting to shoot the surprise of his load on the pair of unsuspecting, dozing blonds, gritting his breath, blowing air between his teeth, he shot the load of the father on his son, his nephew and me, thick blasts of cum splashing down on us three boys like hot rain in August.

I don't need to send you a fish-camp postcard. You get the picture. I have the pictures. Like, I still have them. In my head. In my dick. In my scrapbook. One picture in particular: the four of us, Tag and Big Tag and MacTag and me, standing nearly naked, our big dicks half hanging out of our Speedos, all in a line, with our arms around each other's shoulders like we would always be best friends forever together.

Verna, I remember, snapped the picture. "Now you'll have a snapshot," she said proudly to me, "to remember how it was this summer with you and my three big guys."

OPENING DAY AT THE COUNTY FAIR

J. M. Snyder

About the only thing that happens here in Boydton County is the annual fair. The first week in October everyone turns out at the fairgrounds, their livestock and crops in tow. There are cattle auctions, hog-calling contests, funnel cakes, chitlins, and Best of Show ribbons given out for everything from largest cucumber to fattest sow. On any given day there's maybe five hundred people all told, jostling for a place inside the split rail fence that cuts the grounds out from the surrounding fields. Believe me, that's a crowd around these parts, and all the pickups and John Deeres tear up the dirt tracks that lead into the fairgrounds something fierce. When the fair committee manages to wrangle someone famous to stop on by, the mud and the muck just gets worse. Few years back, they had that guy who played Deputy Enos on The Dukes of Hazzard, and you'd have thought it was Boss Hogg himself. This year my sister Jolene heard it might be Toby Keith, but I think she heard wrong because there's no way the county could cough up the money to bring someone big like him here. I mean, really.

The day the fair's set to open, Jolene wakes me up at four thirty, just before dawn. Since it's still dark out at this hour, it takes her several minutes to rouse me out of sleep. Barely opening my eyes, I groan, "God, Jo. It's too early."

"Come on," she mutters, keeping her voice down so she won't wake our folks. "Jesse, you said you'd drive me to the fair. Missy's outside and waiting already." Missy is Jolene's prize pig—she won four ribbons three years back and Jo's been making money selling her offspring at every fair since. Vaguely I remember telling her that I'd give her a ride to the fairgrounds, but right at this moment I can't for the life of me imagine why.

When I don't stir, Jolene shoves my bed and hisses, "Jesse!" Then she shucks off her sneakers and clambers on top of my covers, nothing but pointy elbows and skinny legs that poke at me in unpleasant places. Rising to her feet, she stomps about my mattress, narrowly missing my hands and face. "Wake up," she chants in time with her steps. "Wake up, wake up." I curl into a fetal

position and squeeze my eyes shut, but what's the use? She's won. Still, I hold out until she stops moving and threatens, "I'll tell Pa."

Only then do I stretch awake. The last thing I need is my father in here, towering over my bed with his hard eyes, asking in that dangerously low voice of his how a hardworking man like him managed to sire a lazy do-nothing freeloader like me. I'll never be good enough for him, I've learned that lesson over the last twenty years, but that's never kept me from trying. As I kick Jolene off the bed, I yawn and tell her, "I'm up already." I hate the triumphant grin on her face—little sisters sure know how to get under your skin. Running a hand through my close-cropped hair, I ask, "You load Missy up yet?"

"She won't go up the ramp for me," Jolene admits. "I got the piglets boxed in but Pa said to come get you since it's your truck. He's got Mamma's veggie crates already stacked up by the back tire, too, waiting for you."

Suddenly I feel the weight of the coming week heavy on my shoulders. Loading the truck, then driving slowly over back country roads for an hour to get to the fairgrounds, unloading the truck, uncrating the vegetables and the pigs and sitting in the bed of my pickup for long, hot hours watching people pick over both. Six days of that shit. When I was little, the fair used to be as big as Christmas for me, but this early in the morning I don't have the energy to get that worked up anymore. "God," I moan, rubbing my face with both hands.

Because I'm not moving fast enough for her, Jolene kicks me in the shin.

By the time we get to the fairgrounds, there's already a line of battered trucks edging the fence. My mother's half-brother Gary stands at the open gate, waving vendors on through. He's county administrator and since it's an elected position, he makes sure that he's seen. The day has begun to brighten, but the sky is white from a faint haze that hangs above the grounds like wet laundry. As I pull up to the gates, I lean out the window and holler, "Looks like rain."

"It'll hold," Gary tells me. With a glance at Jolene in the bed of my truck, he adds, "Pigsty's in the back, you know the way."

I inch the truck along the main thoroughfare, one foot on the brake pedal as we crawl along behind other trucks between lines of vendors setting up their booths. There's a tractor somewhere up ahead, I hear the ragged engine churn in the rising heat, and people dart across the strip, dodging between the trucks as they chase after children or livestock that have managed to get away. Twice I hit the steering wheel in frustration but I don't bother to use the horn—wouldn't do any good. Instead I glare out the window at anyone who dares to meet my gaze and egg the truck on in little jolts that make Jolene tap angrily against the cab's back window. I've been up for hours and haven't even eaten yet, it's getting hot

already, the stench of livestock permeates the air, I'm in a sour mood, and I'm thinking that next year there's no way I'm doing this shit again—when for the first time in ages I see someone I don't know.

He's a young man, about my age, shirt off to expose pale skin that hasn't seen the sun all summer and a back that glistens with sweat as he hammers a couple of two-by-fours into a booth. Light hair the color of bailed hay falls to his shoulders, and I stare at his slender frame, memorizing the flex of thin muscles across narrow shoulder blades. It's Mrs. Colton's booth he's working on—she stands to one side with her hands on her ample hips, cans of preserves around her feet. When she sees me looking, she calls out, "Y'all come by for some of my jelly, you hear? I got something new you'll want to try."

"So I see," I reply. That earns me a smirk from the stranger. Encouraged, I add, "What's his name?"

Mrs. Colton doesn't get my drift, thank god. "This here's Ruddy Johnson's boy. Davis?" Instead of a sideways glance this time he turns to look at me, eyebrows arched and with a suggestive grin. "Jesse Sadler, his sister Jolene. My, that Missy has some size to her."

Davis. His eyes challenge me to turn away but I can't, I'm drawn to him like a moth to a flame and I imagine lying beneath him, pinned into submission under that steady gaze. In my mind I can see just how dusky my skin would look alongside his white flesh; I can taste his sweat, smell his scent, almost feel how firm his body would be against my hands. As I stare, he gives me a quick wink that makes my dick go from mildly interested to "Hello!" in one heartbeat. I'm so caught up in him that I don't even realize the traffic has stopped moving until I bump into the truck in front of us. Jolene pounds on the glass behind me hard enough to rattle it in my ear.

"Sorry!" I holler, cringing at the look the driver ahead gives me in his side-view mirror. *God.* Davis laughs, the sound boyish and so bright that it makes me want to sink down into my seat and die of embarrassment. As the line of trucks starts to move forward, I duck my head and hide the side of my face behind my hand so I won't be tempted to look his way again.

When we reach the pigsty, Jolene jumps down from the bed of the truck and wants to know, "What'd you run up on Bubba's bumper for?"

"You're only eleven," I tell her. "You wouldn't understand."

"I'm twelve," she counters. "I know more than you think." I shrug her comment off, but she warns, "And you best hope Pa don't see you making eyes at any boys."

All right, so maybe she *is* a bit more perceptive than I thought.

Ruddy Johnson is the only person I know of who left the county and didn't drop off the face of the earth. He still comes back once a year for the county fair—he's a contractor now, works out of the state

capital, but he and Gary went to high school together and folks don't mind him coming down, seeing as he was once one of their own. If I'd known Ruddy had a son like Davis, I might have let Gary talk me into hiring on to one of his work crews earlier this summer.

As my sister goes about uncrating the pigs, I lean against the side of my truck and wonder how long I can stall putting our booth together in the hopes that Davis will eventually drift down this way to help. I squint back along the main strip, but I can't pick him out from the people milling about. When Jolene tells me to get a move on, I flick the toothpick I'm chewing at her and haul one crate of tomatoes out of the truck, set it on the ground at my feet, then take another look around. Still no sign of Davis. I can't believe he's not somewhere thinking about me right now. Lord knows I wasn't the only one staring.

I pull out two more crates, these loaded with unshucked corn, and manage to make enough room to get Missy down. Maybe I was wrong about the guy, but just thinking about that wink he gave me sets my blood on fire. As I unload the truck, my mind is tucked in some fantasy world where Davis stretches above me like the sky, his smile the sun. My motions are automatic, my thoughts spun out in a whirl, and I don't hear the approaching footsteps or sense I'm no longer alone until a voice behind me says, "I was beginning to wonder when you'd get to work."

The crate I'm holding falls from my hands and breaks when it hits the ground, spilling turnip greens across the muddy grass. It's him, Davis, standing so close that the greens cover the tops of his sneakers. "Damn," I sigh, nervous now that he's right up on me. He's thinner than I reckoned, wiry, with a strong jaw and light blue eyes that look almost see-through. His hair wisps in dry, sunburnt strands, the front of it pulled back in a tight ponytail to keep it off his face. There's something randy about him, almost carnal, that hints at long afternoons twined together in the hayloft, strong fingers slipping into tight wet places, tongues hot on hidden flesh. Trying to push that thought out of my head, I sink to my knees to gather up the turnip greens and find myself eye level with his crotch. Oh my god.

Davis raises one eyebrow in interest. "Jesse, is it?" he asks, shifting his weight from one foot to the other to thrust his hips out at me. "I came by to see if you wanted me for anything."

Right this moment, staring past the slight bulge in his jeans and up the smooth expanse of his taut, hairless chest, I can imagine half a dozen different ways I want him. But before I can answer, he squats beside me and starts to scoop up the greens I'm neglecting. "Sorry about this," he says. "You need some help putting up your booth?" As if he's been talking about *that* all along. The hands that rub over mine beneath the turnip greens say otherwise.

I manage to find my voice. "Sure," I tell him, then thinking maybe I should say something more, I add, "Davis. That's an odd name.

Ruddy's your pa?"

With a nod, he admits, "Davis is my middle name." He gathers up the greens, my hands stuck in the bundle, so I stand when he does to keep him from letting go. "It's better than Jeff, let me tell you. I used to be J.D. when I was younger. Some people still call me that. You any relation to that race car driver?"

He means Elliott Sadler—I get asked that a lot. The truth is no, but I shrug like maybe. He thrusts the greens into my arms and then wipes his hands on his hips, a move that pulls his jeans tight across his groin. "You don't talk much, do you?" he asks, bending down again to pick out two boards from the nearby stack. "My dad couldn't make it this year, so I'm stuck constructing all these booths. How about a hand?" He's moving too fast for me, running from one thought to the next with the quickness of a silverfish, but when he holds out one of the boards, I drop the turnip greens onto the open tailgate and take it, eager to keep up. "You hold it steady," Davis tells me, "and I'll hammer it in. What do you say?"

"Are we talking about the booth?" I ask.

Davis leers at me over his shoulder. "We're talking about wood. Where do you want me to put it?"

My mouth goes dry with lust and when I speak, my voice barely makes it above a whisper. "Put what?" The booth? The wood he's holding? His dick? I don't know about the first two but I've got an idea where I'd like that last one to go. "You mean the booth, right?"

Davis just laughs, a delicious sound that washes over me like a summer breeze. "What do *you* think I mean?" he asks.

I'd really love to find out.

After our booth is up and Davis has moved on to the next vendor, leaving me with aching balls and his promise to return when he gets the chance, I set out as much of the vegetables as I can and stack the empty crates in the back of my truck. The gates open at ten, and for the first two hours, I'm on my feet haggling with customers, trading the crops for cans of jam or preserves, pocketing payments and making change. I keep an eye on Jolene but she's better at this than me, and by the time noon rolls around, she's sold all of her piglets and gained two baby chicks in addition to a fistful of dollars. Her fat sow Missy wallows half-hidden in hot mud, but she's the biggest pig at the fair and it looks like she might bring home another ribbon this year. When Jolene's piglets are gone, she climbs into the back of my truck and starts up a steady stream of chatter that I tune out while I work. When the first rush finally ebbs away, I plop down on the tailgate with a sigh. "You could help out here a bit," I tell her.

Jolene shakes her ponytail back with a haughty air. "Pa said—"

I cut her off. "Pa ain't here." To keep her from arguing further, I pull one foot up on the tailgate, wrap my arms around my knee, and hide my face in my arms. Sweat drips down the back of my neck,

behind my ears, under my arms, tracing intimate lines across my body. For the first time since he left, I let myself think of Davis. My own breath sounds close and harsh in the scant darkness created by my crossed arms, but I close my eyes and there he is, that suggestive smile toying around the edges of his mouth. I recall the way he moved as he set up my booth, but in my mind I'm bold this time and when his back is to me, I step up behind him, ease my arms around his narrow waist, slip my hands into the front pockets of his jeans and rub against the hardness I find there. I press my face against his moist, hot back and breathe in his heady scent, a manly mix of musk and soap and sweat that turns me on something fierce. He backs up, ass arched into my crotch as I hug him to me, my lips trailing tiny kisses around his neck and along the rigid shelf of his collarbone. One of my hands encircles his erection through the pocket—in my fantasy he doesn't have on underwear. My kisses move lower, down his back now, over his shoulder blades and along the nubs of his spine, my hands pushing into his pockets until his pants start to slide down out of the way. I'm licking along the small of his back, where he has a tiny Chinese character tattooed at the base of his spine, and my tongue barely eases between the mounds of his fleshy buttocks... Jolene calls my name. I replay that daydream, starting at the spot where his tailbone ends, licking down the crevice of his ass, and she calls me again. A customer or something, I don't know, but my jeans cut across the start of my own erection with a sweet pain and I'm not ready to get back to the real world just yet, so I tell her, "Handle it, will you?"

With an exasperated huff, she jumps down from the truck, one small foot catching me in the hip as she passes by. I don't have the energy to fight with her right now. Where was I? Oh yes, tasting my way down damp flesh to the trembling, puckered prize beneath—

Something icy presses against the back of my neck, so cold that it takes my breath away. I jerk my head up, ready to lay into Jolene for messing with me, only to see that Davis has found me again. He holds a can of Coke out to me, still wet from the cooler. "Thirsty?" he asks. I take the soda without comment, not trusting myself to speak. It's hard to mesh the naked image of him in my mind's eye with the living, breathing boy beside me. He leans against the side of my truck, so nonchalant, as if he has no clue what I'm thinking when I look his way. "So," he asks, "what do you guys do around here for fun?"

I take a swallow from the can and shrug. "This is about it," I admit. A look around at the fair in full swing and I see just how lame it must appear to someone like him. "Sorry if it's got you bored stiff."

"Oh, I'm stiff all right." Maybe he's thinking the same as me after all. But he'll probably try to play that off somehow, pretend he's not talking about what I think he's talking about, and I'm waiting for that laugh of his to ease the tension between us when he reaches

out and smoothes one finger down the length of my arm. His touch is light, ticklish, and he watches the tip of his finger as it curves around my elbow and swings up to dust under the short sleeve of my T-shirt. I watch too, waiting, my lower lip caught bloodless between my teeth. His finger feels like a feather on my skin, barely there, but then he presses hard against a freckle and when I glance up at him, he's looking back. "Let's go somewhere," he whispers. My sister's busy with a customer at the front of the booth and can't overhear us, but Davis keeps his voice low and intimate. "Just you and me. What do you say?"

I want to say yes, I want to shout it out at the top of my lungs, but this isn't my folks' barn in the lower field, this is the county fair, and with Jolene around, there's nowhere we can be alone. Unsure, I start, "Where..."

Davis nods toward the front of the truck, and for a moment I think he means for us to get in the cab. How private is that? But then I see the split rail fence and the wave of tall grass growing beyond the edges of the fairgrounds. "Out there?" I want to know.

In lieu of a reply he takes my wrist, his hand slipping easily into mine as he helps me off the tailgate. Over my shoulder I call out, "Hold down the fort, Jo. I'll be back."

We only take two steps toward the fence before my sister cuts in front of me, blocking the way. "Oh no, mister," she says with an angry shake of her head. "My job was the pigs and they're all gone so don't try to dump the crops on me, too. Where y'all going anyway? Don't you dare run off and leave me here. I'll tell Pa."

"Listen," I say, leaning down to look her in the eye. Davis tugs on my hand but I hold him back. "You might not believe me now, Jolene, but one day you're going to bring home a boy that Pa's not going to like." I don't mention that our father won't like any boy she brings home—let her find that out for herself. She gives me a wounded look, lip pooched out like she thinks I might be lying, but she's giving me a chance. "Trust me, once you get a little older, there will be plenty of times when you're gonna want to get away with someone and you're gonna be like, 'Jesse, can you cover for me here?' And what do you think I'm gonna say?"

"Where are you going?" she asks again, petulant.

I point out past the fence and tell her, "Just over there, I promise. If you need me, just holler. But you did a bang-up job with those piggies, Jo, and I know you can sell the hell out of some vegetables if you want to. What do you say?"

Jolene glares at the field as if hoping it'll burst into flame. Davis's hand is starting to sweat against mine, and he gives me a pleading look that she doesn't see. I'm just about to say fine, she wins, I'll ache for this boy for the rest of my *life* just because she's too damn stubborn to cut me some slack, when she sighs. "Fine," she grumbles. She pouts at me, then at Davis, then whips her ponytail back with a defiant shake of her head, but she steps aside to let me

pass. Without waiting for her to change her mind, I let Davis pull me toward the fence. As I'm climbing over I glance back, but Jolene's already at the booth again, weighing out a bag of butter beans for another customer.

The grass grows right up to the edge of the fence, a wild mix of buffalo grass, switchgrass, and tall fescue, with some late-blooming wild alfalfa sprouts purpling the field. It's thigh high in most places, and as Davis and I move through it, a fine cloud of seeds and dust and insects rises up around us. After a dozen yards or so, the land slopes gently to a small ridge, then tumbles down into a gully thick with crabgrass and poison ivy. When Davis stops, kicking through the grass to find a good spot to sit, I look back to make sure I can still see Jolene. From here the front of my truck hides the booth, and I'm just about to say maybe we should move a little one way or the other so I can keep an eye on my sister when Davis falls back against the slope and pulls me down with him. "Here?" I ask, rolling onto my back. My stomach flutters as his hand tickles above the waistband of my jeans. The grass scratches my neck and arms, and rises around us to block out everything but the sky and Davis propped above me. The crowded fairgrounds sound like nothing more than wind rustling through fields a million miles away.

"Here," Davis breathes. He lies beside me, his stomach pressed against my side, and leans down to nuzzle my ear. When he speaks, his words fill me up inside as if they're my own thoughts in his voice. "Where should we begin?"

Gingerly I reach up and touch his face. He leans his cheek against my palm, then kisses my wrist. I guide him toward me, my mouth eager for his, my tongue licking along his upper lip before delving inside. He tastes sweet, sugary, like the soda he's been drinking, and his tongue massages mine with an urgency that presses our lips together in a velvety crush. My hand fists in his short ponytail, pulling him further toward me, and he pushes me to the ground with the strength of his kiss, his arms cradling me as he holds me down, his legs straddling my hips, his body covering mine.

Through the double layer of our jeans, our cocks rub together, thrusting against each other as if locked in an ancient battle. His kiss becomes lustful, his hands rough in my hair, his body unyielding in its desire for mine. Somehow we break apart long enough to pull my shirt up over my head and I gasp as his teeth close over one hard nugget of a nipple, biting it erect. "God," I sigh, holding his head in both hands as he nips his way down my stomach. His tongue licks into my navel, then he bites at the pliant skin, his fingers now at my waist and unzipping my jeans. My legs part as he moves lower, my knees rising on either side of him as he kisses the length of hair that leads into my crotch and then pulls down my pants and briefs. As if responding to the sudden sunlight and autumn air, my dick stands up from its patch of thick curls, pointing at Davis like an accusation. I raise my legs into the air, sure he's going to tug the jeans off

completely, but he only gets them down to my knees before he crawls into the space between, mouth open, tongue licking out to taste the head of my dick.

With my legs on his shoulders, Davis kneels before me and traces the length of my shaft from tip to base with one long lick. As he takes my balls into his mouth, sucking the soft skin and rolling them around with that maddening tongue of his, I arch my hips up to meet him. He releases my aching sac and moves lower, licking the smooth, tender skin before pressing against my tight hole, "God." I gasp again, fists full of grass as he rims me, his tongue dancing between my buttocks. I work my muscles, trying to draw him in, but he stays just out of reach. Then he's back at my cock again, rubbing the spongy tip against the roof of his mouth as his saliva cools down my length. Something's building inside of me, something untamed, unfettered, and I want to scream out at the world all the frustration and anxiety he's whipping up in me. I want him to take me, god please, just lay into me until I'm left raw and bared and exhausted. His touch is driving me to the brink of insanity, his kisses push me over the edge. "Fuck me," I plead, "please, please. God, Davis, don't make me beg. Just do it already, will you?"

He laughs, *laughs*, I can't believe it. "Don't like this?" he asks, and one finger slips up my ass to bump my desire another notch or two higher. As he moves inside me I try to hold him in, I want more and my cock is throbbing for release but I won't give in, not yet. His mouth is on me again, this time taking me in completely, until his lips kiss the base of my shaft and his mussed hair tickles my lower belly. He shoves deep inside me, sending bursts of pleasure tingling up my spine and down my legs, igniting every nerve ending I have. I raise one hand to my mouth and bite the fleshy pad below my thumb, bite down hard against the sensations flooding my body. I feel him everywhere, in my ass, my cock, my heart. When he pulls his finger out and lets my erection slip free from his lips, I bite down harder and barely manage to choke back a sob.

Eyes shut, I try to steady my breathing. I'm close to release, *god* so close, but I hear the telltale sound of his zipper, hear him grunt as he tears open a condom, and I know this is it, here it comes, "Please." My voice is a broken, tearful plea. "Davis..."

"Coming right up," he promises. I hear him shuck off his pants and then he's back, hunching his shoulders to squeeze into the tight space between my knees. As he climbs over me, one hand on either side of my head, I rest my jean-sheathed lower legs on his narrow hips. The wet tip of his dick nudges against my quivering hole, pokes at me once or twice, then finally, *finally* plunges inside.

He shoves in as far as he'll go and stops. Above me his face eclipses the world, his eyes so clear it seems as if I'm looking through them to the sky beyond. He stares down at me, forcing me to look at him, holding my attention while he's so deep inside and then, incredibly, he gives a little thrust and moves in just an inch or

two more. Pressure builds inside me, a breathless wait—his gaze refuses to let me turn away. Another tiny thrust, and another, and another, and just when I think I can't take any more, he's in too deep and I'm going to explode if he goes in any further, he pulls out half an inch. An eternity passes; I hold my breath and wait for him to thrust in again with those little tiny fucks that wind me up tight inside. As he moves within me, his mouth closes over mine in a tender kiss.

I feel shattered afterward, a scarecrow torn into pieces and left scattered around the fields. Davis holds me close, kissing the back of my neck as he murmurs my name. My pants are still around my knees, my shirt somewhere in the grass nearby, and Davis is buck naked behind me, nothing on but that used condom still dangling from his limp member and lying wet between my thighs. I try to smooth out the grass imprints on his arms but the pink flesh stays indented. The fairgrounds still sound so far away, but the sun has begun to slant along the fields. I lace my fingers through his, hug his arms against my chest—I want to lie here forever, trapped in the circle of his embrace.

But footsteps swishing through the grass near the fence remind us that we're not alone. Reluctantly I sit up, dust the grass out of my hair, off my shoulders, arms, legs and back. I don't look at Davis as we dress, silent, each lost in his own thoughts. As he leads the way back to the fair, I reach out to brush the grass off his butt. His hand catches mine. "Copping a feel?" he asks, one eyebrow cocked salaciously. He raises my hand to his lips, kisses the tips of my fingers, then lets me go. "You here all week?"

I thought he'd never ask. Not to seem too eager, though, I shrug like maybe and he punches me playfully in the arm. "Don't be like that," he says. "I got bite marks underneath my chin where you sank your teeth in, Jesse. You liked it."

"I didn't say I didn't." The next time he looks up, I duck down to see under his chin. Damned if there isn't a faint red welt, and he's got a hickey coming up along his jawline. I point it out. "That's gonna be pretty."

We've reached the fence. Davis leans back against it, grabs the belt loops on the front of my jeans and tugs me toward him. "Davis," I warn. We're behind my truck and mostly out of sight, but this is a small county and I surely don't need this getting around. Still, his skin looks smooth and creamy, and I can't stop myself from trailing a hand down his flat belly to hook in the front of his jeans. He's watching me with an unnerving stare, waiting for me to answer his previous question. "I'll be here," I tell him.

He gives me a sunny smile. "Me too. I'm staying with Gary—" "Stay with me," I say. It slips out before I can think to stop it, and the way his face lights up, I hate myself when I have to add, "Only I still live with my folks. Gary's my half-uncle, so Momma'll put you

up, but Pa won't cotton to us getting it on in his house."

Davis's smile twists into a sly grin, and his eyes sparkle mischievously. With a tug on my jeans, he pulls me closer and I stumble into him, my nipples stiffening where they brush against his. In my ear he whispers, "Then we'll just have to go outside."

And suddenly six days doesn't seem long enough for this year's

fair.

OTHER RESIDENCES, OTHER NEIGHBORHOODS

Douglas A. Martin

1

I put my number inside *The Golden Spur*, the book he was buying, along with his receipt, hoping he'd call me. There were real bookstores in the city, ones that didn't fill their shelves with toys and candy, games and puzzles, ones not necessarily fun for the whole family. I was working in one of them. I'd picked him out, when he walked in. The boss didn't want us reading while on the clock, and so I'd watch the boys like him and men when they'd come in, waiting for someone to respond. I was hoping he'd come back to look for me. You could tell by the way that some of them looked, the way some of them would look at me, that we were alike.

Nobody met anyone's eyes where I was from originally, like everyone was afraid of everyone else, wanting what the other might not want. All shades over the windows kept pulled down, curtains kept closed, that's how they lived there. No one who had any idea of what it was like would wonder what had brought me here. There weren't a whole lot of options, and if any man had kissed me in his car, had taken a chance, putting his hand on my knee, asked me in; if any guy had showed me how he wanted me in that way, I would try my hardest to hold on to him.

He'll come back to the bookstore, in Brooklyn, Park Slope, and I'll watch him lock up his bike outside. Here you could go out for drinks and then home to his place, go to bed together, that very night. Something like love, that could make you stay anywhere.

Mostly, we'd go to his place, not mine.

Like me, he'd come from down South.

He'd be the third from that first year in the city, after the first boy who thought I liked sex too much, also not from the city; and the next, who'd like it when I came over to his place in Brooklyn Heights, sweaty, after having run around all day, already having been with somebody else, who liked it, he said, when I smelled all gamey. That's what he called it. This new one, some nights he'll fall

asleep with just me stroking his hair.

One twin bed barely fit into the small room that was mine, on the top floor of a building converted into as many rentable spaces as possible, right across the street from the Wyckoff Projects, above the noisy, twenty-four-hour deli. I wasn't going to let myself grow up to be like them, men I'd known back home, the streets all crowded with their cars, though there was little else there.

It's just men who were connected through their talk of women, women's bodies, sports, yard work; close to each other only if they'd gone to the same high school; happy, content, or trying to be, with the boat for the lake, freezers full of deer meat, new cars, and houses or trailers to one day own.

* * *

We won't live in Chelsea, but we go there sometimes to housesit for one of his friends. The boy from the bookstore, it seems, likes making love in other people's beds, more than when we are just at his or my place.

We'll be up in a loft, early in the morning, trying not to make much noise, to be as quiet as possible; this turns him on, while his two friends sleep downstairs. Or we'll be in another bed in an apartment in Clinton Hill, trying to make sure, consciously, or unconsciously, that when we come, finally, we come on each other's stomachs, pressing against each other as tightly, as flat as possible, not coming all over whoever's bed.

He's friends with a librarian, whose sad, neurotic cat we tend to, who can't really be left alone, can't stand it. Thirteen, we are told he is, that's an old man for a cat. He needs more care than that.

When he retires, the friend, the librarian, he moves from one place in Chelsea to another bigger, better place. It's a move up in the neighborhood. Prime real estate. He tells us they call it the "Faggot Fortress," some of the other residents, his neighbors. It's a building that extends for blocks, that takes up a whole couple of avenues in the city, that's how expansive it is. Behind a set of doors in the new place, the bed folds down from the wall. It's called a Murphy bed.

In that same building in Chelsea, others like us will live. Others like us will love. Others like us will hold each other, move deeper inside each other, and deeper, deeper into each other, far into the night. Others are together, and one turns to the other, turns him onto his back, or the other turns onto his back, the other gets on top, or the other one turns onto his stomach, and the other one gets on top. Or maybe they stay side by side.

Some years later, another librarian, a big-deal one, one I know after the other has left town, great place or no great place in the F. Fortress he sold it, is getting everyone drunk, and we are talking not only of books. We are, after all, gay men. Here, have another glass of wine. On to porn. Here, there's some more. Another bottle.

He points at me and says he just knows how I like to take it. He's drunk

It's not a charge. It's not like I need to defend myself.

Did he ask to know, really, what I was? Really?

I don't tell him about what I loved most, when the boy I'd be with in other people's beds would let me get on his back, would just lie down on his stomach for me. Or I don't tell him how he liked it when I'd straddle him, get on top of him, locking my legs tightly, closely, clamped onto the sides of his lower trunk, while we'd move.

That didn't mean I didn't want him to fuck me, which once upon a time I could have left or taken. Are you two anal, we'd be asked, me and the one other boy like me I'm sleeping with toward my end of high school, even in our small town. One of the couples we met in the mall, one of the two we knew, in the city of Macon, thirty minutes north, they wanted to know. If you hung around long enough, you might meet others like you, in the mall.

They'd love to hear all about it, though we weren't really doing it yet. Things moved slower there where I was from, than where I'd eventually come.

Off at college, no more waiting for parents to fall asleep, or trying to find somewhere to go during the day, to see what you could get away with, though off at college, you'd still not completely fled the nest. Another boyfriend, an older man. There was only one thing we hadn't done yet.

There were more, but I knew what he meant. It was an easy guess.

We'd take turns with each other.

Come on, he'd say, you're fucking me. And then I'd have to try to do it harder, slam into him, and he'd end up wincing, hurt, seizing up, staring at me, catching his breath, and we'd stop.

Other boys come here from somewhere else, too, who haven't grown up with and in New York City, either. Boys like me who might go from place to place, before it's all over, before they settle down, if they ever do. Boys who see how they might never have a home, if it isn't in the bed or arms of another boy.

We are driving to Buffalo. Now that we live in the city, we like to get

out of it, too, me and the boyfriend from the bookstore. We are driving with new friends. One of the men is one of those theorizers of men and boys like us. We meet people like this because my boyfriend and I both want to be writers. The older, more established writer keeps saying, while my boyfriend drives, things like, he could only imagine what the two of us got up to, what we must do together.

He says my boyfriend is like the Marquis de Sade.

He's so turned on by what this man is saying, must be, about what he thinks about him, how he must be sexually, that that night in the hotel, he's going to be more wild with me than he's ever been before, after all this attention that's been paid to him, and me, all throughout the drive. Or he's just so happy to be there with me, once the man has left our room for his own.

* * *

When we two were still sleeping together, sometimes we'd run into someone one or the other of us knew. Like, when waiting for the subway together, the upstairs neighbor of my first boyfriend in New York, who asked us if we were brothers.

They show real films at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, like in Chicago, where I make sure to go see the Wakefield Poole retrospective, someone doing what he did long before I was even born, and *Hustler White*, when I'm there, thinking I might try to move there. In *Goodbye*, *Dragon Inn*, one man looks for another man in the theater, while the movie plays, over and over.

As a boy, I'd wanted to be in movies, because in some you could see how people lived, and felt, differently. In Chelsea, there was the Chelsea Hotel, but it was too expensive to stay there now, even just for a night, forget about someone like me trying to live there. He'd tell me how I reminded him of the boy in *The Chelsea Girls*, in one of the scenes where the film captures strips and stripes of lurid colors, as they cross the boy's face, as he is talking. First red, then green. First stop, then go. One who talks about perception, touch, apples, on his lips; salt, on his skin.

Sweet of him to say, though we both know we're aging, and he no longer will want me that way he used to, when we'd first kissed on his floor by his stereo, and he told me I didn't have to go home that night. What I remember so much feeling was the rub against the texture of his jeans.

Boys, men here, we went as far with each other as we could see ourselves, and then we moved on to the next promising prospect. Some of us still thought of ourselves as boys, not men, or guys, not fathers, not dads, and for as long as we possibly could, we would.

The day before Christmas, in Fort Greene, a boy around my age would run his hand through my hair, while I gave him head. We started with me, ended up on him, the *Lord of the Rings* DVD he had been watching paused on the TV. It felt good to be rubbed like that and there. I used to always keep it so combed, something in it. Getting all dolled up, that's what my stepfather used to say about me, when I'd be standing in front of the mirror in my bedroom or the bathroom.

After we'd both made each other come, he asked if I was doing anything for the holidays, and when I answered, asked him if he was, he said sure not going home.

2

In Brooklyn, Fort Greene, I would be living alone. No more sharing a bed in Manhattan, after she said I didn't have to sleep on the couch if I didn't want to, with a girl I'd gone to the same college as, now in the city trying to make her name as a photographer. No more sleeping in the living room, on the couch that was a futon, across from the projects, in Boreum Hill, before the area has begun being identified more easily by its one gentrifying street, Smith, where the boutiques all move in. Even that neighborhood is not safe. No more Bay Ridge, where I bring whoever I can get ahold of late at night into the living room, onto another couch that also folds out into a bed, nights I can tell how my roommate won't be returning for the evening, and when I need to feel there might be other bodies needing like I do. Try to make sure we come on the floor and not the couch.

I need to wear clothes that show I don't care too much about my appearance, and then I might appeal to the broadest possible range of tastes. If I keep my nails painted punk, that'll scare some men off. I get more outside the more I seem to blend in with the men, to on the surface be just like them, still out, late at night, the more the clearest message is the one that moves between our meeting eyes.

Granted, there may not be grounds for a relationship here.

So where was I from?

Georgia.

But that's all I'd tell some.

To the city, that's where the men who didn't want to get trapped went, if what they needed was a change of scenery, when they saw the small towns beginning to isolate them. What begins to matter more than anything are the ways we could and did come together. There were places to go, if you wanted to meet guys like you, all over the city. Some worked hard during the days, and during the nights, when others were shutting their eyes, theirs would still be open, and looking, out on the streets, in the stores, in the bars, designated in one way or another as for our kind.

I've mostly stopped lying about my name, or what I do. I'm a student, I tell them. I write. The tattoo on my wrist, I can't take it away, and it shows itself off, if I raise my arm up above my head, if I've gone inside with someone, undressed, if I've leaned back for them, gotten on my back, at least take off my shirt, really relax, do what some of them want me to do, the way they want me to. Then some ask if that's my girlfriend's name, and I have to laugh. A writer, a dead poet.

I couldn't really live in the heart of anything, not the way I was struggling, financially. I didn't sleep with Chelsea boys, I slept with Brooklyn men. I'd walk up and down, along, around the promenade late at night, out by the highway, where some of the better off in Brooklyn lived. There was an area up around there, up in Brooklyn Heights, where sometimes the men would stop their cars, open their doors, have you go with them to drive around some, until they could find somewhere dark enough to park, or they'd just begin while driving, down in the shadows of the car, steering, where they could get to your fly, get it open, get you out, look at you, hold and move it around with their one hand not on the wheel, stashing you back, dropping it, or moving you up under your untucked shirt, and putting the other hand back up on the wheel again, if at one bright corner they had to stop, behind or for other cars. Or that one right there was a police one. It could be hard to see inside them. All you had to go by, when considering whether or not you might want this or that one to slow down, try to provoke him somehow, was the kind of car he had.

They either stopped for you or they didn't. If it was just a numbers game, the more like you there were around to catch, the better luck. You caught more flies with honey, I'd been told once, when coming off so angry at the world. You'd better get this all out of your system, while you were still young. Out on the streets of the city, you had to be able to take me for what I was, what I wanted to become, I kept telling myself.

If the sorts of men you were after didn't really want to be caught, it could make for arrangements where of prime importance was only whether or not you were in the same neighborhood. Some required little else.

I'd move through different neighborhoods, like moving through different sets, tracking myself through different hands, putting

myself into them, seeing who brought what out of me, how far I'd go with each, just how far I'd want to.

Depending on the boy or man, it fluctuated.

* * *

Red Hook, they called it, out toward the end of the island, where I was living underground, really, in the basement of a shacklike house, rigged for living, some electrical outlets put in, a hotplate, a space made for a shower. The ceilings were low and silver, and the whole basement felt at times like a tugboat. The moisture was kept pulled out of the air down there by a machine plugged in.

Nobody ever came inside, though I invited one or two in, kissed one boy outside the door, while he straddled and held up the frame of his bike. He'd ridden down from Cobble Hill. He laughed, because, he said, when he pulled away from kissing, he could feel my "boner," pressing against him. Then we kissed some more, and he said I was a good one.

I liked to. I didn't get to, not much. When he wanted to know how come, said I was so cute, I said something about my last boyfriend. He didn't really like to, or he'd stopped wanting to. Said something then about just having stupid men's room sex since then, for the last year or so. He himself was only kissing me because his current boyfriend never wanted to sleep with him anymore.

You lived in these compromised places, or with roommates, if you had no one in your life to share bills with you. Why didn't I just get another job? I was trying to make ends meet, and I was trying some nights not to be so lonely. I would be looking to pull myself outside of myself, for ways to get further outside me and my own tendencies.

You could be so close, and still so far. Down Coffee Street, down six or so blocks, there was the water, and out across it, the view of the Statue of Liberty. You could see some big boats going by, if you got lucky, pulling their whistles.

* * *

Another boy on a bike rides suggestively around, down by this pier in Brooklyn. Different boy, different bike. Different borough, different pier. He raises up, then lets himself back down, the seat grinding up into his body, the split between his legs, as he comes back up and then down again.

When it's obvious there's little to say, more to do, he can take me back to his place. He has a roommate, but he's probably not at home. Not at this time of the afternoon. If he's there, he can sneak me in, then back out.

When walking around there late at night, two o'clock and three in the morning, sometimes four or five, but by then the light in the sky is coming up, there are wild cats. Even in the winter, in the snow, still some.

I've taken myself to riding a bike around, a trick one, BMX, but it is old, a used one, with its mirrored silver frame, tires once detailed with gold rims, that paint now rubbed down. The chain will slip, if I ride too fast, though I mostly only use it at night, not for any real transportation, to get from one point to another, more just to slowly breeze through streets empty and deserted, especially for New York. Remarkably, for the city.

There are trucks, too, hauling things. They pull through there, or they park along one of the back streets, closer to the water, idling over there, for some later hours of the night.

Once I work myself up to riding slowly over to one, after circling around, getting brave enough to finally sidle up to the door. A short exchange, pleasant but gruff enough, culminates with the driver rubbing his crotch, like I am mine against the bike frame and my own hand, a gesture that could be brushed aside if need be. We're both horny, and he asks me if I know anywhere he could go to bang some bitches.

In Bay Ridge, Spectrum has been there forever, but it closes shortly after I move into that neighborhood. Some of the men out there don't need the bars for what they want. Some will open their doors to you, around two, late at night, around three, have a curtain already hung up and in place, which you're not to walk behind. Just stand there, in front of the curtain, and he'll reach around.

He calls it a glory hole, even though there's no wall, no hole, just his head under, around, the curtain.

The iron gate that leads to his space under the stairs is unlocked. He'll wait there for you. All you have to do is drop your pants.

Around come his hands, helping you get them open and down, coming around then again with the little brown bottle he's already taken up to his own nose hidden, offering you some now.

That's all right, you don't need it.

Oom-who, oom-who, mouth full of you, he mumbles for you to keep going, not to stop.

I'm blond, blue, roughly one hundred fifty, not smooth. Cut. Thirty-three. Appearances can be a trap. I have this, this one part of me. Top, if I fuck. With strangers. But I'm open to other things. Pretty versatile, otherwise.

Generally prefer scruffy types, I sometimes type when leaving an ad, looking to get out of the house some cheap way.

I like some of the clips on his DVD, called something like *A Hundred and One Shots*. Or *A Thousand*, like *A Thousand and One Nights*. Who could ever count so many? This man, whose house I go over to in Bay Ridge, has it going when I get there. It's all fragmented 'cause it's just for the good parts.

He wants me to find the door unlocked, when I get inside, take off all my clothes, and see him already on the couch.

Naked and stroking, he says, wanting to know if this sounds hot to me.

Before he'll let me just come over, he wants to talk on the phone first

I'd asked my writing teacher where he met his boyfriend, when he introduced me to him, and he said where everyone met these days, online.

In most of the "shots," the scenes setting them up, even if they've begun with only themselves, the men eventually will have someone stumble upon them, to come join them, play with them, play along. I like best ones I imagine are from the '70s, men from what appears to be this other time, dated with their mustaches, their bodies not shaved, not so all neatly groomed; muscles, bulk, or youth, thinness, not of such a seemingly set priority; in a more indeterminate state, in different ways nondescript, looking how I might like to when doing it, like a bit more than simply acting, a bit more desperate, and accepting, more accommodating, even, than purely pleasing, not so poised, at least not to my eye, trained on the here-and-now. Some things you only share with those you know are in some ways just as wanting as you. It wasn't in front of a gold-rimmed mirror anymore I was trying to convince myself I was there.

What do I want, they ask, what could they do for me, they want to know. If there was ever anything he could do for me, just let him know, one who calls me "stud" says, who asks if I like to role-play and just for a minute, once, goes into another set of words, to play with me like we're just two boys home alone. Another: You blonds, you always look so young. "Pretty boy," my stepfather had taunted. The more different I could look back then from all those rednecks, the better. There was one bar for boys like me, called the Pegasus. The boy like me and I would go around looking for more like us. I'd say stop the car, there in that stretch of the park, in Macon, where a street pulls through. That one perched there, smoking a cigarette, on the hood of his car, parked off to the side, looked like someone I might like. Looked "bohemian," an odd word at the time I liked the sound of in my mouth.

The more voices I gathered in my head, the better. The more they might build to a finer opinion, counteract, balance each other. More

options. More possibilities. More ways to see myself, see how men could be and want. Then the more chances to escape.

It'll begin to tickle them, scratch at them, when I haven't shaved in a while, and I'm letting my beard grow in. In his DVD, when the scenes shift more toward what I'd guess are the '80s, the settings move to nicer ones, bigger beds, richer sheets, bigger and smoother men on them. Afterward, after we've gone through a number of the scenes, manipulating ourselves and each other, together, or I let him do to me whatever he wants, don't really object, he tells me I can sit down, relax. I don't have to put my shoes and clothes right back on just yet. I can sit on the chair with the towel he's spread out on it for me, catch my breath. Do I want a beer or something? Some offer. Some before, some after. And if I take off too immediately, some are not going to ask me back.

Let him talk to me some more about my body, while he spreads out on the couch, keeps himself nice and hard, still slick, slippery. Squeezes out a bit more lube. I used to like to get it in my mouth. We were in love, so I could take in more of him. We were only doing it to each other.

All sorts of things are said in the heat of the moment, in the throes, but he wants to talk, too. About his job. He has birds in cages and cactus in terrariums. He's a landscaper. His ex, they both still live in this building, since they broke up. His ex got to keep the front apartment, while he moved into the back of the building. But they're still on the same floor, still close. They both like the neighborhood. Still like each other.

What's wrong with me, he keeps asking. I'd seemed so removed, so distant, earlier. He asks me if I just broke up with someone. You know how it is, he says, when you're fucking around, and you're saying to yourself, what am I doing here?

His ex is a man of fewer words, almost fewer even than me. I know because some nights I go to see him, too.

Just because they're no longer interested in each other, that doesn't mean they're no longer interested in sex. He does keep saying how some night he was going to let me fuck him, wanting to know would I like that, did I want that, like that might keep me interested, coming back. But he was going to have to be ready for it. I haven't lost my restraint with him, or he with me, like slipping inside the boy between neighborhoods, on the outskirts of my old one, not just his mouth, when he pulls me back, on top of him, on his back, strong legs up around me, spurring me.

His ex wants me to enter their building quietly, to walk down the hall quietly, will emphasize mostly the way I should come and leave, makes sure I know how not to get lost in that building. When I get to the top of the staircase, go up one flight to the second floor, take a left, go down to the end of the hall. One scene in the movie he has

on a couple of times when I arrive starts by showing a "soldier" alone in his military jeep, and then when he's caught with his khakis down, playing with himself over and through the steering wheel, he says something to the effect of, what would you do with one this big, Sergeant?

I was from "The International City," a joke, basically. They called it that because of everyone in the military who moved there. I used to think older men might help lead the way, might point me out of there. Sheltered, I knew, I needed to get away. Then I began to go to them because I thought I knew what I could expect from them. Believed I knew what they wanted from me.

Could he offer me a drink?

Back in Macon, this one with his life, dog, obviously expensive things, side table for his cocktails.

Something sweet.

He'll put it in some Coke.

In my class in the city, we were reading *The Ravishing of Lol Stein*. ("She says that in school—and she wasn't the only person to think so—there was already something lacking in Lol, something which kept her from being, in Tatiana's words, 'there.'") I was taking out loans from the government, ostensibly for school, and I'd defer until I couldn't any longer, I figured. Who cares if you die in debt?

In a small town, you needed to move, so you didn't keep coming across whomever, when it hadn't worked out. When I walked out of the building in Bay Ridge, I walked along a sidewalk that ran along road on one side, park on the other, a highway on the other side of the park.

A year and a half since I'd known where I could try to go at night when I just didn't want to go home, that long since I'd been with someone I didn't feel I had to protect myself from in subtle ways in sex. Then two years, three even, when I'm doing what you could call just fucking around. Or you could call it trying to see if the only thing I'd lost was a release. The city was full of alternatives.

I'd read the words wrong, sometimes in class, or mispronounce, like slips of tongue, though not quite, exactly. Things like reading "unwordly" in place of "unworldly." Maybe not a pointless juxtaposition.

Make it feel good, make it feel good for yourself, he kept saying to me, when he wanted me to control the way, the speed at which, I was going in and out of his opening.

FIGHT CUB

Geoffrey Knight

I wasn't looking for a fight. And yet there I was, sitting in the physics end-of-year exam with a cut on my chin and a wrist so swollen that my writing hand had to drag my pen across the page like a slave with a ball and chain strapped to his ankle. Don't get me wrong, I wasn't complaining at all, because every time I stole a glance across the examination hall at Mason my cock stirred and pulsed with such pleasure I refused to stifle it. Heck, I even sat back in my chair, a different person, and let my dick harden with the memories of the night before.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

"Get him!"

This I heard over the rattling pipes of the hot water system in the dilapidated dorm in which I lived. I'm not a member of a fraternity—I'm just not frat material. Sure, I try to look after myself, I have a pair of dumbbells stashed under my bed and when nobody's looking I do curls and dips and try not to pop a shoulder, and to be honest with myself—which doesn't happen all that often—my body's not that bad. Transformation from weedy geek to lean, well-proportioned lad is definitely within my reach. I look okay in the mirror these days—if I take off the glasses and tousle the hair and just relax. But that's a me the rest of the world simply never sees. Because I can't do exactly that—I can't just relax! I'm always on my guard: woolen vests as a shield of armor no matter what the temperature outside; glasses for a helmet; straight, flat hair because I simply wouldn't dare to do anything attention getting.

"Get him!"

The hot water was spluttering and pissing in bursts over me as the pipes clanged and shuddered. I was the only guy in the showers at the time. I showered late, when everyone else was at a party or having fun at the college bar or fucking someone in their room. It was supposed to be the safe time to take a shower, alone, in private, with nobody to size you up and put you down.

But suddenly I heard the cry of their voices.

I opened my eyes to the sting of soap and saw two buff guys in ALPHA GAMMA FUCKYA T-shirts practically sliding across the moldy tiles toward me at top speed. In their hands they held a pillowcase, like park rangers about to bag a snake. Only *my* snake didn't lash and hiss and spit. It simply recoiled in terror, stunned into shrinkage, before an elbow connected with my chin (the now gashed chin). Suddenly the white tiles all around turned into a star-filled night sky, then swirled into complete darkness.

Physics is different from quantum physics.

Physics deals with the things we can see: an aircraft made out of heavy metals and packed with human souls flying through the sky; two cars bouncing off each other when they collide while their occupants sail through the windscreen still full of momentum; an apple falling on Isaac Newton's head while he sits under a tree reading Shakespeare.

Quantum physics, on the other hand, deals with the things we can't see: what are atoms and protons and electrons and molecules and particles truly capable of? Metamorphosis? The folding of space? Time travel? What happens when you sleep? What happens when you're elbowed in the chin by a quarterback with a buzz cut and arms bigger than my thighs? Where do we really go—what alternate universes do we traverse—as minutes and hours slip by, lose their meaning, and before you know it, you're opening your eyes and your thumping head registers the fine cotton weave of the inside of a pillowcase? And the smell of manly sweat. And the sound of jocks laughing at you.

Then suddenly—

—the pillow case is whisked off your head and your flat, wet, honey hair flips and flops in the air, wanting to free itself and simply relax. But your chin is bleeding and your head is throbbing and your sight is blurred and all you can see are twenty ALPHA GAMMA FUCKYA T-shirts in front of you, all covering thick, muscled college torsos, all begging to be torn to shreds and flung to the ground.

Yes, those T-shirts would be much better off, off!

But then again, my chin was very sore!

"You're the money!" I heard someone say and looked up to see the gorilla-jawed, buzz-cut quarterback who had elbowed me.

I then looked down to see that I was still completely naked, my lean body glistening, having been snatched from the dorm showers. My hands were tied behind my back. I was in a rickety, broken chair in what looked like a derelict, rat-infested basement.

"Welcome to the attic," Buzz Cut screamed in my face.

Now I saw the window with its curtains drawn and the vaulted ceiling. Nobody has secret meetings in basements anymore, duh! This must have been—

"—the attic of Alpha Gamma Fuckya!" I was shouted at. "You've been chosen by the fraternity as tonight's prize!"

"Prize?" My lip cracked and started bleeding again.

"You heard me, bitch! You're here to be won."

"Won by who?" I should have said by whom, but I was bleeding and dizzy.

"By whom, bitch!" shouted Buzz Cut, surprisingly astonished by my mistake. "Jesus, it's a good thing we don't need you for your grammar skills! We need you for the end-of-year physics exam! You and your nerdy brain will be the prize for the winner of tonight's fight, and I for one intend to win. You're gonna help me pass tomorrow's test, or else!"

"Or else what?" I asked fearfully.

Buzz Cut didn't actually have an answer prepared and simply spat one out in straight rage. "Or else we'll make you wash every one of our jockstraps...with your tongue!"

He glared at me, his eyes and nostrils flaring like those of a demon from hell, but as I looked at the wall of muscled shirts in front of me all I could see were angels from heaven—in tight, torsohugging T-shirts, with lats for wings.

I hid my increasing desire. At least that was the plan. Unfortunately my cock was less subtle. It made its way down my thigh like a plane on a runway until it took off, ascending straight up, defying both gravity and my brave intentions not to make a bad situation worse.

Buzz Cut stared at it in horror and rage, as did everyone else, including myself. "Are you listening to me, pervert! Or are you too busy having some sort of faggot fantasy!"

I gulped nervously and stammered, feeling the heat of my erection against my belly. "N-n-neither! B-b-both! Yes! No! Shit!"

My rantings just made him madder. He was pushing the already high, tight sleeves of his T-shirt farther up his bulging biceps, true comic-strip style, and bunching up a fist, ready to beat the pleasure and desire out of me, when suddenly a piercing whistle cut the air.

It was a whistle of confidence, the sexy kind I could never make, the one that hot New York bankers in designer suits conjure up when they need a cab, with two moist fingers probing their mouths and manipulating their tongues as they blow.

Everyone ducked and covered his ears as though a missile had just passed too close overhead. Slowly the crowd of Fuckya frat boys turned then parted to reveal the one man in the room I hadn't noticed before, probably because of the wall of testosterone blocking my view.

This man—the one with the sexy whistle—was sitting at a bench press that I also hadn't noticed. He was unforgivably handsome, with a strong jaw and a flash of freckles across his perfect nose, the last sign of something innocent and sweet on his manly face. He looked to be around my age—perhaps twenty, maybe twenty-one—but his body was that of a man who'd been working out since he was a young boy. The sweat stains around his armpits and down the

middle of his pecs suggested he'd just finished lifting, and now his bouldered shoulders and heaving chest looked as though they could rip their own way out of his fraternity T-shirt. Then there was the matter of his gym shorts, tight and also bulging.

Quickly I blinked away the lure of his crotch and looked once more at his face, his iceberg blue eyes, the generous locks of his raven black hair. Instantly I wanted to run my fingers through those locks, but as though reading my mind he indulged in that privilege himself, using one large hand, fingers splayed, to push bountiful strands away from his beaded forehead, raising his arm high. I could almost smell the scent of his armpit, sweet and dangerous, irresistible.

My cock thumped eagerly against my stomach, an unruly dog pawing at the door. Luckily for me nobody noticed; they were all watching the muscle-bound god, obviously their alpha male. All but one had a look of adoration on his face—Buzz Cut.

His eyes turned to hateful slits as he glared at the man on the bench press, like a tribesman who had been number two for too long. "If you think you can beat me, Mason, then bring it! I need that pass in physics and I'm ready for you!"

Mason, the god, stood. "I need to pass too, Bobby." Oh, Jesus, his voice was so calm, so confident. "And if it means getting physical over physics, I'm ready too."

Despite being slightly larger (and certainly uglier) than Mason, buzz-cut Bobby's throat clacked at the response, nervous and mad. But he stood his ground nonetheless. At least he tried. It was a difficult thing to do when Mason threw down the gauntlet by peeling off his shirt. Actually, let me do this scene justice...by replaying it in slow motion...and please forgive me if I embellish a little... but Mason didn't just peel off his shirt—he teased it off over every last inch of his torso.

First his hands crossed each other in front of his belly before hooking the hem of his body-hugging tee. His fists lifted it just a little at first, hoisting it up three inches to reveal a navel buried deep in muscle and surrounded by a trim forest of stomach hair—so much hair for a man that young, yet so under control, so beautifully clipped, so admirably well-maintained. He lifted the T-shirt higher to reveal a four-pack, then a six-pack, then a glorious *eight*-pack, because let's face it, nature smiles on some guys—as was I.

Each pack was blanketed in that neatly manicured young male's mane, a little matted in areas from sweat, twisting into inky trails here and there. He pulled the shirt higher to reveal nipples. They were small and milky brown, waiting for someone to drink them, begging for someone to suck on the trim fur around them before clenching those hard buds between his teeth.

I swallowed hard and glanced down, noticing the glimmer of precum in the eye of my tortured cock. It was a good thing that nobody was looking my way. Mason still had everyone's undivided attention...

...as he pulled the T-shirt up to fully reveal his bulking chest...

...as he tugged the shirt over his head, messing up his bouncing black locks...

...as he threw the sweaty tee on the floor and flexed his pecs.

First the left.

Then the right.

He was like a young male lion about to take charge of the pride, giving off so much intensity and testosterone I thought I was about to cum right then, right there, even with my hands tied behind my back and my legs crossed trying in vain to stifle my stiffy.

Not to be defeated before the fight even began, buzz-cut Bobby suddenly ripped—yes, literally *ripped*; apparently hot men really do that—the shirt off his wide, muscle-carved back. I'm sure I heard a telling sigh escape one of the other spectators, but everyone ignored it, much too focused now on the two subjects who began to step out a circle, turning the attic into an arena in which to fight.

The others formed a ring and included me in it so that my rickety chair became the best seat in the house, so close to the action I could smell the perspiration as Mason stepped in front of me. For a moment he stood with his back to me, sizing up the opponent opposite him. I could make out his perfectly muscled ass beneath his gym shorts, and again my cock flinched. Then suddenly he turned around, and for a heart-melting moment he smiled at me. "Don't worry, Ethan," he said, winking. "You're mine."

I gasped, completely taken aback. Instantly I wanted to know how this stranger, this god, knew my name. But all that came out of my mouth was, "Look out!"

While Mason was busy winking at me, buzz-cut Bobby charged him.

Before Mason could so much as turn, Bobby brought his fist down onto Mason's right shoulder like a sledgehammer.

A bloodthirsty cheer rose from the encircling crowd as the mighty Mason twisted and buckled under the blow, every meaty muscle in his body jolting heavily as he came down on one knee.

Swiftly Bobby followed the first blow with a left hook to Mason's jaw, striking while his opponent was still down.

Blood flew from Mason's lips as a smile spread across Bobby's.

"You sure you don't wanna quit now before I mop the floor with your pretty face?"

Mason wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and shook his head. "Fuck you."

Bobby laughed and shrugged. "You wish." This time it wasn't his fist he used; with Mason still down on one knee, buzz-cut Bobby threw a foot up into Mason's jaw as though he were kicking a football.

Mason's head flew back and his entire body contorted before folding to the floor in front of me.

As the crowd continued to chant and cheer, I stared down at the

gorgeous, fallen god at my feet. Blood trickled down his chin. It had splashed onto his heaving chest and matted the hair there. Suddenly my heart ached for this battered beauty, until soon I heard myself say—beneath the noise of the frat boys but loud enough for Mason to hear—"Get up!"

Groggily Mason looked at me, strained, confused. "What did you say?"

"I said, get up! The physics lesson starts now! Newton's first law of motion states that a body is either at rest or moving in a straight line at constant velocity, otherwise known as the law of inertia."

"So?" Mason checked to see that his jaw wasn't broken.

"So get up, then get out of the way."

"What?"

"Just do it!"

My voice must have been more forceful than I realized because despite his obvious pain Mason obeyed my command without any further question or hesitation. One moment he was on his feet and back in the ring. The next, disgruntled by Mason's failure to accept defeat, buzz-cut Bobby charged at him like a bull.

Mason glanced at me, then back at Bobby. He held his ground, then a split second before impact, instead of fighting, Mason sidestepped.

Buzz-cut Bobby's momentum carried him straight into the crowd of onlookers, and with several loud grunts and groans Bobby sent himself and a group of stunned frat boys crashing to the floor.

Mason shot me a somewhat surprised and appreciative grin, licking the blood off his perfect teeth. I couldn't help but notice him steal a glance at my still stiff cock. I saw that his own crotch was beginning to bulge beneath his tight gym shorts, leaving little to my already overworked imagination. "Thanks," he said. And there was that wink again.

Across the room, an enraged buzz-cut Bobby had pulled himself to his feet.

"Any more lessons?" Mason asked me.

"How much do you weigh?" I thought quickly.

"A hundred and ninety pounds."

"How much does he weigh?"

Mason shrugged. "Two-ten. Maybe more."

"Charge him," I said. "Don't worry, he won't use your sidestep tactic. He's too stupid and far too mad."

"Are you sure?"

I nodded. "Newton's third law. To every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. The forces of two bodies on each other will direct them in the opposite direction."

"Translation?"

"Slam into the motherfucker as hard as you can and brace yourself. He's heavier. He'll fall harder."

Mason took a deep breath, took a step back, then with all the

speed he could muster within the enclosed space he charged at Bobby.

Bobby grinned and accepted the challenge, running as fast as he could at Mason.

Both men dropped their shoulders low, like knights in a joust, ready for the collision. Mason held his breath as the two hulking combatants plowed headlong into each other before ricocheting apart and flying backward through the air.

Having braced for impact, Mason thudded against the floor, rolled, then seemed to bounce straight back onto his feet. Buzz-cut Bobby, on the other hand, slammed against the floor so hard that every last breath of air was knocked out of his lungs. Eyes wide, veins in his neck bulging, he wheezed and gasped desperately for oxygen.

Mason was already storming over to his flattened foe. He seized Bobby by his thick forearm and jerked him to his feet. While Bobby stood spluttering, Mason threw a punch that landed square in the middle of Bobby's face.

Buzz-cut staggered backward as the blow popped his nose open and a starburst of blood covered his face, but it also seemed to knock the air back into his lungs.

Mason quickly dealt a second blow, this time to Bobby's cheekbone. But buzz-cut seemed to absorb the strike before responding swiftly with a powerful uppercut to Mason's chin.

Stumbling unsteadily, Mason teetered backward before turning and losing his balance altogether, falling to his knees in front of me, his face landing right in my lap.

I shuddered, mortified—stunned—thrilled.

Mason simply lifted his giddy, wobbling head, his cheek brushing against my erect cock on the way up, his manly stubble rough against my silky stem. An electric shock of pure delight shot through my entire being.

"Any ideas what to do next?" was all Mason could slur, blinking back the dizziness, his mouth so close to the engorged head of my cock it were as though he was talking into a microphone. I could feel the heat of his breath—and yet Mason did not remove himself or even seem to mind at all.

"Ideas on what comes next?" I gulped. I had a pretty good guess at what the answer would be if his beautiful face stayed in my lap much longer, but Mason needed a more scientific response if he was going to win this fight. Or more accurately, win *me!*

"Force," I mumbled.

"What?"

"Newton's second law. Force equals mass times acceleration." I looked down at Mason's mighty hands and considered what those generous fists were capable of. "You have the mass, but you're pulling back on your acceleration which is in turn affecting your force index."

"What do you mean?"

"You're pulling your punches. You're aiming short. Don't aim for his face. Aim for a point *beyond* his face. Follow through. Keep up your acceleration."

At that moment, buzz-cut Bobby grabbed himself a handful of Mason's hair and yanked his head out of my lap. He spun Mason on his feet, but before Bobby could so much as curl his fist, Mason delivered a right hook like a damn freight train.

Bobby's head swiveled with the blow and a tooth rattled across the floor

Before the buzz-cut bully could so much as register what just hit him a second fist flew at him. This time it was a hook from the left that sailed across Bobby's face, opening a gash above the eye then following through, not stopping till it was at least a foot beyond its target.

Bobby lurched backward, tried to hold himself up but tottered precariously on his quivering legs.

Mason stepped up to his opponent, pulled his right arm back, then launched it with all the power he had left in him.

Buzz-cut Bobby was unconscious before his bulky frame shook the floorboards. The entire attic went silent, I suppose wondering as I was if Buzz Cut was even still alive after that last killer blow. An unconscious snort and splutter that soon turned into a low snore assured us he was.

Twisting unsteadily on his feet, Mason turned to me then. "As I was saying," he muttered as his tongue tried to wash the blood from his bottom lip. "You're mine."

The stack of physics textbooks looked well worn, flipped through a thousand times. I assumed Mason had bought them secondhand from another student. Perhaps he came from a poor family. Perhaps he'd gotten those muscles as a teenager working at the local gas station during summer vacation in some tiny Midwest town, topless as he pumped gas into old Chevys, his manly hair only just beginning to sprout across his chest as it grew broader by the day. Or perhaps he worked weekends on a building site, lugging bricks to pay his way through college, his large hands lifting, stacking, pulling, jacking. The fact was, I knew nothing about him, had never set eyes on this beautiful buff creature before.

And yet he knew my name.

"Are you comfortable, Ethan?" He seemed nervous now that it was just the two of us. He had washed the blood from his face. Bruises were already forming.

"How did you know my name?" I was sitting uncomfortably on the edge of the bed in his small room, like a nervous child in the house of a strange spider-haired aunt. Only Mason was no spider-haired aunt. Here in his domain, with his bruises and his cuts, he seemed sexier than ever. Yet there I was, meek and utterly intimidated, rubbing my wrists, which had become chafed and swollen from the

ropes. I was no longer naked, at least not quite. Mason had generously put a towel around me. He himself was still dressed only in his gym shorts, which seemed to bulge more than ever now that we were alone.

"You're hurt," he said, noticing me rubbing my wrists. He successfully avoided my question by sitting on the bed beside me. "May I?" His voice was soft and caring as he took my forearm tenderly in his hands. His own knuckles were red and grazed, yet all his concern was focused on my wrist. He placed my forearm in his lap and I could distinctly feel his dick hardening against my skin. He began massaging my wrist, pressing it slightly into his groin.

I gulped and felt my guard shoot up—where was my woolen vest, my glasses, a book to put my head in? "We should study." I glanced at the red digits of his old clock radio on the bedside table. It was almost two in the morning. "We're running out of time. I'm supposed to help you study, remember? You didn't get the living hell beaten out of you for no reason."

"No, I didn't," he said, and I felt his cock swell even more against my forearm.

I tried to get up, although I didn't really want to. It was just a polite gesture, a nervous reaction. I pretended to make for the pile of textbooks, but Mason easily pulled me back on the bed.

"You liked watching me fight," he remarked. He was looking at the pole beneath my towel extending higher and higher. "It turned you on?" he asked, as if not wanting to make the assumption. Humility in the handsome is a rare treat and the ultimate turn-on in my opinion. My shaft shot to its full height beneath the towel.

I managed to conceal the tremor in my voice. "Yes."

Mason began to blush. "I like watching you, too."

I was confused. "What do you mean?"

"I've seen you around campus. You're so...cute. You probably never noticed, but I sit behind you in lectures. One row back and three to the left. Sometimes I follow you after class, at least until you get to the turnoff to your dorm. You've always got your head in a book, even when you're walking, do you know that?"

I nodded, not sure what to say. I was embarrassed, more nervous than ever. Nobody had ever admitted to watching me before. I didn't think anyone had a reason to. "Why would *you* watch *me*?"

Mason shrugged coyly. "I don't know. Because you're not like the other guys I hang around with. You're not like me."

"Opposites attract." The words came out of my mouth before I even realized it.

Mason smiled and I could see his heart skip a beat beneath his massive, trimmed chest. "Is that another one of the laws of physics?"

"No, that's one of the laws of love." *Ouch!* I grimaced at my painfully corny one-liner, but Mason just smiled at me adoringly for having said it. Suddenly I suspected somewhere beneath Mason's

hunky, fist-hurling façade was a fan-flapping, eyelid-fluttering, heart-swooning Jane Austen fan.

He was looking into my eyes now, occasionally glancing down just to watch my lips move. "I wish we could sit an exam for those laws." His face was closer now, moving closer still.

"It's supposed to be the other way around." I was whispering now, he was so near to me. "You seem so popular and...and perfect. I'm supposed to be the one watching you. You're not supposed to know I even exist. Are you just doing this to pass the exam?"

Mason shook his head.

"I don't get it," I breathed. "Science is the pursuit of knowledge through experimentation and reason. I need a reason for this. Why do you like me?"

"I can't give you one. Not everything is science."

With that he placed his sore, swollen lips on mine and gently kissed me.

Instantly I wanted more. My tongue parted his lips, opening the passage for both our tongues to explore each other's mouths. He took my jaw in one hand and unwrapped my towel as best he could with the other. I instinctively went for his tightly packed gym shorts, rubbing at the bulge trapped inside. He gasped through our kiss and pulled his mouth away from mine to say, "I've wanted this for so long."

Suddenly I found my courage. I grabbed the back of his head, keeping my adoring alpha male close and said, "Shut up. You sound like a line from my little sister's diary. Just shut up and fuck me."

Suddenly Mason's bruised and battered body rose off the bed, large and looming, and he seized me around the waist. He pulled me to my feet and my erection stabbed him in the stomach. He stole a kiss, then spun me about and dropped to his knees behind me.

I felt instantly vulnerable, blind, unable to see what was happening, uncertain of what I was doing here and yet somehow... safe.

The next thing I felt were his hands parting the round cheeks of my ass to make way for his hot, moist tongue.

My eyelids fluttered, I couldn't stop them.

Air slithered from my lungs and I didn't want it to return. I held my breath as that tongue slid up and down my sweaty, hungry crack, pushing against the ring of my anus, flickering inside me briefly, tauntingly, before pulling out again.

I heard him stand.

I gave a long overdue inhale and began breathing again, my head light and spinning.

Mason's hands slid away from my asscheeks and gripped me by my hips then swiveled me around to face him. He pressed his lips against mine, pushed his tongue inside my mouth and I could taste the sweet yearning of my own ass. My cock was pressed against his hard stomach, and the bulge inside his gym shorts was nudging my balls. I could sense he was in pain, aching to be set free yet waiting for me to have the pleasure of unlocking that cage.

Desire overcame my fears, and I was the one to drop to my knees this time.

My happily quivering fingers hooked the elastic waist of his gym shorts and pulled them down, gradually.

It was like unraveling a treasure map, following the hirsute trail to a beautifully manicured island of dark pubic hair. I could smell the sweet scent of his manly sweat mingling with the aroma of cum, near and inevitable. The plump stem of his shaft appeared, and suddenly my desire to see this cub in all his glory was simply too much to bear.

I stripped the gym shorts down the length of his strapping, hairy thighs and his dick flung itself through the air, missing my face by an inch to slap against his trimmed abs.

If Mason was my muscleman, then this was truly his muscle-cock.

It was massive, thick and sculpted, bursting with veins and heaving with confidence.

It moved up and down in front of my face, as though waiting for my lips to give it guidance, to hold it still and take it in my mouth. I opened my lips, my tongue reaching out, desperate to taste its sweetness. But before I could satiate myself, Mason took my head in his large hands and pulled me to my feet once more.

The bed was behind me and I could feel him backing me ever closer to it. I decided to taunt him in return; I didn't want to give him that much control, at least not yet. As he tried to maneuver me backward I quickly twisted the two of us around, taking Mason by sweet surprise and forcing him onto the bed.

Mason landed flat on his back on the mattress and courageously I tried to straddle him.

That's when he turned the tables once more, rolling quickly onto his side, flipping me onto the mattress. Side by side we continued kissing, elbows and knees and cocks digging into the bed and each other.

In a willing tussle he turned me flat on my back. My stiff cock smacked flat against my stomach and Mason smiled and licked his lips. I took his jaw gently in my hand and kissed his chin. At the same time, he took hold of my cock, low at the shaft, then pulled away from my lips and moved down my body. He crouched over me and pointed my pulsating dick toward his wet open mouth. Then, without another moment's hesitation, he devoured me whole.

His mouth was wide and hot, the most slippery, sublime haven my cock had ever known. His tongue navigated me around inside him, manipulating me, teasing me, sucking and releasing.

I took his bountiful black locks in both hands to steer the thrust and lunge of his hungry quest. I heard myself moan and in a reflex move Mason picked up the pace, his head bobbing faster and faster up and down my cock. I could feel the tension welling inside me. The muscles in my hips and buttocks trembled—partly from lack of use, partly from anticipation—as they rose up to meet Mason's plunging lips. He knew as well as I did that at this pace, I wasn't going to last long.

My balls began to surge up into my body, but Mason denied them their retreat, grabbing them and pulling them down hard.

A bolt of pain, of sheer ecstasy, rocked my body. I cried out and lurched forward, my balls caught in Mason's fist, my cock still ramming in and out of his mouth.

Suddenly the muscles in my back clenched tight and arched and with Mason's head held firmly in my hands the fire, the rush, the explosion filled his mouth, my hot currents coursing into the warm wet tunnel of his throat, swirling around the head of my cock, turning his mouth into a well of cum.

Mason swallowed hard and fast, gulping down one, two, three spasmodic jets of my sweet cum.

I panted and groaned as Mason released my cock from his mouth before he choked. I watched my dick exit his mouth glistening with saliva and cum, even stiffer and thicker and bigger than when it went in. I watched Mason's mouth gasping for air, my cum overflowing from his lips and oozing onto his strong, stubble-shaded chin.

There I lay panting and moaning and spent for a moment longer until Mason stopped my groans by shoving his thumb and index finger into my mouth. I sucked on them like a starving child ravaging a nipple, unrestrained and impossible to satisfy. I sucked ravenously, as though drawing new energy from them. Then Mason pulled his mauled fingers from my mouth and replaced them with his tongue.

We lay together, him on top of me, his rigid, furry stomach pressed against mine. His bulging, bulbous cock nudged against my drained balls and he thrust it sharply into my tender sac—perhaps a little too sharply—for I flinched hard. In a reflex response I shoved my hefty hunk right off the top of me and over the edge of the bed.

Mason rolled and hit the floor beside the bed with a loud thud... before laughing hysterically, achingly.

I leaned over quickly and looked down, embarrassed and concerned. All I could think to say was, "Fuck! Sorry!"

Mason wheezed and chuckled. "I guess that's the law of gravity."

"What goes up must come down," I said, shrugging.

"Not yet it doesn't." Mason reached up, grabbed hold of my forearm and vanked me down on the floor with him.

I landed on top of him awkwardly, forcing a pained grunt and more laughter out of him. We kissed again, more fiercely than before, our playful antics now turning passionately rough.

Without taking his lips off mine, Mason's hand felt its way up to the bedside table, opened the drawer, rummaged inside and pulled out a condom. Only then did he tear his mouth away from mine so he could bite open the wrapper, but before he could do anything with it I took the condom from him, then bravely ran my tongue all the way down his body. My lips were tickled by the hair on his chest, then his stomach. When my tongue reached the stem of his throbbing cock, I took the condom and slid it onto Mason's shaft with my fist.

Mason had already found the lube in the drawer and was passing it to me.

I squeezed a glob into my palm.

Lying flat on his back, Mason simply watched from the floor, his large stiff penis growing even harder at the sight of me massaging it with a lubed fist.

I squeezed more lubricant onto the tips of my fingers then circled the rim of my anus, gliding my index finger deep inside myself to wet my passage, relaxing the muscles. It felt good, but I was ready for something better—and bigger.

I took Mason's cock in my hand and straddled him, positioning myself over his shaft before nuzzling the head against my crack. The bulbous head pushed my asscheeks apart, eager to make its entry. It gave rise to my own cock, now suddenly rejuvenated and once more seeking attention. It grew in length and girth quickly, hardening fast and enthusiastically slapping against my stomach once more, sprinkling a few dewdrops of precum against my tensed stomach muscles...or were they leftover beads from the last orgasm? It was hard to tell. All I knew was, Mason could wait no longer. He moaned impatiently.

Taking a deep breath, I sank myself down onto his cock.

Mason rolled his head back against the floorboards, eyes shut, mouth open wide to let a loud groan of absolute pleasure escape.

At the same time I began to slide up and down his pole, slowly at first, the muscles of my warm wet ass gradually loosening, enjoying themselves, sweeping up and down with the motion of fucking, like seaweed moving with the ebb and flow of the tide.

But I wanted the tide to move faster.

I began sliding up and down Mason's cock harder, heavier. No, not sliding; grinding.

Mason began to reciprocate, thrusting his pelvis up off the floor as I came down to meet him, then pulling back as I lifted away. The movement transformed us into a well-lubed machine.

The air from my lungs came accompanied with a noise now—a soft, low moan with each breath. "Ahhh...ohhh..."

My stiff, bobbing cock seemed to be floating free, out on its own, unattended. Occasionally it snapped upward and smacked my stomach. Other times it bounced so hard with the rhythm that it slapped against Mason's fur-lined abs, making muffled drumbeats. Mason reined it in by seizing the shaft in one hand. He began stroking it. His palm was dry but my meat was still moist with his saliva. As the pace of penetration grew more and more intense, his

fist squeezed harder and pounded my cock faster.

My groans grew louder.

"Ahhh...I...I'm...cu..."

Mason pushed himself deeper and faster into me.

I rode him harder. Harder still.

He grunted, teeth clenched, as though he was back in the fight, determined to win.

I panted and groaned, words still trying to push their way out of my heaving lungs.

"I'm cu...I'm cum..."

Before I could spit it out, the head of my cock bloomed large and purple and its slit beaded up with another gleaming ball of precum, ready to do some spitting of its own.

My second orgasm in only a few minutes was even bigger and more powerful than the first. As my eyes closed and my mouth fell open and my head rolled back, I fired a blast of cum that soared over Mason's ribbed stomach and landed on the muscle of his chest, catching in the web of hair coating his meaty pecs.

As soon as the sizzling jism made contact, Mason's balls opened their own floodgates. He arched his back high, pushing himself as far into me as he could. Still groaning and rocking with ecstasy, I pressed my asscheeks down hard against his pelvis, eating up the entire length of his cock.

I felt Mason's head high inside me.

I felt the temperature skyrocket as the head of his condom bulged with an immense load of boiling hot cum.

Mason's body jolted once, twice, and again and again, each time shooting another pulse of cum from his shaft.

It triggered a second load of cum from my own cock, this time with less trajectory and more spent pain, the white spool landing in a shining loop across Mason's tight, hairy belly.

I gasped then, spasming with more sharp pain as Mason tried to gently, slowly, massage the last of the juice from my swollen cock. Gradually he lowered his hips to the floor as the last of his own cum spilled into the condom inside me.

For a moment we both stayed that way, speechless and exhausted. Then Mason sat up, his cock still in me, and wrapped his beefy arms around my torso. My tender shaft was pressed between our stomachs, the smooth skin of my heaving belly and chest prickled by his muscular, manicured torso. My cum smeared us both.

He kissed me then, a long, deep, passionate kiss. And when it was done, I looked into his eyes and whispered, "So much for studying. I'm sorry, but I think you're going to fail that physics exam."

Mason simply smiled. Like someone who knew better.

I failed the physics exam.

I spent so much time enjoying my hard-on and glancing across the examination hall at Mason that my distractions resulted in my first-

ever F. I was proud of it. After all, Mason was right—not everything is science. And science isn't everything.

I wore my failed grade like a badge of honor, for it came with memories of the best fuck of my life.

Mason passed the exam with flying colors.

At first I was completely bewildered. I thought he must have cheated, or been extremely lucky, or perhaps even slept with our professor. But as I got to know him—sitting next to each other in lectures, walking back to my dorm together after class, spending nights studying and kissing and fucking and waking up in each other's arms—I realized Mason was not a cheat. He didn't rely on luck, nor did he sleep with anyone to make the grade. Mason was in fact a straight-A student and had been all along.

That night in the attic, he didn't need to win me to pass the exam.

He didn't need me at all.

He simply wanted me, right from the beginning.

Just as I wanted him, his muscle and his mind, in the end.

My end.

HOT EATS

Kal Cobalt

Near midnight, my diner shifted from quiet to dead silent. Darlene's shift was over, and I'd sent Barry home early to tell his wife goodnight. The standard graveyard-shift crowd—freight-train railroaders from the depot across the street who liked their burgers well done and their steak with A-1—had come and gone.

The first customer after Barry left was a tall, rangy man in a gray T-shirt streaked with dirt. He greeted me with the cautious smile of the truly exhausted, though I could tell he was no railroader: no grime under the fingernails, no heavy bag of on-the-road necessities. "I didn't think there'd be anyplace open," he said, sliding his narrow ass onto one of my counter stools.

"We're open till two." I poured a hot cup of coffee for him, unasked.

"Thanks." He sipped at it, then looked up at me with slightly wider eyes. "Fresh."

I nodded. "We treat graveyarders right."

"I think you just secured yourself a regular."

"Good to know." I slipped him a menu. "Pies are half off after midnight."

"Definitely a regular, then." He wore the same kind of black-rimmed glasses Barry did, although I suspected they were at least twice as expensive.

"What would bring you here regularly in the middle of the night? You don't work the rails."

"You lens it? Cameraman?"

"Sort of. Cinematographer. Lord of the cameramen," he grinned, wrapping long, ropy fingers around the coffee mug. "Lord of the night shoots, too. It's hell down there."

"Sounds like hard work."

"Grueling work. I'm starved." He eyed the menu, flipping its single laminated page over. "You guys do the fried chicken this late?"

"If you'll take mashed on the side."

"I was going to ask for that. And the corn, please."

"Sure thing." I'd seen Barry assemble that plate often enough. I headed back to the kitchen, smiling to myself, and then it hit me: Shit. I like him. What little sex life I had, I kept separate from the diner scrupulously, and from the whole town of Grange if I could manage it. I barely broke even as it was, and the slightest whiff of homosexuality would drive the hardworking, big-tipping railroader crowd off me faster than a failed health inspection.

"What's your name?" I asked when I brought out the stranger's plate.

"Ted."

"Nice to meet you, Ted."

"Are you the owner?" he asked, ripping meat off the chicken breast with gusto.

"I am."

"You still get stuck with graveyard, huh? Can't find someone reliable to take it?"

"I prefer it. I'd keep the place open all night if I could."

Ted gave a surprised little nod. "So you could have any shift you want, but you pick nights. And I can't have any shift but nights on this production, and I hate them."

"I think life thinks that's funny."

Ted snorted agreement. "I think you're right. Life's got one hell of a sense of humor."

You're telling me. "I'm just going to start wrapping up the pies. Should I leave one out for you?"

"Slice of key lime, please," he said around a mouthful of mashed.

It was ridiculous to think I could intuit something about a man based on his dinner, but that didn't stop me from entertaining the notion. I speculated that this was not his traditional diet; he was far too lean and ropy to exist on fried foods and pie. Then again, if the dirt stains on his T-shirt were any indication, he worked hard; that, combined with irregular meals and a fast metabolism, might allow him to manage it all.

I shook my head. I'd had some strange flights of fancy while wrapping up the pies night after night, but this one took the cake. So to speak.

"Are you the only graveyard grub around here?" Ted asked. "Not that I'm going to jump ship, I just wonder. Everything else seems closed up tight."

"Everything else closes at ten, unless you want a bar."

Ted grunted. "Flashback to childhood. I grew up in a small town like this."

"Yeah?"

"I probably would've stayed, too, except that it's hard to make a living as a cinematographer in a town of ten thousand."

I nodded. "It's more suited to diners than movies." And more suited to people with conservative sex lives; that Ted grew up in a

small town and wished he still lived in one didn't bode well for my attraction, and I made myself tune out after that. I feigned exhaustion on a par with Ted's and pretended I liked to get all the cleanup done before I closed. I tried, very hard, not to watch the way he stuck his tongue out slightly to receive every forkful of key lime pie, and gave him only the standard thanks-and-good-bye nod when he stood. He left a good tip.

I convinced myself he was none the wiser, and I'd almost rid myself of my attraction to him. That lasted right up until I slid into bed, when I envisioned him on his knees in front of me, his mouth open, his tongue stuck out slightly to receive my cock.

"How are things with the wife?"

Barry eyed me over the rims of his glasses as he washed his hands. "Nothing new to report."

I nodded, trying to seem casual. Ted had been in every night for five nights, enjoying Barry's far superior fried chicken, and every night for five nights I'd tried to be just friendly enough, hoping neither Ted nor Barry would suspect me. Tonight, if Ted came in, it would be his night off; we'd have time to talk, I thought, and maybe—just maybe—I'd see some glimmer of interest from him. "Want to knock off early?" I asked Barry as smoothly as I could.

Barry grunted. "Not sure that'll make any difference. She yells no matter when I get home."

I pointed at the slightly wilted spray of wildflowers in an empty milk jug that a sixth-grade class had offered me as a tip. "Take those with you, see if she yells."

Barry dried his hands and gave me a sideways look. "Your marriage counseling isn't exactly subtle."

I patted him on the back. "Your personality demands straightforwardness."

"Mmm. Don't work too hard." He picked up his jacket, eyed me a little, and took the wildflowers, too. "If I still get yelled at, I'm blaming you."

"I'd expect nothing less."

The diner fell into an eerie quiet in Barry's absence. I watched the clock. Ted only got one night off a week, he'd told me, and slowly I realized that without the stricture of a meal period, he could cook something himself, back at his hotel. Or eat early and catch up on sleep. There were a dozen reasons he wouldn't walk through my door.

Instead, he was later than usual; he wandered in at one forty-five, sheepish behind his black rims. "Any chance of grub?"

"For you? Sure." I reached for the coffeepot.

"None of that tonight, thanks. I've got to sleep."

I nodded. "Beer?"

"Perfect."

"Bud?"

"You know me well."

I knew him well enough to risk what I was about to do, at least. I had no liquor license, and had suggested Bud simply because I had a couple of bottles stashed in the fridge for myself. "On the house," I told him, and came around the counter to turn the sign to CLOSED and lock the door.

Ted grinned. "My lips are sealed."

"Thanks. The usual?"

"Yes, please."

As I fried the chicken, I pondered how to approach him. Beer rather than coffee was a good sign, but it was still dicey. I figured he wouldn't exactly run out to ruin my reputation now, but I risked losing his casual friendship if I spoke up. Then again, if we felt the same way about each other, he was probably out there thinking the same thing.

"How's that sitting?" I asked, nodding toward his beer when I brought out his dinner.

"Very well, thanks." He tore into the chicken breast first, as usual, and made panicky little huffing sounds as he sucked air into his mouth to cool off that first searing bite, as usual.

I watched him eat. I could say something, anything, to get the dialogue started, especially now that he was committed to the meal and a more or less captive audience. Especially now that he was licking the buttery mashed potatoes off his fork. Especially when he wrapped his lips around the beer bottle so perfectly.

I fetched his slice of pie instead, my cheeks hot.

"You're quiet tonight," Ted noted.

"Preoccupied."

"If you want to talk, I'll listen. You've listened to me whine often enough." Ted licked a stray streak of butter from the corner of his mouth.

"Not sure you'd be interested in what's on my mind."

He gave me a come-hither motion with one greasy-fingered hand. "Try me."

I stared at him, trying to convince myself to speak. "Relationship problems," I finally said.

He laughed. "I can definitely lend an ear to those."

"It's not like that. It's not knowing if how I feel about someone is reciprocated."

"There's a good way to find out." He sucked an especially greasy finger into his mouth.

"Yeah?"

"Mmm-hmm, Ask,"

I shook my head. "Good idea, wrong situation."

"Mmm. Sensitive arrangement?"

"You could say that."

"You could drop hints. You know, hang around a little more than you have to. Be friendly. Stop by for dinner, even on the nights when

you're not working."

I blinked. "Are you serious?"

Ted shrugged.

I fought with myself over what would be better: confess attraction to him, or just my orientation? Pros, cons, and my moment slipping away. "I'm gay," I said, my cheeks hot.

"I'm bi." Ted's voice was completely level, his gaze firm.

Oh, god. "I'm attracted to you."

Ted grinned. "Your fried chicken's nothing compared to Barry's. Why do you think I keep coming back?"

I laughed. Just shook my head and laughed. "Well, thank you. And I know. About the fried chicken."

Ted shrugged. "Your conversation makes up for it. And your ass." He wiped his hands thoroughly on his napkin, grinning at me. "Can I have a tour of the kitchen?"

"Come on in." I beckoned for him to come around the counter.

He got to his feet, offering me a sly smile. "Always wondered what it was like back there."

I pushed open the double doors and made a wide Vanna White gesture. "Welcome to the kitchen. Here's the standing freezer—"

"Stop right there. I like the standing freezer." He backed me against it, his big, wiry hands tight on my hip bone.

I swallowed. This close, I could smell the fried chicken on his breath, the warm tang of his sweat. He just watched me, lips curved slightly upward, waiting for me. There were windows. We could be seen. My reputation—

Fuck my reputation.

I slid my hands up the sides of his face and gently pulled his glasses off, resting them on the top of the freezer. I'd seen him without his glasses once before, on a bad night, when he'd pulled them off to rub at his eye sockets with the heel of his hand; seeing his eyes this way was much more satisfying. I pulled him toward me, tilting my head to place a kiss on his upturned lips.

The first touch was electric. His mouth opened immediately for my tongue, his hips arching up for me at the same time. I wrapped one arm around his waist, dragging him against me, but he shoved me back, pinning me against the cool exterior of the freezer.

"Goddamn," he moaned against my mouth. "Why the hell didn't you say something sooner?"

"I could ask you the same thing." I slid my hands along his belt, easing the tongue out of the buckle.

"Small town. Not a good place to go professing attraction for boys," Ted grinned, tugging my shirt out of my jeans.

"Same here." I yanked Ted's zipper down, shoved my hand down his Calvins. His cock was thick and heavy already, a hot moist heft below crisp, dark curls. His hips bucked toward me uncontrollably, and I grinned and made a fist for him to thrust into.

"Not enough." Ted pulled the bar apron from around my waist and

dropped it to the floor, then tore into my slacks with a hunger I hadn't seen in him, even for Barry's fried chicken.

"Not enough," I agreed. In moments his jeans were around his thighs and my slacks were at my ankles, my ass cold against the freezer door.

"I suppose the health department doesn't look too kindly on this kind of thing," Ted moaned against my mouth, his rough hand wrapping around my cock.

"Health department guy's on vacation." I grabbed Ted's ass, dragged him hard against me. "I'll clean up, promise."

"Suck me off?" Ted bit at my neck, just below my ear, and words failed me.

I moaned instead and slid to my knees, my discarded apron cushioning them from the cracked linoleum floor. Ted's cock bobbed upward in anticipation, and I wrapped my lips around the head, humming softly at the dark, salty taste of him.

"Fuck," Ted moaned, leaning forward to brace his forearms on the freezer. "Won't last."

I pulled back, rubbing my hand over his spit-slick cock. "Don't want you to." I took him deep then, wrapping my arms around his waist. I heard his fingers claw at the lid of the freezer, so fucking hot, and kept going as quickly as I could.

Ted cupped one strong, calloused hand around the back of my head, and I opened wide to receive his thrusts all the way into the back of my throat. His groans echoed off the walls of the tiny kitchen as he came, hot salty jets across the back of my tongue, and I closed my eyes as I swallowed him down.

"Christ," he breathed, clinging to the freezer as he backed up to let me off my knees. "That was really good."

Ted gave me a sudden, boyish grin, pressing me up tight against the freezer. "Ever been sucked off in your diner before?"

"Uh—no," I gasped, shuddering at the way his hip bone was snugged just so against my cock, "but if you keep coming around I'll be happy to—make it a habit...."

Ted snorted out a little laugh, leaning down to brush a kiss against my lips. "Me too." He pressed closer, forcing my ass firmly against the cool freezer, and slid one hand down over my cock.

"Fuck—won't last long," I groaned, shifting so I could wrap my hand around his.

"Mmm. Show me." Ted leaned his hand up gently into mine.

So I did: I gripped his hand and showed him how to stroke me, tight and long. There was a certain lightness to his eyes, a joy in the playful aspects of our situation even as he worked hard to drive me completely out of my mind. He leaned down over me, brushing his lips against my ear. "Wanted you from the first time," he panted. "Thought about bending you over the counter and having to untie

your little apron before I unbuckled your belt." He slid down to his knees, and I braced my arm against the wall behind the freezer in preparation.

"Wanted to suck you off right there on the barstool," I offered in return, barely breathing. His lips nearly touched my cockhead. I felt his breath against my slit.

Ted gave me another one of those brilliant, half-crazy smiles. "No reason we can't do all of the above," he said, and sucked me down.

It was like Ted's mouth was made for my cock. He hollowed his cheeks, playing his tongue up along the underside and teasing the spot where the shaft met the cockhead. I tangled my fingers in his hair, watching him find a slow, steady rhythm. He cupped my balls in one hand, teasing behind them gently with his fingertips, and my knees buckled. "Close," I hitched out.

He pulled back, fondling my balls firmly. "I had a feeling," he smirked, and set to sucking me as hard and fast as I'd ever been treated to before.

"Oh, god," I groaned, rising up on my toes, working my hips forward in time to the sucking, smacking passes of his mouth. My balls tightened in his hand, and with one last moan I came, holding his head close, thrusting my cock along his tongue as spasm after spasm wracked me and he swallowed every drop.

I sagged against the freezer, completely spent. Ted got to his feet, his hands on my hips, and nuzzled into my neck. "Damn, I needed that," he grinned, kissing me on the lips. "You all right?"

"Yeah." I nodded toward the windows out to the darkened street; in the distance, the streetlights blinked yellow. "Hoping the cop doesn't see the lights on after closing and check up on me."

"Mmm. D'you have a bathroom where we can clean up?"

"Yeah." I pushed away from the freezer, picking up my slacks just to carry them in front of me modestly as I led the way to the tiny employee-only washroom.

"That's better," Ted murmured, and pressed me tight against the wall beside the toilet, kissing me hungrily.

I grunted, startled, but quickly returned the kiss, dropping my slacks to drag him closer by his still-open jeans. He slid those big hands around the small of my back, crushing me against him until his tongue was down my throat and I could barely breathe. When he pulled back, it was only far enough to look into my eyes. His lips quirked up fondly, and he carded the tips of his fingers through my hair.

"Is Barry working tomorrow night?" I grinned. "No. Morning shift." "Good. See you for a quickie?" "Absolutely."

I breezed into the diner the following afternoon with a huge grin. There was no point in trying to hide it; I was pretty sure I'd even

smiled in my sleep. "How's business?" I asked Barry.

"Booming. Hey, question for you." He rested a pair of black-rimmed glasses on the counter.

I glanced at him; he was still wearing his. "What are those?"

"Found them on the floor by the freezer."

I swallowed. "Oh."

Barry shook his head. "Listen, you know I don't mind the night shift too much. If you want me to take one so you two can use an actual bed sometime, I would."

I blinked. "What?"

He lowered his head, staring at me mock-accusingly over the rims of his glasses. "It wasn't hard to piece together, even before these." He waved the glasses. "You've never been this interested in my marriage before. Marilyn says hi, by the way, and thanks for the flowers."

"Uh." I looked away, trying to ignore the sinking feeling in my stomach. "I guess I figured you'd be against that kind of thing."

Barry shrugged. "You must want it pretty bad if you're getting it on in the kitchen. It's none of my business anyway, but it's not like I can't relate, too."

I shook my head again. "Well, thanks. I didn't expect this."

"I have a feeling you didn't expect him, either," Barry winked. "You let me go home a few hours and rest up, and I'll come back before your fella gets here."

"Thank you, Barry."

"You're welcome." He winked again, wiping his hands on his apron. "Don't forget: we're not *all* conservative around here."

RED RIGHT

Dominic Santi

You have a beautiful butt, Sir."

I concentrated on my hand, thrusting again, waiting until Martin's asslips snugged up tight around my wrist before I answered. "You think so, punk?"

"Yes, Sir," he gasped, shivering appreciatively as I carefully turned my fist.

Martin's hot young body was pure eye candy, especially when he was stripped down to just a leather harness, his combat boots, and the gold bar in his right nipple. I knew he was legal—I'd made him show me two IDs our first time together. But his curly brown hair and big brown puppy-dog eyes, and my knowing he worked as a bicycle messenger, kept me very aware of the sizeable difference in our ages.

I hadn't restrained him this time. I wanted to see if he could hold himself in place with just a voice command. He'd made me proud. I pressed deep again. He groaned, gripping the chains suspending the sling. His legs were spread wide, his puffy asslips glistening under a heavy frosting of Elbow Grease. The room echoed with his guttural cries each time my fist slid over his prostate. His biceps strained, hard and sexy, as he held on, dripping sweat, his eyes closed tight.

I eased my hand out, quietly fingering him while he caught his breath. We'd been playing all evening. Martin's low purrs told me he was getting tired. His soft cock rested contentedly on his belly. He never got hard when my hand was in him. As usual, my dick was so hard I hurt. I'd considered having him suck me off before we called it a night. But his comment got me thinking. I had an inkling this particular punk was not all bottom.

I moved to the side of the sling. Martin dropped one hand and tentatively reached toward me. When I nodded, he brushed his fingertips lightly over the smooth leather of my chaps. I tried to hide my shiver as his hand glided up my thigh and burned onto my hip. His fingertips were hot, the way I liked a man's hand to feel sliding over my ass. Martin didn't know it, but this particular daddy was not all top.

"Wow, Sir. Your skin feels great. Smooth and hard and kind of, you know, silky." Martin blushed at the unaccustomed flowery words. His voice was a firm, steady tenor. He'd be able to do a lot with it when he learned how.

"You think so?" My eyes wanted to close, to sink into the sensation of those powerful fingers curling around my ass. Instead, I slowly worked my hand back inside him.

"Yes, Sir." Martin breathed with my strokes for a while, clenching my asscheek instead of the chain. When I rested my hand, his fingers slid down into my crack. Touching. Feeling. Learning me. His fingertip brushed lightly over my asslips.

"Your ass is hot, Sir."

I nodded, not trusting myself to speak. Martin had a firm, steady grip. And for the first time, his cock was filling with my hand inside him. I watched as his flesh grew harder and longer and redder than I'd imagined it could. His balls tightened as I almost imperceptibly turned my fist. I twisted, pumping slowly, rubbing his prostate and reveling in his groans. I shifted my weight, moving my left leg to the side, spreading my thighs for him. The cool air fluttered against my asslips as they kissed his fingertip. My own dick got painfully harder.

"So hot, Sir—unh!" Martin clutched my asscheek hard, staring wide-eyed as a translucent pearl oozed from his piss slit. He looked down at his dick like he couldn't figure out who it belonged to.

"You like that?" I tried to keep my breathing steady and almost managed it.

"Yes, Sir," he whispered, grinding his shoulders against the sling. I wasn't sure if he was talking about my touching him, or his touching me. I didn't think he knew.

Then his eyes widened as his brain registered what his fingers were feeling. I'd greased myself. I always did—a throwback to the old days. It was plain Vaseline. I hadn't been fucked in years, and my dildos didn't mind if the rubbers broke. My asslips could kiss against each other all evening as I fisted my unsuspecting bottoms.

But something flickered in this one's eyes. As I curled my fist against his joyspot, another tear of precum leaked out of him. He grimaced, a cry breaking from his throat as his dick jerked. His whole body stiffened, clamping around my hand. In that same breath, Martin shoved three fingers up me, all the way to the knuckle. I arched forward, gasping at the pain and the burn and the unexpected stretch. The sensations rippled through my ass, and with no warning, my untouched cock spurted jizz onto Martin's belly, the long white ropes mixing with his as he threw back his head and howled out his climax.

I leaned my forehead against a leg chain, willing myself to hold still, trying to catch my breath as my heart pounded in my ears. I couldn't decide whether to beat Martin for his insolence or kiss him in relief.

He didn't give me much chance to think. I was still panting when he pulled his fingers out of my ass and stroked my asscheek.

"I'm sorry, Sir," he smiled, wiggling his butt at me and failing miserably to look repentant. "But I really want your ass. If I mind my manners, will you teach me?" He groaned as I took a deep breath and started carefully working my hand back out of him. "Please, Sir? Unh!"

"Let your body finish enjoying the trip," I growled, pulling my fingers free. "There will be years and years for you to work this side of the fence." His hole purred so appreciatively, I couldn't be mad. My fingertips stilled as they kissed over his puffy lips. I took a deep breath. "Saturday night, punk. If this is what you want, I'll be ready for you then."

"Yes, Sir! I'll be here, Sir!"

I'd resigned myself to being a top years ago. It seemed part of growing older, and I loved giving pleasure to other men. Deep inside I still saw myself as a slutty bottom. But no matter how I felt, the mirror still showed me a "mature" face. Short-cropped, steel-gray hair. Icy blue eyes. Sleek, black chest pelt touched with silver that rippled smoothly when I flexed. I prided myself on having maintained my physique, but I wasn't foolish enough to think I still had the body I'd had at twenty. Or thirty. Or even forty, dammit. My dick still looked good, though, nicely proportioned with a thick mushroom cap. My hand and I made sure it stayed in shape, even when I took a break from prowling the bars. And my balls hung lower now. I liked that—it made them look bigger.

My asshole was in fine shape, too. I treated it to a good workout with a dildo at least once a week. But I hadn't been fisted in almost twenty years. And in all that time, I hadn't called another man, "Sir." I made a ritual of getting ready. On Saturday, I dutifully lubed up a small plug and stuffed it up my ass, switching to gradually larger ones as I spent the morning scrubbing the playroom until it was sterile enough for surgery. That afternoon, I went into the bathroom and cleaned out in a way I hadn't done in a helluva lot of years either. Martin was due at 4:00. I finished up by putting on a plain white jock and the leather chaps he liked so well.

Martin was punctual, as usual. I recognized the sound of his boots on the sidewalk. This time, though, his sharp knock was decidedly arrogant. As I started to open the door, he barked, "Turn around and close your eyes!"

"Yes, Sir," I smiled, obeying at once.

The door closed in back of me. His backpack thumped on the floor, amid a shuffling of clothing, zippers and snaps.

"Okay. You can look now."

I did. My little bottom punk stood there wearing his boots, new chaps with a leather codpiece, and a new leather vest that showed

off the shiny gold bars—in both his nipples!

He grinned as he saw where I was looking. "You like?"

"Very becoming," I laughed.

"Thanks," he blushed. "I wanted to do something to mark the occasion."

I leaned forward, toward his chest, then caught myself. "May I, Sir?"

"Um, it's still too sore to touch."

"I'll be careful, Sir."

When he nodded, I bent my head and placed a gentle circle of kisses around the tender, swollen peak. I could almost taste his pride, in himself, and in the beauty of his proud, erect young nipple. I traced the outline of his pecs with my tongue, reveling in the sleek strength of his smooth, muscular chest and the light dusting of young fur. Then I turned my attention to his other nipple. I tugged lightly on the bar with my teeth. He gasped, his hips arching forward, his cock swelling as hard and fast as my own.

His hands didn't come up to hold my head, though. Martin stood there, hands obediently at his side, the way I'd taught him. I realized I was going too fast. With a final kiss, I took his hands in mine, and dropped to my knees.

"Thank you, Sir." I pressed my forehead to his hands. "You have beautiful nipples."

"Thanks, Sir. Um, I mean, you're welcome, S—I mean..." he stopped, flustered, breathing hard. "Give me a sec. I'm a little confused right now, S—Karl." Martin moved one hand tentatively out of my grip and put it on top of my head. "Just wait a minute."

"Yes, Sir." His cock was pressing hard against the codpiece, right in front of my face. But I didn't make a move toward it. He hadn't given me permission. Besides, with an erection like that, I knew that sooner or later, he'd open the pouch. Eventually, his hands moved down, massaging my shoulders, my back. The lower they went, the more my asshole itched to be petted.

"I've been thinking about this all day, Karl." Martin seemed to enjoy trying out my name, rolling it around on his tongue as he talked. "I probably shouldn't tell you this, but I've wanted your ass for a long time. I can hardly believe you're giving it to me." He pulled me to my feet, wrapped his arms around me and hugged me to him. I hugged him back, leaning carefully to the side so I wouldn't press against his sore tit. He seemed too excited to notice.

"I beat off this morning thinking about how good your ass was going to feel around my fingers." I jumped, partly from his words, partly because just then, he squeezed my asscheeks. Suddenly, he laughed. "I wasn't worth shit at work today. And now that I'm here, I'm hard all over again. I can hardly wait."

"I spent all day with butt plugs up my ass, so I'd be ready for you, Sir." I lowered my eyes respectfully as I spoke, gasping as his finger slid over to rub my asshole.

"Fuck, Karl." The finger sunk in. "Wow, you feel good. You're going to make me come in my pants if you keep saying things like that."

His finger was going to have the same effect on me if he kept up what he was doing. Martin didn't know how to pace himself yet. I tried to buy us some time.

"Would you like something to eat or drink first, Sir? I made lasagna if you want dinner." I knew if I didn't ask now, I might be too distracted to offer later. I didn't want him to get accustomed to bad manners in a bottom. "Or we can go straight to the playroom."

His hand cracked down hard on my left asscheek. I jumped, staring up at him in surprise. Martin's eyes absolutely sparkled. His grin was domineering and bossy and filled with lust.

"I'll decide when we go to the playroom." He squeezed my butt, just hard enough to emphasize the new heat burning there. "I want ice water, with a slice of lemon in it. Now!"

"Yes, Sir!" I said, my dick pressing hard against the jockstrap. Martin was doing just fine. Five minutes later I carried both our glasses down the hall.

I'd put on a different music mix than I usually used when we played together. I hoped that would help us both feel fresh. Martin took his time looking around, checking the setup, inventorying the supplies. Finally he nodded at me. "Looks like everything's in order. Good job, um, punk."

I bowed my head, hiding my smile as the unaccustomed work worked its way past his lips. "Thank you, Sir. I've had some practice."

"Yeah," he grinned back, his eyes flicking across the room to the case of Elbow Grease I'd opened at our last session. Then he put his hands on my shoulders and got very serious. "I really want to do this, Karl. The way your ass responded when I put my finger in you, that was so hot, Si—." He blushed. "Aw, hell. You know what I mean. When I realized you'd greased yourself, I about blew my wad right then."

"You did blow your wad." I kissed him. Impudent, but I couldn't help myself. Martin didn't notice. He was grinning again, eyeing me up and down, nodding approvingly at my attire.

"You were hot. Now strip to your jock and get in the sling. Punk!"

He helped me lie down, steadying the chains as I moved into position. Suddenly he put his hand on my leg.

"You've done this before, haven't you?" When I nodded, he sighed heavily. "Good. I'd assumed so, but I just realized I should have asked—in case this was your first time, too. I don't think it's a good idea for us both to be virgins at a time like this."

At the word "virgin," I burst out laughing. "Martin, it's been a long time, so I'll probably be tight as hell. But I have definitely done this before. And I love it." I settled back into the sling and lifted one leg toward its strap. "Think of me as a very experienced virgin."

He grinned all through adjusting my feet into the straps. He was still smiling as he walked around to my head and picked up a wrist shackle. "Give me your hand."

"What?"

"Give me your hand. I'm going to restrain your arms."

I froze, my guts suddenly clenching. I hadn't expected that. For some reason, it made me, well, if not afraid, anxious. "Why?"

"Because I want to." The puppy-dog eyes had taken on a distinctly wolfish cast. "I want you completely at my mercy. I'm going to make you come the way I've always dreamed of making a bottom come."

He waited. Patiently. His eyes locked on mine. When I finally, slowly, reached up, he took my hand and squeezed it, waiting for my answering grip. It was such a familiar motion between us. Yet from that angle, it felt surprisingly new. I could see how closely he was watching me, learning my body language as he buckled my wrist into the cuff.

"Tell me to stop anytime you want, Karl. Just regular words, so I don't get confused." When I nodded, he lifted my other arm. "I want to go nice and slow. Get your ass as loose and hungry as you get mine. Then I want to fuck you with my hand until you come." He tugged on the cuffs, testing them. "I can't climax with a fist up my butt, but I think you can. Right?"

"Yes, Sir." My mouth was suddenly very dry. My asshole twitched with his every word.

"I hope you're not in a hurry. It's going to be a long time before you get to come."

I groaned as my cock again pressed up into the now-damp cotton of my jock. Martin moved between my legs and started petting my thighs, getting me accustomed to his touch, himself to my responses. The friction over my leg hair made my skin feel alive. I lay back and enjoyed watching Martin learn my body. His hands were firm and strong, his nipple bars gleaming in the soft lights as he ran his hands up and over my asscheeks, gradually moving toward my crack. He was a beautiful bottom. He was also a beautiful top.

I jumped when he snapped on the glove. The smell of lube filled the room. A cool glob touched my asshole, and his hand slid up and down my crack. I moaned contentedly. His large circular motions gradually became smaller, until eventually he was concentrating almost exclusively on my hole. I sank deeper into the sling, my shoulders relaxing as he massaged me. He took his time, letting me savor each touch as first one finger, then another, worked its way inside and started tugging—long, slow, sensuous strokes that loosened me to my bones as he stretched my slowly opening asshole. I closed my eyes, lost in the sensations.

"Do you use these toys on anyone but yourself?"

"Huh?" I opened my eyes, blinking up at Martin as his question pulled me out of my reverie. I'd put out my own toys for him to use

on me, but I was suddenly embarrassed to realize he was thinking of my having had them up my ass already. "Ah, just on myself...Sir." I blushed.

"Good. I like thinking about you being fucked."

I arched up as a greased plug slid up my butt. My ass tightened down hard. Martin grinned nastily. He alternated between dildos and plugs, stroking them in and out, letting the vibrating ones loosen me for him as my cock drooled and he ran his hands over my body.

"Mmm," he whispered, kissing my navel. He was fucking me with a particularly large dildo. "Your belly's telling me it wants me to fill it up with something even better than this fake dick—something alive and warm."

"Uh-huh." I gasped. My greedy ass was in heaven, my dick twitching every time the huge toy stretched me. I was sensitive in a way I didn't remember being the last time I was fucked. I'd been used to it then. Now, everything felt new. I shivered as the dildo slid out. Then Martin's fingers kissed my asshole. I knew what I must look like, stretched open, glistening with lube, slightly puffy from the toys.

"I need more room." His pocketknife flicked out. He snipped one leg of the jockstrap, then the other, yanking the remnants off me. Then his fingertips were teasing over my asslips. "So pretty, Karl." He leaned over and kissed my thigh, licking softly. "I want to suck your dick, but I'm afraid you'd shoot."

My cock oozed at his words. "Sorry, Sir," I panted. "I probably would."

"That's so hot," he laughed. His hand pressed. He had four fingers in, and was going for the thumb. He stuffed gobs of lube in front of himself, methodically greasing his way in.

"Unh!" No matter how much a toy stretches me, the first push of a man's hand is always harder to take. But it's so fucking much better than any toy could ever be.

"Easy," he whispered. "Open for me. That's it. Just a little bit more..." $\ensuremath{\text{That's}}$

Martin was using all the tricks I'd used on him. Holding his hand against me with a steady, unrelenting pressure. Making my asslips beg for him, making them stretch and suck him in, making them kiss their way up his hand. I gripped the chains hard, groaning as he slid on the cool layer of grease, his knuckles pressing against me. The friction burned as I stretched, wider than my sphincter thought it could go. I wanted to scream—couldn't stop the cry that worked its way out of my mouth. It hurt so fucking good.

"Open for me, punk..."

I yelled as his knuckles slid in. My sphincter screamed at the burning stretch of his hand. My asshole snugged up around his wrist, and as he made his fist, the orgasm washed over me. The waves spread out from deep inside me, and my jism spurted

uncontrollably through my cock. I could hardly breathe. My whole world revolved around the fist that filled my guts with another man's hand, with the touch that wouldn't let me close him out.

Martin stayed stock still, holding me steady, keeping me from hurting myself as the climax tore through me and my whole body shook. Eventually, my breathing slowed.

"Fuck, Martin," I panted. "I'm sorry. I thought I was too old to do that." I took a couple of deep breaths, trying to regain control of myself. "Fuck, your hand feels good."

"I almost came watching you." His face was flushed. He was breathing as hard as I was. "I felt you come, Karl. Your ass pulsed and grabbed me, like it wanted more and more of me. Shit, I wanted to push my arm all the way up inside you." He shuddered. I looked down at his crotch. His dick was so hard it was stretching the leather.

I relaxed back in the sling and I started to laugh. In relief. At the pleasure, the release, the sight of the beautiful man standing between my legs with his fist up my ass and his raging hard cock straining to be free. "Martin, unsnap that thing before you hurt yourself."

"Huh? Oh." He smiled sheepishly. He reached down and yanked the codpiece off. His cock sprang free—dark red, the tip drooling a thin line of precum down toward the floor. He sighed contentedly as he stroked his free hand over himself. "Thanks."

"You have talented hands." Then I remembered myself and blushed. "I really am sorry, Martin. I mean, Sir. A bottom shouldn't come without permission."

"I know," he said, turning his head and kissing my calf. "I should probably beat you or something. But that was still the hottest fucking thing I've ever seen. I've heard some people could, you know, come just from being fisted. But I've never heard of anybody coming just from a fist sliding in."

"I used to do it all the time," I laughed shakily. "Took me a helluva lot of beatings to learn to control it. That and a top who pinched my dick to keep me from coming."

"Well, this time, you came on *my* fist." He slapped my ass, then rubbed at the sting. Suddenly he stopped and looked down at me. "Do we have to stop now? I mean, I don't think I could take having somebody's hand in me after I came."

As he spoke, he moved his hand slightly, twisting it gently inside me. I cried out, arching toward him, suddenly very glad he'd restrained me. It was nice not to have to hold myself still, to be able to lose myself in the burning pleasure/pain in my asshole and the pressure in my gut. It was embarrassing, though, to realize one of my punks was seeing me be such a slut. I looked up to see him smiling at me.

"We don't have to stop." I gasped, shuddering as I looked down at his straining cock. "Just go slow and use lots—and I mean *lots*—of

lube. I'll be sore, but you should have plenty of time to come before I need to stop."

He raised an eyebrow. "You sure are bossy."

I blushed. He was right. "Sorry, Sir. I was just noticing..."

"You're noticing too much." I jumped as he draped a folded towel over my eyes. "Today, I'm topping you. So shut up, close your eyes and be a pig while I fist you." He swatted my ass, hard enough to really sting. "Unless you have to tell me something for safety's sake, the only words I want to hear out of your mouth are 'yes, Sir' or 'no, Sir.' Do you understand?" He punctuated his question with another resounding smack on my ass.

"Yes, Sir!" I said, half laugh, half groan. This punk was too smart by half.

"All right, then."

I groaned as he slowly withdrew his fist from my ass. Deprived of my sight, I finally relaxed and gave myself up to the feelings. A cool glob of lube touched my asslips. I moaned, loudly, as his hand slid in again. This time, I didn't come, but the sensations were so wonderful they were almost too much to process.

"That's better," he laughed. "You have a nice butt."

I didn't answer. He hasn't asked a question. I lay back and enjoyed the heaven of another man taking my ass. Martin twisted and explored, slowly and carefully. Letting me feel his steady, relentless strength. Letting me give up control of my body. Letting me make myself vulnerable enough to trust—to float, wallowing in sensation. My whole world was my ass. I squeezed back in pure bliss each time he checked my firmly restrained hands. He ignored my dick. That made me feel like even more of a hole.

Each time Martin's hand slid in, his breathing quickened. I imagined his shaft, hard and red and ready to shoot, the way it had when he'd had his finger up my ass the other night. With a start, I realized I was going to come again, too. The feeling was building, slowly and steadily, but it was there, and it was growing. My dick had stretched out hard again. Each time his fist twisted in me, the awareness of an impending orgasm grew stronger.

"You like that, punk?"

"Yes, Sir," I whispered. The coolness of more lube slicked into me.

"You have a beautiful ass." His fingers stroked my asslips. I could feel how puffy I was. "You feel good around my hand. Warm and silky and hungry." I groaned as his fist slid in. He rocked it slowly, side to side. "I think your ass likes being fucked by my hand."

"Yes, Sir." I groaned as he pressed firmly on my prostate. Fluid I hadn't expected to be there slipped down my cocktube.

"Your dick looks pretty hard, too." He pressed again. I shook as another drop slid through. "Bet I could make you come again, punk."

Fuck. Oh, fuck, it was going to happen again. "Yes, Sir," I gasped. "Real soon."

"Yes, Sir..."

He was fisting me hard now. Deep, slow, steady strokes. Each one causing a mini-orgasm to reverberate from my prostate.

"Gonna come..." I gasped.

"I know you are, punk," he growled. "You're going to come because I'm going to make you." His breathing was heavy now. "I'm going to make your beautiful punk ass come all over my hand, gonna make your dick shoot because your ass is coming."

My whole body was ready to erupt. I couldn't talk anymore. Nothing but embarrassing grunts left my lips.

"Fuck, oh fuck, yeah," he gasped. "Damn, Karl, you are so fucking hot. Do it!"

His hand slid in again. I cried out, uncontrollably, as the spasms started. Hot juice again sluiced through my cock. This time, the pleasure consumed me. My whole body shook as every nerve exploded. I yelled. I couldn't stop yelling.

"Yeah, man, let it happen. Fuck, you're beautiful. Your ass is coming on my hand, Karl. It's making me come. So good, it feels so good... Oh, *fuck!*"

I felt the tremor through his hand as his body tensed. He roared out his climax. My ass wrapped itself around his fist as spurts of his hot cream splattered against the back of my thigh. He shuddered above me, panting and shaking, straining as he held his fist rock steady in my ass.

When I could breathe again, I became aware of Martin's face resting against my calf, the fine stubble of his evening's beard scratching against me as he started to laugh.

"Damn, Karl. That was the hottest thing I've ever done in my entire fucking life." He kissed me, tonguing his dripping cum off the back of my leg.

I wasn't quite ready to talk yet. My whole body was exhausted. I winced contentedly as he slowly worked his hand out of me. When his fingers were free, he patted my asslips, carefully tracing the outline of my hole. I was sore now. I knew I'd be more sore later.

"Thank you, Sir," I sighed contentedly. "You sure know how to make a bottom happy."

He pulled the towel off my eyes. I blinked, slowly adjusting to the light. His sparkling brown eyes were the first things that came into focus.

"Will you do that for me next time?" he said. "Come just from being fisted?"

My guts clenched in response. "I'll try anytime you want, Sir."

"Next weekend." Martin tossed the glove and gently smoothed his palm over my asscheek. "You have a beautiful butt, Sir." He paused then grinned. "Now I'm hungry for lasagna. Let's go eat."

WILD NIGHT

Simon Sheppard

O San Francisco, city of horny ghosts...

Nobody likes a sentimental old fool, I suppose. And nostalgia, as the saying goes, ain't what it used to be. But let me tell you (anyway) that yes, it was good to be young and horny way back in the 1970s—before gentrification, before HIV, before the death of dreams.

The Castro? The Castro was where you went to dance, to drink, and, in the early days, to hang out with the Cockettes after hours at the all-night donut shop. Though if you *did* crave quick cock, there was Jaguar Books, with its makeshift upstairs orgy room: hand over a mere twenty-five cents at the turnstile and it was just a short climb to something like ecstasy. And if something just a little grander was on the bill, the 1808 Club, six blocks away on Market Street, offered a maze of glory holes for Castro-area cocksuckers.

But if Eighteenth and Castro was the intersection of a burgeoning queer community, the town's throbbing libido was based a little lower down, south of Market Street, South of the Slot. Down on Folsom Street.

I was young then, of course, and temporal distance lends enchantment. But I truly think it's true: on those few gritty blocks bloomed a garden of earthly delights, a cock-filled cornucopia redolent of Weimar at its wildest, Sodom before the brimstone, Eden before the Fall.

Back then I was also, in my peculiarly jaded way, innocent... or at least inhibited. There were places, scenes, where I never set foot. There was the Cauldron, where "water sports" had nothing to do with surfing. And the Slot, where men fisted each other, a pursuit that seemed so anatomically improbable that when I first heard about it, I dismissed it as an urban myth... but no, it turned out that all it took was a bottle of poppers, some patience, and a glob of Crisco. And there was also the Catacombs, a dungeon so depraved, it was whispered, that the Slot was a convent by comparison.

(I did make it at least to the front desk of the Slot, where a boyfriend of mine worked as a towel boy. It is, I suppose, a minor-

but-lasting regret of mine that that's as far as I ever went.)

So, heavy kink was beyond my ken. I did, however, patronize a few of the more mundane penis-palaces. I got down on my knees in the misty precincts of the Ritch Street Baths' tiled steam room, thrusting my tongue into the nether regions of a half-seen musclehunk, thereby contracting a positively gruesome case of shigellosis (though not even that erased my taste for rimming). The Bulldog Baths, down on Turk Street in the seamy Tenderloin, featured—if memory serves—the cab of a semi truck plunked down, shining headlights and all, in the middle of a rather butch orgy room, as well as a two-story cell block, a novelly transgressive mise-en-scène for the same old sodomy. The Twenty-first Street Baths, nearest bathhouse to the Castro district, was airy and uncontrived by comparison.

And I once paid a visit to the Sutro Baths, the city's only coed bathhouse; the men were mostly heterosexual, the women decidedly outnumbered, and I dimly recall giving head to a very cute boy, who might or might not have been bisexual but in any case made the visit well worthwhile. I also remember a campout room, with tents set up in a dimly lit space achirp with the piped-in calls of crickets, an invitation to sex in the great faux outdoors. On second thought, that campout room might have been somewhere else; it's been quite a while. (But hey, this is a love letter, not a grand tour.)

Still, the bathhouses, however fabulous, however hot the action (and who can ever forget the sight of that famous fister with his arm sunk improbably deep into another man, only to pull it out and reveal he was an amputee?), for all their sometimes-deluxe and always lust-filled ambience, ran second place in my affections to San Francisco's infamous backroom bars.

Now there are those—queer men amongst them—who decry recreational sex. Just the other day, cruising for action on Craigslist, I ran across a posting by a no doubt splendid fellow who insisted that we gay guys grow up, stop fucking around, and take our rightful places as properly partnered monogamous men, preferably with rugrats in tow.

Sure, responsibility has its upside. And, if I'm honest with myself, I'll have to fess up that I've wasted an uncountable number of hours in the pursuit of more-or-less random orgasms. When I should have been studying graphic design at City College, for instance, I often as not took a sex-filled study break in the men's room. On the other hand, all the techniques I learned back in the era of X-Acto and hot wax layouts are as obsolete as blacksmithing, but I still recall that blond in the bulky white sweater who was my very first tearoom trick.

And heaven knows the action in the balcony of the Strand Theater kept me entertained through any number of execrable double features. It was, yes, a formative experience for me to get blown during the battle scenes of *Young Winston*, though the long-gone theater's balcony, with its sticky floors, scampering rodents, and dozing junkies, now seems as long-ago and far-off as the Boer War.

Somewhere along the line, I'm sure I visited at least one of the provocatively titled "adult theaters" in the always-gamey Tenderloin—the Circle J? The Tearoom?—where classic raincoat-on-the-lap mutual hand jobs were fitfully illuminated by the glow of grainy porn "loops." And I dimly recall visiting the Church of Priapus, a sodomitical sanctuary where, in my flawed memory at least, the "services" were held in a grungy apartment reeking of cat pee. Ah, those were indeed the days.

And the nights.

After dark, you see, lust ran wild at wide-open San Francisco's sex bars. In those days, before the Internet made getting laid as potentially easy as ordering out for pizza (and too often as frustrating as hell), a night at the backroom bars was perhaps the simplest, safest path to getting one's rocks more-or-less off. And, unlike going to the baths, stopping by a bar for a blow was an impromptu, low-commitment affair; the borderline between a beer at the pub and public sex was permeable indeed.

I recall the feelings of anticipation as I alighted from the Muni bus and headed down some dimly lit street in what was then still a rather industrial part of the city, a neighborhood where faggots and funkiness had not yet been supplanted by het fashionistas strutting their stuff at bridge-and-tunnel boîtes. Heading down the sidewalk toward expected stand-up sex, humming Van Morrison's "Wild Night" to myself, I felt so very naughty, so much more sleazily mature than I'd been when I first moved to San Francisco and settled into a gay hippie commune not far from Golden Gate Park, a delightfully drug-soaked place where Sylvester and the other Cockettes would come to call, and where I rather successfully kicked over the traces of my well-behaved middle-class upbringing.

Okay, I still wasn't nearly as rakish as I thought I was. Yes, I went to the weekly slave auctions at the Arena bar, but mostly to see Mister Marcus fling embarrassing questions at nearly naked contestants who, when commanded to, readily bent over to display their well-used holes. I had very little idea, though, of what actually went on once the slaves were taken home by the Masters who'd successfully bid for them; it would be another decade or longer before I learned to swing a flogger and properly degrade tied-up bottomboys. Poor me.

My still-vanilla nature didn't stop me, however, from hanging out at the Black and Blue, where, if fading memory serves, a gleaming motorcycle hung suspended over the pool table and a semisecluded little corner alcove provided cover for cocksucking.

There was, too, the even more suavely monikered Hungry Hole. I'm sure I hung out there, I'm sure that I swallowed gallons of what

porn writer Dirk Vanden dubbed "someone's unborn children," but I'll be damned if I remember a single thing about the place. Except the name. And though the orgy room at the hyperbutch Ambush had a popper-soaked notoriety that approached the status of legend, I have no memory of playing there, either. Maybe the chaps-and-chains ambience intimidated me. Or maybe I was too stoned at the time for memories to stick.

I do vividly recall the back room at Folsom Prison, even though it was pitch black, save a single dim red bulb somewhere ceilingward. That was a venue for venery at its most anonymous, where touch, taste, and smell were all you had to go on. On a good night, bounties of sweaty flesh—indistinguishable as its owners might have been in that Stygian, popper-infused gloom—fused the transcendent and the trashy and the true.

Best of all, though, was the Boot Camp, where the back room was in fact in the front room, an orginatic area partitioned off from the bar by nothing more than a few oil drums. I still remember—or at least *think* I remember, which is pretty much the same thing, really—one stand-up fuck, my bottomboy perched on a bench while I plowed away, as one of the breakthrough booty moments of my life.

If you are, like me, one of the fortunate ones who slutted around back then and still managed to survive, then you most likely have your own memories, your own favorite dives, too. Ah, where is the sperm of yesteryear?

Okay, sure, I was looking for love—a love I was shortly to find in an enduring, endearingly open relationship that is, I'm thrilled to note, still going strong. But that search for affection didn't preclude the call of those wild nights, that quest for meaningless, objectified, endlessly lovely male-to-male (to-male-to-male-to-male, sometimes) sex. Because San Francisco was, as it had always been, about adventure, possibility, the gilded bacchanal. Or at least so the myth goes.

And then came the crash, part, as it happened, of one of the greatest health crises in the history of humankind. Okay, nobody saw it coming. But even if, as Prince has pointed out, parties weren't made to last, this particular orgy wound down especially quickly and brutally, with a sickening viral thud.

We all know the story. The butch boys and fabulous fisters started dropping like flies. In, tellingly, 1984, then-mayor Dianne Feinstein shut down the bathhouses... which, truth be told, had not been all that proactive in the face of oncoming plague. Folsom Street became a ghost town, Castro Street an outpatient ward. Larry Kramer kvetched at us. Homocon Andrew Sullivan castigated us for being immature and irresponsible, even while he was secretly cruising for bareback sex. We were goaded to disavow sex, drugs, and rock and roll, unless they were, respectively: in the context of a committed relationship; Viagra; and the Clash's soundtrack to a

Jaguar ad.

In the bedraggled City by the Bay, sex took a decided nosedive. Defunct backroom bars and bathhouses were supplanted by no-private-cubicles sex clubs, from the clean and well-lighted Eros, to Mike's Night Gallery, which was neither. The hospital overlooking Buena Vista Park was turned into pricey condos, the neighbors began complaining about hanky-panky in the underbrush, and defoliation followed. The overgrown paths at Land's End—where I'd screwed a dog-walking redhead slung over a log while his pooch waited patiently—fell under the supervision of the National Park Service, and families replaced fucking. And, lest we forgot and got a hard-on, the walking wounded of Castro Street served as a memento mori: Not only silence equaled death. Sex did, too.

Yet, even amongst the trendy restaurants and trendier nightspots, and even amidst the plague, South-of-Market sex in bars persisted. There was the dangerously crowded patio of the Powerhouse. And, sleaziest of all, My Place, a hangout for pervs from every walk of life, from tweaked hipsters to closeted husbands; like the Strand Theater before it, My Place epitomized the great democracy of dick. And let's not even *talk* about what took place at the urinal trough. Sure, the bar was engaged in a running battle with the powers that be, which led to some odd regulations: once I was reprimanded by a barback who told me I could fuck my friend in the back of the bar, but only if his trousers remained up around his thighs. Go figure. Eventually, the state's Department of Alcoholic Beverage Control got its way and permanently shut the joint down, and then there were none. More or less.

Now the Strand stands shuttered on Market Street, awaiting the wrecking ball. A discount supermarket has been built on the site of Folsom Prison, while the Black and Blue's former home now houses, chromatically enough, a paint store. Folsom Street Barracks bathhouse, destroyed in a massive 1981 fire, has been replaced by a het-yuppie bar serving microbrewery beers. And where the Boot Camp reigned, there's now a Chinese restaurant. At 1808 Market Street there stands the chastely welcoming GLBT Community Center, apparently unhaunted despite being built over untold orgasms' graveyard. At least the Arena was succeeded by the relocated Stud, the city's original hippie-stoner bar, which didn't host sex, but did feature Yoko Ono on the jukebox.

But hey, it's no use crying over spilled sperm. Some sage pointed out that the very best rock and roll was made when you were eighteen—no matter when you were born. Nope, things aren't what they used to be. And they never were. Still, I can't help but wonder whether, in some globally warmed future, some aging pornographer will look back on the Arctic Monkeys and cruising Craigslist with the same unforgivably sloppy sentimentality I reserve for the Velvet Underground and wild nights at the Boot Camp.

I know, I know. The struggle for queer liberation comes down to much more than a furtive blow job in the dark. Of course, of course. And times change. New HIV treatments have brought some of us, like lecherous Lazaruses, up from the brink of the grave and back down on our knees. Folsom, despite its annual S/M street fair, may be a pale shadow of its former raunchy self, but the Castro is vibrant again, even if there's a Pottery Barn hovering above its now-unaffordable precincts. Guys still gather for group fucks at places ranging from the Citadel to the Faerie House. And if barebacking and crystal meth are inviting the Angel of Death to stick around for a while, if desperate men still search for love and find ashes instead, if an endless quest for penis can be, in point of fact, rather problematical...well, there have been quite enough threnodies, thank you very much. Too many, in fact.

Because even now, even at the very moment you're reading this sentence, somewhere or other in San Francisco, two men who have just met are naked before each other, erect, and for one long orgasmic moment, everything is, for them, joyful and beautiful and right.

Same as it was at the Boot Camp on some long-ago dark, wild night.

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KARL TAGGART abhors the current based-on-a-true-story trend in fiction but admits that some of his country encounter actually happened and leaves it to the reader to decide which part. Karl has been writing erotica for a number of years for both magazines and anthologies while working a day job at an insurance company. They have no idea a porn writer lurks in their midst. Karl loves his motorcycle almost as much as his men and is thrilled when he can combine the two.

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PAUL RUSSELL is the award-winning author of six novels, including *Sea of Tranquillity, The Coming Storm* and *The Unreal Life of Sergey Nabokov*, as well as a work of non-fiction, *The Gay 100: A Ranking of the Most Influential Gay Men and Lesbians, Past and Present*. He has taught at Vassar College and the University of Exeter.

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